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H.M. ALFONSO XII, KING OF SPAIN

Spain of the Spanish

By

Mrs. Villiers-Wardell

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
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1909

To

IDALIA

MY *COLLABORATRICE* AND MY BEST FRIEND

PREFACE

I THINK most persons find themselves willing to speak, or write, of anything they like very much. But sometimes it happens, at least this is my personal experience, that spoken words and written thoughts, on subjects which interest us greatly, seem weak and inadequate. The fear of seeming to say too much makes us, not infrequently, say too little, and then—how difficult it is to make people see through our eyes!

The difficulty of writing reasonably and effectively about Spain oppresses me at this moment: just when I have written the last line of the last chapter in this book. It has been a very real pleasure, this task of trying to indicate some of the characteristics of the wonderful Land of the Unexpected, but now that it has come to an end I feel, and very keenly, my own shortcomings.

Love counts for something in this funny old world of ours, but to give an adequate impression of a great country, something more than love for it is required. However, I take consolation from the fact—and it *is* a fact—that without love one cannot hope to learn, much less to teach, the secrets of Spain. Of love I have enough and to spare, and this is easily accounted for, since I have always enjoyed a thoroughly good time in the Peninsula and, without exception, I have found its people sympathetic.

The Spaniards possess one special quality which is absolutely priceless. They are naturally trustful. Even to strangers they extend the hand of good-fellowship, without the least fear or suspicion that such confidence may be misplaced. They are quick to resent and slow to forgive a betrayal of trust; but in the beginning, before anything has been done to arouse reserve, they are frankly friendly, as children. And

of all qualities this is one of the most delightful, for it enables a stranger to enter into the national life : to wander, as it were, behind the scenes.

I have said, somewhere in the chapter on Literature, that a true realist must set aside his personal thoughts and feelings and content himself with stating facts. But then one cannot state facts unless one knows them, and one cannot *know* a Country and a People unless one is in sympathy with them. And the parent of sympathy is understanding, just as the parent of understanding is trust. And so we find ourselves once again appreciating that most splendid quality of the Spaniard to which I have above alluded !

It is very possible that here and there in these pages English readers may find ideas and sentiments with which they are not in accord, but always the title of the book must be remembered. Spain of the English is not at all the same thing as Spain of the Spanish !

Very specially my thanks are due to Dr. José Avilés, brother of the Caridad, Sevilla ; to the Marqués de Castejon, Mr. Arthur Pyman, Mr. Luis Dotésio and Don Manuel Trascierra.

I must also express my indebtedness to Señor Vinardell, whose Conferences, delivered at the Sorbonne, threw so much light on the Catalan question.

JANIE VILLIERS-WARDELL

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Spain of the Spanish

CHAPTER I

COURT AND STATE

WHAT a very little time it seems since that memorable day, in May, 1901, when "the boy King"—Alfonso XIII—came face to face, for the first time, as a ruler, with his people and with his parliament! Less than eight years, and yet in that time how much has been accomplished by him and by his Ministers!

The King.

Bonds of friendship and good-will have been greatly strengthened between Spain and the leading Powers of Europe. King Alfonso has attached himself to England by the closest possible ties, and it may very well be that in the near future England will prove to be Spain's most valuable ally, even from a purely commercial point of view, for the countries are within easy reach of each other, and Spain produces, in quantities, many articles which are necessary to England and which she does not produce: such as wines, fruits, olives and minerals. A *direct* commercial communication—on a very extensive scale—between England and Spain could not fail to be of immense advantage to both countries.

The present ruler of Spain was singularly blessed in his parents. His father, Don Alfonso XII, was a brilliant and successful monarch who understood how to make himself adored by his people. He was a great linguist, and had he lived might have rivalled King Edward VII in his gift of remembering faces and of saying the right thing to the right person. And

Don Alfonso XII.

besides this he was brave and very diplomatic. He understood his subjects, and it was he who began the conciliation of the Catalans which his son has so ably continued. In Cataluña it has never been forgotten that King Alfonso XII, in speaking to some influential merchants, said: "My wish is to make all Spain a Barcelona!"

The Queen-Mother.

And then Queen Cristina—the mother of the present King: What a splendid woman she proved herself to be! Placed in one of the most difficult positions it is possible to imagine, she passed through the days of her Regency in a manner which was more than admirable. She knew how to hold to what she felt to be right, but she acted so wisely and so quietly that everyone was disarmed. And just *how* difficult was her position none but those intimately acquainted with the history of Spain could realise.

King Alfonso XII's brief reign may be said to have resembled the phœnix rising from its ashes—the ashes of a whole century of disaster, of misrule and of retrogression. And he only lived long enough to set alight the flame of possible redemption. It was left to Queen Cristina to fan, most carefully and assiduously, this flickering torch. And so it happened that when the beloved "boy King" came into his own he found something like a new Spain springing up under his feet; a vast country which was keenly appreciative of its glorious past, but which was nevertheless looking with eager, questioning eyes into the future. A very famous monarch once said: "*Je lis l'avenir dans le passé*," and it seems certain that King Alfonso XIII is making plans for the future with a map of the past ever before his eyes. He works quietly but with admirable method and forethought, and he is ably assisted and advised by his present Prime Minister, Don Antonio Maura.

Happily for Spain, Señor Maura is a consistent optimist, for the country has, in the past, suffered at the hands of pessimistic politicians. Even Canovas de Castillo—one

of the greatest statesmen Spain has ever known—seemed towards the end of his career imbued with pessimistic views.

Ministers of the Crown.

His long and varied experiences had succeeded in inspiring in him a feeling of distrust in the nation. In one of his historical works this illustrious man expresses the belief that Spain's pre-eminent position in Europe, in the Middle Ages, was mainly due to chance. That her greatness was due to a happy combination of circumstances rather than to any integral power of people or State.

Silvela—a man of great intelligence and unbounded kindness of heart—was in his day considered to be one of the most optimistic of Spanish politicians. In reality, his optimism consisted—chiefly—in a firm conviction that the Spanish people were superior to their rulers: but he cherished no great hopes of either one or the other. His rôle as a great public leader demanded a certain show of optimism, but he had no real belief in the ultimate success of his work, and his retirement was a final evidence of his own pessimism and disillusion.

Praxedes Mateo Sagasta—the late Liberal Prime Minister,—who was naturally one of the most cheerful and optimistic of men, was completely transformed during his years of office. The difficulties which surrounded him weighed upon him, as he himself said, "like lead," and he also eventually adopted the prevailing tone of discouragement.

Don Antonio Maura is a man who appears destined to succeed where his predecessors have failed. And his plan of campaign is directly opposed to their's! It seems more than possible that the partial failure of Canovas de Castillo was due to his want of faith in the people. He was so sure of their inability to stand alone that he never dreamed of allowing them to try. Maura, on the other hand, seems determined to remove the crutches and to allow the nation to realise its own possibilities. His laws of Electoral Reform and of Local Administration clearly prove this. The people

are to be taught to govern themselves, to a large extent. He believes in them and is prepared to put his belief to the test.

The result of some of the reforms brought about by Señor Maura has yet to be seen, but all Spain is to-day talking of his Local Government Bill which has just been passed. This provides for an important reform in the administration of the cities and provinces of Spain, and through it a large measure of autonomy will be granted.

The Local Government Bill.

This bill is notable in Parliamentary history in Spain, for its discussion began in October, 1907, and it has entailed 417 speeches by Señor Maura and 653 by Señor Lombardero, Chairman of the Committee. In all 3,835 speeches were made on this question. The Opposition was very keen in its antagonism to the measure, but the Catalans are expressing much satisfaction, as this great change cannot fail to be highly beneficial to them.

In considering this new Local Government law in connection with other important measures of the present administration, it seems certain that King Alfonso and Señor Maura are opening up a new era of success and prosperity for Spain.

The Parliament.

Las Cortes—the Spanish Parliament—consists of two Houses: The Senate, with functions about equal to that of the English House of Lords; and the Congress, which corresponds, more or less, to the House of Commons. The Senate comprises three classes of Senadores: First, *Senadores de derecho propio*, viz., Sons of the King; Sons of the immediate successor to the Crown; Grandees of Spain in certain circumstances; Capitanes General; First Admiral of the Navy; the Archbishops; Presidents of the *Consejo del Estado* of the Supreme Court, the *Tribunal de cuentas del Reino*, Supreme Council of War and Supreme Council of the Navy. These Presidents must have occupied their posts for two years. Second, *Senadores Vitalicios:* appointed by the Crown. Third,

Photo by *Franzen*

H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA

Senadores Electivis: elected by the various Corporations of Spain and of the Universities.

The qualifications for the second and third classes of Senadores are as follows: To have been President of the Congress; Deputies who have belonged to three different Parliaments or who have sat in Parliament eight sessions; Ministers of the Crown; Bishops; Grandees of Spain; Lieutenant-Generals of the Army and Vice-Admirals of the Navy—after two years' service; Ambassadors—after two years' service; Ministers Plenipotentiaries—after four years' service; *Consejeros de Estado:* Ministers and Fiscal of the Supreme Court of the *Consejo de Cuentas del Reino; Consejeros de Guerra* and Armada; Doyen of the Council of Military Orders—after two years' service; Presidents or Directors of the following Academies: Bellas Artes de San Fernando, de las Historia, Exact Science, Physical Science, Natural Science, Moral and Political Science and of Medicine.

Chamber of Deputies.

Members of this House are elected by suffrage. The essential qualification is that they must be Spanish and not less than twenty-three years of age. The Electors are all Spaniards of at least twenty-five years of age, of good character, but the question of income does not enter in. The limit of each Parliament is five years, but there can be a dissolution at any time, as in England.

In addition to the National Parliament there is in Spain a Chamber for each Province called *Diputacion Provincial.* All Spaniards over twenty-three years of age, residing in the Province, are eligible as members. The duty of these *Diputaciones* is to administer the general affairs of the Province, such as roads, communications, hospitals, schools, prisons, asylums for the poor, etc., etc. Election for the *Diputacion Provincial* is the same as for the Chamber of Deputies in the National Parliament.

King Alfonso XIII has already shown that he is possessed of many fine qualities. And foremost amongst these is that

personal, natural bravery which has so often been displayed by Spaniards. I shall never forget an example of this unconscious bravery which came directly under my notice a few years ago, on the occasion of the King's first State visit to Paris. Everyone will remember the dastardly attempt that was made on his life on that occasion: the bomb which was thrown under his carriage wheels as he, with President Loubet, was returning from a Gala at the Opera. The bomb was thrown at the corner of the *rue de Rohan* and the *rue de Rivoli*, and I was at that moment standing on the balcony of my flat in the *rue de l'Échelle*, close by. At the moment of the explosion of the bomb—which was terrific—the foremost Cuirassiers of the Guard of Honour had dashed up the *rue de Rivoli*, and it seemed as though I only had time to turn in horror to friends who were with me on the balcony before the open carriage containing the King and President Loubet swept past the end of the *rue de l'Échelle*. And at that moment—but a second after the explosion of the bomb—the King was standing up in the carriage, his arm resting affectionately on the shoulder of the terrified old President, and a smile on his face.

Alfonso XIII.

Of fear he had none. His only thought was to reassure the French people that he and the President were safe. And since then, in many ways, he has displayed a calm courage which is most admirable. Quite recently he insisted—even against the advice of the Prime Minister—on visiting some of the mining districts in Cataluña whch were considered hot-beds of disaffection, and the results proved most clearly that the young Monarch was justified in completely trusting his people. The King is very thorough in everything he does; he is never satisfied until he has grasped each detail of such matters as come under his notice. And even in ordinary affairs, wholly unconnected with State, this desire to become master of a subject makes itself felt. A short time ago, for example, King Alfonso visited Pau for the express purpose of studying Mr. Wright's aeroplane; and,

in making his observations, he asked the most minute and searching questions and was not satisfied until he felt that he himself could, if required, steer and manage the wonderful machine.

The excellent manner in which he was educated shows itself at every turn and added to this he displays natural intelligence and shrewdness of a very exceptional order.

What has been described as "The Victorian Era" promises to be a golden era in Spain! The beautiful young Queen has captivated all hearts—as much by her charm of manner and goodness of heart as by her pretty face and wonderful golden hair. Blonde beauty—of the pure English type—makes a strong appeal to the critical Spaniard. It is something to which he is not quite accustomed, and for that reason, if for no other, it attracts his attention and compels his admiration.

Queen Victoria.

Of the affection felt by the people of Spain for their young Queen there can be no doubt. And intermingled with this affection there is a strong feeling of pride in being the owners of the most lovely Queen—Queen Alexandra always excepted—in Europe. Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain has genius in matters which concern dress. She always wears just the thing most suitable to her particular style: the becoming picture hats, with their long ostrich feathers, and the picturesque gowns of softest blue or white or pale rose.

In the summer, when she is at San Sebastian and *always* under the public gaze, she looks like the model of one of Gainsborough's pictures. The muslins and laces of her dainty gowns are drawn together by ribbons of palest blue: at her breast there is a cluster of pink roses, and her hat—nine times in ten—is of the Gainsborough shape, with soft feathers falling over the wide brim! In thinking of our Queen Victoria of to-day some lines of Wordsworth suggest themselves—

> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command.

The heir to the Throne, the Prince of the Asturias, ought

to be introduced with military honours, for he is already in command of an important regiment! On the first anniversary of the Prince's birthday the picturesque and unique little ceremony of his entrance into the army took place. It has been customary, for many years, for the Sovereigns of Spain to show their respect for the Army, and at the same time to set a good example to their people, by formally enlisting the heir to the Throne in some well-known regiment.

The Heir-Apparent.

The present King almost invariably wore his military uniform during his minority, and King Alfonso XII was also a cadet in the *Regimiento Inmemorial del Rey*. It is this regiment that the little Prince has joined. On the first anniversary of his birthday the ceremony of enlistment took place: he was dressed in a diminutive uniform and a veteran soldier was told off to instruct the new recruit! Henceforward a bed will be reserved for him in the barracks, and the regulation plate, cup, and spoon of his equipment, in silver, has been presented by the officers of his regiment.

The formal regimental register of this event is most amusing. In it the Prince is described as being "resident in the province of Madrid, aged one year, and *a bachelor*." It is further set forth that according to rule the Penal Laws have been read to him, in order that henceforward he will not be able to justify any infraction of discipline by his alleged ignorance of these said laws! This paper was duly signed by the usual witnesses, and was further embellished by a "X" signed by the new recruit.

The Royal Palace of Madrid is a magnificent building, and its situation lends it a specially commanding aspect, for it is on a height. This Palace stands on the site of an ancient Moorish Alcázar, and it was erected in 1738 by Giovanni Battista Sacchetti, who is also responsible for the Palace of San Ildefonso at La Granja. Both these Palaces are fine specimens of the Baroque Style.

The Palace, Madrid.

Photo by *Franzen*

THE KING WITH THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS

The interior of the Royal Palace at Madrid is splendid, and the decorations of the Hall of Ambassadors really superb. The collection of tapestries in the Palace is unique, but the famous Goya tapestries are, chiefly, to be found at the Escorial.

The Royal Armoury of Madrid is said to possess the most complete collection of arms and armour in the world, and the *Museo del Prado* is unsurpassed. In this great building sixty-four master-pieces by Velasquez are to be found; forty-six Murillos, twenty-two Van Dycks, forty-three Titians, and innumerable examples of the genius of such painters as Raphael, Tintoretto, Veronese, Goya, Ribera, etc., etc. To gain any real idea of the Prado it is necessary to visit the museum again and again.

Of Madrid itself many different accounts have been given. Personally, I think it an ideal Capital for Spain, for it is essentially, and before all, a City of the Unexpected. Spain has been described as the land of "fire and ice," and most certainly its capital city lives up to this description. It is by turns the hottest and the coldest and the wettest and the most windy city in all Europe! And yet it is very fascinating—this city perched up on a height 2,130 feet above the level of the sea. It is open to the embraces of all the gods of the winds, and towering above it are the great mountains, ever snow-capped, of the Sierra de Guadarrama. When viewed from the outside Madrid seems like an enchanted City of the East standing alone amidst bare and bleak plains, with its towers and monuments thrusting themselves upwards towards the skies.

The Capital.

I remember disliking Madrid very much, on a first acquaintance. And also I remember walking to the cemetery of San Isidro on a certain All Saints' Day and looking back on the city from the rough country road which is called the *Camino de San Isidro*. And there, in the light of a golden sun, already setting, the fascinations of the City of the Unexpected stretched out their arms and softly drew me in. In that moment I recognised how uniquely attractive a city may be

when it knows nothing of suburbs! For of suburbs, in Madrid, there are none. You can ride, drive, or even walk, right out of the city into country which is flat and bleak as the steppes of Russia.

Climate of Madrid.

The variable climate of Madrid is proverbial. Added to the extreme heat of summer and the cold of winter, there is always a chilly wind blowing from the Sierras. A Spanish proverb says that this wind is so subtle that it will kill a man, but will not blow out a candle! The unfortunate result of this combination of heat and chilly winds is that tuberculosis and other lung diseases are very prevalent in Madrid.

The population last year was 573,676. There were 16,457 births and 13,370 deaths. Of the latter, 107 out of every thousand were due to tuberculosis, seventy-nine in the thousand to pneumonia, and fifty-five in the thousand to bronchitis.

It is a curious fact that tuberculosis is specially prevalent among the men of Madrid, who always go about in winter muffled up to the eyes in a great "capa," and who have a horror of the slightest draught; while it is comparatively rare among the women of the lower classes, who scarcely wrap up at all, and who wear nothing on their heads except a little handkerchief or a lace *velo*.

The alarming prevalence of lung diseases has caused the institution of a Permanent Commission against tuberculosis, which studies the best means of combating the evil. At the last Session a resolution was passed that not only were the hospitals and sanatoriums to be rigorously maintained but steps were to be taken to check the disease in its early stages. First, by making extensive improvements in the dwelling-houses of the lower classes, which are often badly built and in need of hygienic reform; and, secondly, by seriously representing the necessity of checking incipient coughs and colds, which in such a climate are liable, if neglected, to lead to the initial symptoms of lung diseases.

Photo by *Lacoste*

ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID

The idea of ski-ing and toboganning in the vicinity of Madrid may seem extraordinary to those who are unacquainted with "Spain, the Unexpected." It is, nevertheless, a fact that there exists in Madrid a "Spanish Alpine Club" which organises the most delightful expeditions to the Sierra Guadarrama for the purpose of enjoying the winter sports generally assumed to belong exclusively to Switzerland and the northern countries.

Ski-ing.

These immense mountains which form such a superb background for Madrid are thickly covered with snow in winter: there are great forests of pine-trees, deep ravines, and long, gentle slopes which would delight any ski-ing enthusiast. The *Club Alpino Español* has built three charming chalets at Navacerrada and after the toboganning, luging and ski-ing, a retreat is made to the nearest chalet, where lunch is served.

The nearest station to Madrid is Cercedilla, and from there the ascent to the club-house is made on foot or in sleighs. Many of the younger members of the most aristocratic families of Madrid belong to this club, and perhaps no costume is more eminently becoming to a pretty *madrileña* than the short skirt, knitted jersey, and cap of the tobogannist.

For two or three months of each year the Spanish Court is to be found at San Sebastian: one of the loveliest spots in all Spain. San Sebastian, like Santander, is situated in the northern coast, washed by the Bay of Biscay, and its natural surroundings make it ideally beautiful. The famous "concha" bay, which is very large, and shaped like a great oyster-shell, is guarded by two picturesque mountains, one on either side.

San Sebastian.

Monte Urgull, which guards the town side, is specially interesting to English visitors because far up on its heights may be found a little "Garden of Sleep" in which lie buried the British officers who fell in 1813 when helping the Spaniards in their "War of Liberation" against the French: and also the British soldiers who fell in 1836 when aiding the Cristinos to make a stand against the Carlist forces.

On the other side of the bay *Monte Igueldo* seems placed as a guard to the *Palacio de Miramar*, where the King has, since his earliest childhood, spent so many happy days. The Palace is beautifully situated, on a crest above the bay, but it is far more homelike than any other of the Royal houses. In fact it very fitly represents the delightful home life enjoyed by the Spanish Royalties when holiday-making at San Sebastian.

The Spaniards themselves have often assured me that September is essentially *the* month for San Sebastian, and I quite appreciate their point of view; at the same time, I think foreign visitors, who are anxious to study the people of a strange country, will find the months of July and August—especially the latter—the most satisfactory.

In September San Sebastian is peopled almost entirely by those who are in some way connected with the Court. In this month the balls at the Casino are especially brilliant, and exquisitely dressed women are to be seen on every side, at every hour of the day, but of the *people*—the backbone of the nation—very little is to be seen.

In the months of July and August everyone takes a holiday, and all those who can afford it spend this holiday, or part of it, at the "Royal Plage." And thus a foreigner gets an exceptional opportunity of seeing all sorts and conditions of Spaniards gathered together in the best of circumstances.

The King and Queen always spend August and September at the Miramar Palace, and of course their presence necessitates the presence of the various circles connected with the court, and in this way almost every side of Spanish life can be quickly studied.

I do not know of any more brilliant or interesting scene than that in the Alameda at San Sebastian on a Sunday morning after church. The splendid boulevard is so crowded that it is almost impossible to walk, and so varied are the types and costumes that one might easily imagine oneself back again in the days of Goya, and of the Spain described by Gautier.

By permission of *Señor Dominguez*

GRAND CASINO—SAN SEBASTIAN

It is certain that in no other town, and in no other circumstances, can a foreigner obtain such an excellent idea of the possibilities of Spain, from a picturesque point of view.

And then, later in the same day, those who dislike the idea of going to a bull-fight can enjoy all its brilliant surroundings without any of its disagreeables, by simply strolling—*with the crowd*—towards the Plaza de Toros. They will see the bull-fighters in full costume driving by in their carriages, and the picadors, also in costume, will ride up right through the crowd. Everyone will be in the best of good humours, and one is repaid for a climb up hill by the glorious view from the terrace of the Plaza, which is perched on a height overlooking the bay.

The King a Yachtsman.

At San Sebastian the King and Queen may constantly be seen, walking or driving; and it very often happens that the King takes the helm in one of his own yachts when the races are on. He is specially fond of yacht racing, and is doing a great deal to encourage this sport all along the coast of Spain. At present he possesses a little fleet of six yachts: two of ten *mètres*, three "*sonderclasse*," and one of six *mètres*. Besides these, he has had a new racing cutter of fifteen *mètres* designed for him by Mr. William Fife, which is to be finished for the Cowes Week of this year. The King was particularly anxious that this yacht should be built entirely of native materials and by Spanish workmen, and he made arrangements that Mr. Fife should personally visit San Sebastian to give the instructions necessary.

The Regattas at this most delightful of all sea-side places are very important, and yacht owners from various parts of Europe, and America, take part in them. Besides the yacht races there are races for Canots Automobile and other boats, and, in the month of September, a *Concours Hippique* at which very valuable prizes are given.

I take pleasure in recommending San Sebastian to those

who wish to see something of Spain and the Spaniards, without making a prolonged tour in the country, because it is very easily reached—a little more than two hours from Biarritz—and because it contains, in a comparatively confined space, many elements which are purely Spanish.

The town itself is modern and essentially gay, but a short excursion in a light tramway brings one to a quaint old town right up in the hills, called Hernani. And in this curious old place there are sombre palaces, narrow streets and a beautiful old church which contains some wonderful wood carving. Or, on the other side, a larger and more important mediæval town, which lies half way between Biarritz and San Sebastian, may be visited. Fuenterrabia possesses a fine Gothic church, with a Renaissance portal and a seventeeth-century belfry. It is an old town full of picturesque objects, and it has been immortalised in the poems of Milton and of Scott.

For people who like a fashionable life one of the chief attractions of San Sebastian is its splendid Casino. In the chapter on Music and Musicians I shall speak of Señor Arbos, the *Chef d'Orchestre* of this Casino. He is a true artist and a skilled musician, who is as well known in London as in Spain. During the winter season his place is taken by the Maestro Larrocha, who is also a most accomplished musician, and the classic concerts at the Casino are a real treat to lovers of good music.

National Education.

Of all the problems presented by modern Spain none is more critical and difficult to solve than the problem of national education. In the opinion of intelligent Spaniards this question is one in comparison with which all other considerations are of minor importance. Spain is at present undergoing a sort of internal crisis ; she is emerging from a century of misfortune, of ineffective government, and of national calamity. The present period is one of transition, and to the Spaniards of the twentieth century will fall the task of completing the regeneration which has been begun.

The welfare of Spain in the future depends, naturally, upon the education of the younger generation, and Spaniards are beginning to ask themselves very seriously whether the education problem is being dealt with in a competent manner. Education has been compulsory in Spain for some time and the *Alcaldes* are authorised to punish with fines, or even with imprisonment, any parents who refuse to send their children to school.

And there are plenty of schools! According to statistics there are in Spain about 26,000 schools. But—and this *but* is the keynote of the difficulty—there are only 23,000 masters: the fact being that 3,000 of the schools had to be closed because there were no masters to teach in them. Besides, out of the twenty million inhabitants of Spain, only one million attends school: that is to say, five per cent. of the population. This is an excessively low percentage in comparison with England, where eighteen per cent. of the population are scholars. Or with America which can boast of twenty per cent!

Of course, the first and most obvious reform should be to augment the number of professors, for it is indeed a case of "What are these amongst so many?" In this connection an unhappy schoolmaster in the provinces, an extremely intelligent and hardworking man, recently said: "What can I be expected to do in my school, with eighty scholars of all ages, from seven to fourteen years?" Naturally, in institutions so seriously under-manned, it is not possible to give adequate moral or intellectual instruction.

Another grievance is the tendency to suppress private colleges and schools directed by the religious congregations; this has long been the aim of certain political parties, and it has aroused the most decided opposition from the Spaniards, who naturally say: "Where are our children to go for instruction?"

I have already said that parents and guardians are liable to punishment for neglecting to send their children to school;

it, however, not infrequently happens that the authorities are handicapped in the exercise of their duties by the fact that the schools do not conform to what is required of them by the law: that is to say, installation and method of instruction is often defective. They are not invariably hygienic, and well ventilated. They have not an adequate staff of masters, and in these conditions parents cannot be compelled to conform to *their* obligations.

Hindrances to Education.

The difficulties of educating the children of the working classes are very great because, although there is not in Spain a very large percentage of the actually destitute, there are an immense number of poor families who have barely enough to exist upon; and it will be readily understood that it would be asking a great deal to expect such parents to send a child who might otherwise earn a few pence a day.

Besides this, there are, especially in the south, many poor families who go together into the country at certain seasons to work in vineyards, olive-yards, etc., and who evidently could not leave their children behind at school. To meet such cases as these the only thing possible would be to give the children, during the months they spent at school, such solid instruction in essential subjects as would enable them to earn their living and become useful citizens in the future.

There has always been a real love for learning in Spain: in Andalusia, which, by reason of its climate, is the most indolent of all the provinces, the schools are crowded: both the children's and adults' classes are regularly attended, the one imperious necessity being the augmentation of masters.

In connection with these education problems Ramiro de Maeztu—who is an acknowledged authority—has said: "To improve the education of our country an additional five millions—as suggested—would be useless. We want almost one hundred millions (pesetas). What we must try to do is to accustom our contributive classes to the idea of making

great sacrifices for the sake of public instruction: but at the same time we have to realise the necessity of giving them a guarantee that their money will not be misspent."

One of the latest developments of educational reform has been the institution of a School of Police at Madrid. This excellent work has been carried out under the auspices of Señor La Cierva, the Minister for Home Affairs. The policemen of Spain have always been noted for their intelligence: the *Guardia Civil*, in particular, could not be excelled as a law-preserving organization.

A School for Policemen.

The first qualification demanded by the School of Police is that candidates should be thoroughly respectable: given this essential quality, the institution undertakes to supply all that is wanting to make an ideal guardian of the peace.

The instruction is of a most practical nature. There is an efficient corps of professors, among whom are Señor Millan Astray—the organizer and director of the School; Señor Oloriz—the distinguished anthropologist, who will lecture on "photography applied to anthropology," and on anthropometry, or the measurement of the human body; Señor Priego—who will give instruction in Legislation; Señor Salvat—Professor of Foreign Languages, and Señor Ceballos, Professor of Gymnastics and Fencing.

After a course of study of the various subjects the pupils undergo an examination; if they do not pass the first time they may make a second attempt, but in cases of obvious inefficiency they are disqualified. There are at present fifty pupils at the school, and fifty others have applied for admittance; all policemen at present engaged will be invited to attend the lectures.

The installation of the new institution is most admirable: there is a beautiful library; a fencing hall and a gymnasium; an anthropometrical cabinet, besides the fine lecture hall.

The Model Prison, Valencia.

With regard to the logical and effective treatment of the criminal class, Spain is showing herself well in advance of the times. The Spanish Press has had a great deal to say about a new prison which is being run on entirely individual lines—at Valencia. The Spaniards are rather inclined to regard with suspicion anything quite new; nevertheless, should this institution prove a success—of which there seems every probability—it will cause many important changes to be made in the prison system in Spain.

Ganivet has said that there is a certain spark of inspiration in every Spaniard who allows himself to be individual and who thinks simply and naturally. This "inspiration" was evidently at work when the authorities of Valencia planned their Model Prison. They seem, in the first place, to have realised exactly what a prison is for, and how invaluable is the opportunity offered for improving the lives of those who are entrusted to the State to have their faults corrected.

On no point have sociologists differed more than upon the prison system. It is evident that there would be no good end gained by making prisons little paradises upon earth, where evil-doers might retire to enjoy themselves. But neither is there any use in detaining the prisoner for a certain time and then sending him out to continue a career of violence, without having derived any benefit from his imprisonment.

The aim of this Model Prison is thoroughly to educate those who are in sore need of instruction: to give them a new interest in life and to ensure their being able to support themselves honestly on their release. All sorts of trades are taught in airy and comfortable workrooms: such as grass-weaving, cabinet-making, etc.; and the whole atmosphere is not one of depression and unhappiness but rather of cheerful energy.

One feels that the prisoners are being encouraged to cultivate the better side of their nature instead of being sternly repressed by unnecessary discipline.

These are, roughly speaking, the ideals of the Model Prison.

Its excellence has just been publicly attested by a recent inmate—Señor Torrubia y Rojas, who was imprisoned for publishing in his paper a poem of pronounced anarchical views: a sort of apologia for the regicide. In a letter published in *El Pais*, Señor Rojas declares that this Model Prison in Valencia is the only one in Spain which works on the right lines, and he urges that its system should be adopted by all the others.

Criminal Anthropology.

In connection with the really valuable work which Spain is to-day doing in the field of Criminal Anthropology, I quote at length from a most interesting article —from the pen of Señor A. Aguilera y Arjona—which was recently published in the *Nuevo Mundo*—

The School of Criminology in Madrid is installed in the same building as the prison. It is on the ground floor and consists of two lecture rooms, a library, a museum, a room for the professors, and a few smaller rooms. With this modest installation and the generous collaboration of a nucleus of *savants*, the immensely important work of penitentiary reform is being begun.

The first impression received by the visitor is one of austerity. The pupils go there to work and nothing distracts their attention from the definite aims of the school. The library is there in order that students may make use of their intelligence by consulting the works of the greatest scientists. The eminently practical and experimental character of the instruction is attested by the collections in the museum. Skulls of abnormal "subjects"; photographs of famous criminals—duly classified; histories of famous crimes; implements habitually used by criminals, etc. When the students possess the indispensable preparation, they commence their studies in the laboratory, experiments in *anima vili* with the prisoners, and, perhaps, excursions to other penitentiary establishments. The school responds on all points to the modern conception of Penal Law, according to which the criminal is always an anomaly, for whom restoration to a normal and healthy state of mind is more necessary than punishment.

The prison ought to be, in fact, a hospital, where persons who have sinned through weakness of will or from want of education are to be cured. The Governor of the prison ought to be a doctor and a schoolmaster, for he has to reform characters and morals. The vagabond must be made accustomed to work; the vicious person must be cured of his evil passions; the ignorant must be educated. Accepting as a fact that ignorance, misery and evil companionship are, for the greater part, the generators of crime, the prison has to be at once a school and a moral society in order to counteract these influences.

For cases of physical degeneration and lack of mental balance the prison has to be at once a penitentiary and a lunatic, asylum where the doctor has to set in action the forces of regeneration. Each criminal is an individual case, without subjective analogy with any other, and in each case it is necessary to individualise in order to apply perfectly suitable treatment. How, in common justice, could the same penitentiary treatment be applied to one who had robbed because he was unable to find work and to another who had committed the same offence from motives of self-indulgence or vanity ?

The pupils of the School of Criminology, having terminated their course of studies, will be sent out to direct prisons and penal establishments. They will be admirably qualified to judge of the treatment demanded, for instance, by the two cases above cited. The history of each will be studied from its remote antecedents, and having determined the exact physiological and psychological conditions of the prisoners, steps will be taken to ensure that the first shall find suitable employment on his release and that the second shall be accustomed to habits of temperance and moderation, in keeping with his position in life.

For the empiricism of the present prison system, based solely on the deprivation of liberty and almost entirely at variance with the moral aims of the penalties imposed, there will be substituted a scientific regimen in which justice will attain a far higher end than the mere assertion of legal authority. It will correct the delinquent and send him back to the world a sane and useful member of society.

If, as is expected, the Madrid School of Criminology realises its ambitions, the probable result will be the entire reformation of Spanish prisons and the establishment of a new Penal Legislation to replace the antiquated system now in vogue.

These are the ideals of the little group of *savants*, which includes Sres Salillas, Oloriz, Cossio, Anton, Simarro and Aramburo : a veritable apostolate of science, working solely for the national regeneration.

I have given this valuable article almost in full because it clearly sets forth what is being done in a most important matter. I take this opportunity of offering my sincere thanks to Señor A. Aguilera y Arjona and also the able Director of the *Nuevo Mundo*.

Rafael Salillas.

In the person of Don Rafael Salillas, Spain possesses an anthropologist of the first order : one who, in many respects, walks in line with Cesare Lombroso. In the profound study of Criminal Anthropology, Italy is very prominent at the present day, with such men as Lombroso, Mantegazza, Ferri, etc., taking the lead, but this fascinating science has also taken deep root

in Spain and in the near future we shall find that it is being made the means of attaining a great end.

The Spaniards are curiously matter of fact. They do not care about accepting new ideas, but when they *do* accept them, they make use of them in a practical way.

Rafael Salillas has published several important works: amongst others, "La Vida Penal en España," "La Antropologia en el Derecho Penal," "Poesia Delincuente," and "Hampa"; the latter being a very interesting psychological study of the gipsies. In the preface to "Hampa," this scientist introduces a paragraph which bears directly on the account, just given, of the work being done by the Madrid School of Criminology. He says: "In criminal anthropology there is a direct subject—the study of the character of the criminal and of the organic, physical and social conditions, in which the crime manifested itself; and an indirect subject —that of the actual nature of the crime studied from the point of view of natural evolution. To approach the second subject there exists the Lombrosian bridge, which consists of seven letters—atavism. This second subject is not very large in detail: it may be reduced to an appreciation of the equivalents of crime in animals, savages and children."

The Post Office and Postal Reforms.

The Spanish postal system does not invariably give satisfaction to foreign visitors, who find even the sending of a telegram a much more complicated matter in Spain than it is at home! Perhaps the most striking difference, and one which especially affects residents, is the fee of five centimes paid to the postman for the delivery of each inland letter and postcard. This was a war tax imposed in 1898, which has not since been removed; it is only levied on letters sent in the interior of Spain, nevertheless in large business houses it frequently amounts to no trifling sum.

Letters within the Postal Union cost 25 centimes and letters for the interior cost 15 centimes: this latter charge is considered excessive in view of the fact that almost every other

country has adopted the 10 centime postage for inland letters. I shall speak later on about this proposed reform.

The fee for registration is 25 centimes, and insufficiently prepaid or unstamped inland letters are not forwarded at all.

What at once strikes foreigners as a most unnecessary inconvenience is that there are no postal orders or money orders in Spain. Transmission of money to and from foreign countries is effected by banker's bills or cheques. The *Libranzas del Giro Mutuo* take the place of inland money orders; the amount to be forwarded being paid in to the financial administration of the place, together with 2% commission. In the case of France these rules can sometimes be circumvented by the dispatch of a *bon de poste*, payable at the *Crédit Lyonnais*, but this is not a very safe method of transmission: nor is there a *Crédit Lyonnais* in every Spanish town.

The Spanish method of dispatching telegrams is really most unusual, and, to a foreigner unacquainted with the little formality, quite incomprehensible. When the telegram is handed in and the number of words counted you are informed how much it will cost, and it is then necessary for you to purchase stamps for the amount, and to fix them to the telegram. This is all very well in large post offices, where stamps are to be had at the next desk, but in small towns the post office may not have just the requisite number of stamps and then the sender of the telegram has to go and buy them at the nearest tobacco shop! sometimes having to go the length of several streets, telegram in hand, and then probably having again to await his turn when he gets back to the post office.

In common justice to the much maligned Spanish post office, it must be recorded that politeness—of an exceptional order—is the prevailing rule. When it is possible, ladies are served first, and, in many cases, chairs are provided for them when there is a slight delay.

Photo by *Lacoste*

CALLE MAYOR, MADRID

The reduction of the inland postage to 10 centimes has been urged for a long while : it is considered time that Spain should follow the example of France, which has greatly benefited by the change. Spain's growing commercial activity necessitates an increase of correspondence, and many of the smaller commercial houses find their postal expenses very heavy at the present rates of 15 centimes for Spain and 25 for foreign countries.

Although a reduction of 5 centimes would mean nothing to the average well-to-do citizen, it would be a great economy for poorer letter-writers, such as the domestic servant, the soldier, and the student of small means : all of whom have to make sacrifices in order to write to their families and who cannot always spare the necessary 15 centimes for the dispatch of a letter or even the 5 centime tax on those received. Besides, as a natural result, there would be more letters written, and the Postal Revenues instead of decreasing would increase : this has occurred in other countries, and it would certainly occur in Spain.

The Art Treasures of Spain.

Within the last ten years, or so, the Spaniards have begun to realise the fact that their country is gradually losing the greater part of its artistic treasures, which—since there is no law to prevent it—are being sold and taken away to enrich foreign museums. The State appears now to be prepared to take action in the matter, since a short time ago an organised protest was made when it was discovered that one of the most historic buildings in the land, dating from the tenth century, and formerly the residence of emperors, was on the point of being sold to a wealthy Englishman, who wished to transform it into a country house. Steps were taken to prevent the sale in this particular case, but there is no law to prevent the removal of historic valuables.

Both Italy and Japan have taken strict measures to prevent the wholesale plunder of their works of art ; in Japan every

object of historic interest is entered in a Government schedule and the owners are forbidden to part with it.

That the same law exists in Italy was demonstrated at the time of the Messina earthquake, when a Commission, which proposed to search the ruins for the purpose of buying any art treasures which might be found, were at once informed that there were severe laws forbidding the exportation of works of art, and that the Government itself had control of all researches made among the ruins.

Some law of this kind is urgently needed in Spain, where there is no official catalogue of historic monuments; the authentic and the fraudulent works of art are inextricably confused, and now that there is a question of changing the legislation on this point, the treasure-hunters are busily availing themselves of what may be their last opportunity.

According to statistics forwarded to the *Academia de Bellas Artes*, the quantity of valuables which have been exported within the last few months is incredible. Among them was a priceless Altar, with groups of carved figures—dating from the sixteenth century, which was dispatched to London; two pictures by Goya; an ancient reliquary of rock crystal and silver; a beautiful Persian carpet from the historic church of the *Portillo;* a souvenir of the seige of Zaragoza, and innumerable antique jewels which can never be replaced. It was represented that nothing short of a severe law would prevent Spain from losing the artistic patrimony of treasures which are her national inheritance.

The Future Spanish Fleet.

The contract for the construction of a new Fleet for Spain has not been actually signed at the moment that I am writing. It is, nevertheless, practically certain that the Government will accept the proposals of the Spanish Society of Naval Construction, a Syndicate of which the practical head is Vickers, Maxim, Ltd., and which is composed of both Spanish and English capitalists. Measures have been taken to ensure that Spanish interests shall largely predominate; 60% of the total capital is Spanish,

the remaining 40% being subscribed by Vickers, Maxim, Ltd., John Brown & Co., and Sir Armstrong Whitworth & Co., Ltd.

The construction of the Fleet will give a great impetus to Spanish trade, as the Government has stipulated that, as far as possible, all the work is to be done in Spain ; the materials used are also to be purchased in Spain whenever it is feasible, although necessarily much will have to be bought in England.

It will probably be necessary to construct two new dockyards : one in Ferrol and one in Santander, and to enlarge and improve the dockyards already existing in Ferrol.

It is proposed to construct at Cartagena three destroyers of 380 tons ; twenty-four torpedo boats of 195 tons, and four gun-boats of eighty tons. The Syndicate has acquired the exclusive right to construct in Spain the famous Parsons' turbines ; the Arsenal at Ferrol is to be equipped in such a manner that the construction of these turbines, and almost all the other works required for the Fleet, will be able to be carried out there.

Various plans are being formed for the benefit of the workmen engaged in the shipbuilding ; in this connection, we shall probably have yet another example of the excellent management which prevails when English and Spanish directors work together.

CHAPTER II

MODERN LITERATURE

A QUOTATION from Coventry Patmore's "Religio Poetae" may very well be permitted to illuminate this chapter. The quoted words were used in connection with a criticism on one of Juan Valera's best known novels, and they embody that subtle, elusive spirit which has always lent distinction to Spanish literature. In speaking of "Pepita Jimenez," Patmore says—

Spanish Literature.

> Alike in Calderon and in this work of Juan Valera, we find the complete synthesis of gravity of matter and gaiety of manner which is the glittering crown of art, and which out of Spanish Literature is to be found only in Shakespeare, and even in him in a far less obvious degree. It is only in Spanish Literature, with the one exception of Dante, that religion and art are discovered to be not necessarily hostile powers; and it is in Spanish Literature only, and without exception, that gaiety of life is made to appear as being not only compatible with, but the very flower of that root which in the best works of other literatures hides itself in the earth, and only sends its concealed sap through stem and leaf of human duty and desire. The reason of this great and admirable singularity seems mainly to have been the singular aspect of most of the best Spanish minds towards religion. With them religion has been, as it was meant to be, a human passion.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a more enlightened revelation of the Spanish literary spirit than this, and using the quoted words as torches we find it easy to see how it happens that Spanish writers, and they only, have found it possible to reveal the human side of the priest, in relation to human love, without offence. A little later on I shall have occasion to speak of various novels in which priests play leading rôles, and then the truth of Patmore's words will be realised.

In seeking to balance cause and effect in regard to modern Spanish literature we find that its branches spring, very

largely, from two important and wide-spreading roots—from the influence of the golden age in which the works of such literary giants as Santa Teresa, Cervantes, and Lope de Vega were contemporaneous, and from the influence of the French realistic school.

Cervantes.

The influence of Cervantes can only be described as universal and deathless. The foundations of "Don Quixote"—admittedly the finest novel the world has ever known—rest on the rock bed of human possibilities, and in its pages men and women of all nations have found heralds of their most noble thoughts and aspirations. When we remember that "Don Quixote" and "King Lear" appeared in the same year we realise that the sixteenth century stands alone in the annals of literature.

Cervantes and Shakespeare both died in 1616, and it cannot be said that either was, during his lifetime, fitly honoured. Cervantes died a poor man, but then that does not prove very much, since the profession of letters has never been a really lucrative one in Spain. In fact, until recent days it was an unheard-of thing for anyone to make literature, and that alone, a profession.

Cervantes was a soldier before he set about conquering worlds with his pen. Lope de Vega was a first-class fighting man, and in the Armada expedition used some of his precious manuscript verses—to Dorotea, whom he eventually married—as gun wads. Calderon belonged to the Order of Santiago and fought against the Catalan rebels in 1640. In Spain, and perhaps here alone, the hand which grasped the sword has been equally doughty when handling the pen.

Since it is true that in the sixteenth century England and Spain were equally well armed for a joust of literary giants, it is interesting to remember that no foreign nation has equalled the English in appreciation of the creator of the "Knight of La Mancha." The first biography of Cervantes was written by an Englishman in 1738, and the first really fine

edition of "Don Quixote" was prepared, in 1781, by another Englishman, the Rev. John Bowle.

In studying modern Spanish literature we find evident, in at least two notable cases, the influence of Cervantes and of Santa Teresa. The genius of the Condesa de Pardo Bazan—the most remarkable woman writer of to-day, in any country—has been compared by Juan Valera to that of Santa Teresa de Jésus, and Froude has more than once compared the works of Santa Teresa with those of Cervantes. And since a connecting link has been traced, and in master minds, between the genius of those great ones of the past and that of Emilia Pardo Bazan it becomes evident that any attempt to deal in stenographic style with her ideas and works must be surrounded by pitfalls, none the less dangerous because partly hidden by the wings of the guardian of fools who "rush in where angels fear to tread." And yet it is necessary to be stenographic in a single chapter on literature in which a number of notable writers have to be introduced with some show of honour and reverence.

Emilia Pardo Bazan.

Emilia Pardo Bazan is a woman of profound and catholic learning. She is a great linguist; is sufficiently learned in the dead languages to be able to read the classics in the original; she has studied, and closely, philosophy and many of the sciences. It was her ambition to fit herself for a place in the profession of letters side by side with the greatest, regardless of sex, and that ambition has been fully realised, In speaking of this gifted woman, Castelar, in a discourse delivered at the University of Paris, once said: "In literature we have a Celtic writer, Emilia Pardo Bazan, whom, though still living, we count amongst the immortals, and whose works we consider classics by reason of their mastery of style and of our national language."

The most enchanting, as the most distracting, quality of this writer is her many-sidedness. She has published a bewildering number of important works, historical, polemical, critical, and

biographical. Besides this she has written many novels. But even in dealing exclusively with the latter the many-sided nature of the writer is very baffling.

Space being limited and the subject vast, I have decided to speak in detail of only three or four of Emilia Pardo Bazan's works. Since it is impossible for me to give an adequate idea of the whole it will, I think, be best to indicate the directions in which her genius flows, and to place in position some sign-posts, for the guidance of those who happily have time and opportunity to follow its surging streams.

The Condesa de Pardo Bazan is a native of Galicia and is sincerely attached to her native soil. In several of her books she has given graphic descriptions of that north and north-western coast of Spain which is washed by the waves of the Atlantic and by the Biscay waters. She has written of Galicia as Pereda has written of Santander and Salvador Rueda of Andalusia, with perfect sympathy and clear insight. Amongst the many charms of Spain the Enchantress none is more potent than the kaleidoscopic effects to be found on every side.

Graphic descriptions of Galicia.

In Spain there are many Spains, and each one is worthy of study; the various provinces differ as though they did not belong to the same mother-country; each possesses its own dances, folk-songs, costumes, customs, and dialect.

The people of Galicia, for example, are of purely Celtic origin. Their Celtic ancestors emigrated from Galicia into Ireland about the year 200 B.C. That was the age of Ossian and of Fingall, who seem the prototypes of a Galician poet of to-day, Eduardo Pondal.

"De mi tierra," one of Emilia Pardo Bazan's earlier works, a volume of essays and criticism, which deals chiefly with the literature of Galicia, is very little known, because of the difficulties presented by the dialect in which much of it is written. In this book she says, in speaking of the poetry of her province, that, "Before being judged, these poems have

to be *felt;* they are as essentially part of our country and of our life as are the breezes of our coasts and the maize of our harvests."

Galicia has always considered itself the twin-sister of Portugal and it is probable that Portuguese and Gallego were one and the same language until the fifteenth century. This kinship with the neighbouring kingdom has helped to separate Galicia from the rest of Spain and Spaniards have found some difficulty in appreciating the literature of this Celtic race—a literature which reflects the coldness and mystery of wild seas and inaccessible mountains.

One of the most beautiful essays in " De mi Tierra " is that entitled " Moonlight " ; this essay deals with the poems of that curious, old-world poet Pondal, and the title " Moonlight " is based on the poetic idea that Galician poems are full of the cold light of the moon in contradistinction, for example, to the poems of Andalusia which are radiant with warmth and sunlight.

Poems of Eduardo Pondal.

Eduardo Pondal has reproduced in his writings the very atmosphere of Galicia. His soul seems filled with the murmuring of pine trees, which is an echo of the sob of the restless ocean on a stormy night. His love for the mysterious pine is ever present, and two of his most remarkable works are entitled " Rumores de los pinos " and " Queixumes (Lamentations) de los pinos." Pondal has shown in these books a spirit essentially allied to that of the ancient Celtic bards: he is eloquent with love and reverence for the earth, the air, the moon, and his conception of love is that of the primitive man in the mysterious ages which preceded the birth of Our Lord.

Emilia Pardo Bazan points out that in the study of Pondal's works the curious fact becomes apparent that they contain no evidences of the existence of Christianity; they convey the idea that the poet had been brought up in full belief in the pantheistic worship of the bards; in the adoration of oak-tree and moon! And the fact that this point of view is perfectly

natural and unpremeditated makes his works curiously interesting.

" De mi tierra " is full of picturesque criticisms and appreciations of a literature which is too little known ; amongst these we find a detailed account of the writings of the blind poet, Valentin Lamas. This poet has published surprisingly beautiful word pictures of Galicia ; his poems are homely and simple, but they belong to the soil. The soft odour of damp earth and the teams of oxen patiently ploughing the fields are lovingly dealt with by one who has only known them in the spirit.

" De mi tierra."

Passing away from the works of Emilia Pardo Bazan which treat, chiefly, of scenery, life, culture and progress in her own province, another phase of her genius presents itself—her powerful short stories.

In a volume entitled " Cuentos Sacro-profanos," several notable short stories appear. Two of these, " La Sed de Cristo " and " La logica," created an extraordinary sensation in Spain some years ago. For months everyone talked of them, and their author was pilloried and exposed to the expostulations of thousands. Indeed, in the matter of " La Sed de Cristo," it may be said that it rivalled the famous " Pequeñeces " of the Padre Coloma as a literary bomb of far-reaching power.

" La Sed de Cristo."

It is a little difficult to understand why " La Sed de Cristo " should have so horrified the Spanish public. Certainly it contains not one word which could be considered profane, or which detracts from the Majesty and Glory of Our Lord. Possibly it might be argued that no writer is justified in dealing with a divine and historic episode in a purely imaginative spirit. There is something to be said for this point of view, but not enough to justify the manner in which this *cuento* was received in Spain.

This curious and poetic little story is woven round one of

Christ's words from the cross: "I thirst." Mary Magdalen is represented kneeling, grief stricken, at the foot of the cross, and on hearing the painful words of her dying Master, she resolved to go in search of some rare and exquisite draught which might be worthy to assuage His thirst. Not far from Calvary there was a limpid stream springing crystal-like among the rocks. Mary ran to it and, having filled a bowl with the cool water, returned and offered it to her suffering Lord. He turned aside his head and repeated, "I thirst." Fearing it was the slight value of the offering that caused it to be refused, Mary fled towards Jerusalem and begged of Herod's head steward a cup of priceless wine, of which a single drop would suffice to revive a dying man. Again her offering was silently refused.

Distracted with grief the Magdalen made a further journey in search of the sacred ambrosia of the Greek gods, but not alone was her offering refused but the dying Christ turned His head from her in bitter sorrow. Mary sank to the foot of the cross, overwhelmed with a sense of her own unworthiness. As she thought of her past life and of her many sins her heart became filled with grief and remorse and her tears flowed fast; it seemed as though her broken heart were melted in those bitter tears of humility and contrition. Raising her eyes to the Saviour's face she read there an ardent but silent request, and suddenly a light broke upon her. She gathered her fast falling tears in trembling hands, and with them moistened the parched lips. The thirst was assuaged.

In the closing words of this little story Emilia Pardo Bazan forestalls possible criticisms by clearly stating that it is not founded on Biblical authority, nor upon any ecclesiastical tradition. That it simply sets forth the clear doctrine of the Gospel; that repentance, humility and true contrition are alone dear to the heart of Our Lord.

After the "Sed de Cristo" the story which called forth the most scathing criticism was "La lógica," the plot of which

is based on the curious mania of a man possessed with the idea that the only logical way of ensuring the certain welfare and happiness of his wife and child was to kill them both and so to put them out of the reach of possible sin and unhappiness! In this little story, as in many others, it would appear that a series of foot-notes was necessary to make clear the writer's intentions, for in Spain, at least, the impression was given that the Señora de Pardo Bazan recommended murder and suicide as a possible solution for the problems of life! In reality, her views were expressed by the priest who attended Justino Guijarro on the eve of his execution. In a few simple but intensely dramatic words this priest makes it clear that profoundly entangled logical reasonings were absolutely to be shunned because that, besides being impious, they most certainly are fecund seeds of delusion and madness.

"La lógica."

All these *cuentos* are powerful as they are original; several of them treat of incidents in the lives of priests and one of the most *spirituel* is "Travesura pontificia," in which, in connection with an amusing incident, the reader is permitted to enjoy the delicate humour in which the Vatican occasionally indulges. A humour which finds expression in a subtle smile rather than in a hearty laugh!

The Condesa de Pardo Bazan, who is, as I have already said, very much interested in all things connected with her own province, has taken active part in the various discussions that have, from time to time, arisen on the subject of "language or dialect." Many persons have contended that Gallego is a distinct language, but the author of "De mi tierra" declares it to be a dialect, and she adds that in thus placing Gallego she is not making the least suggestion of inferiority since most of the great languages are in reality only dialects of some other tongue. She brings forward the example of Provençal, which is popularly supposed to be a corrupt form of French, but which is in reality the language which was spoken all over France from the sixth to the ninth

centuries; and from Provençal was derived modern French, Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish.

It is certainly true that almost the only European language which possesses the qualifications necessary for the claim of "language" is Basque, the origin of which is lost in remote antiquity and which it is supposed may have been the original tongue of pre-historic man!

Basque a genuine "language."

In several of the works of this gifted writer we find exquisite descriptions of scenery in the wilder parts of Spain, but country life in Galicia itself is especially well depicted in "Pazos de Ulloa," one of her early novels. This book is full of enchanting word-pictures of majestic mountains, massive grey rocks and turbulent rivers which wind in and out of lonely valleys.

The plot is laid in one of the old feudal castles which still exist in many of these mountain heights and which can be reached only on mule back. In some of these castles it would appear that the old customs of the twelfth century hold good and that the tenants are still regarded, by the lord of the estate, as serfs with whom he can deal as he thinks best.

The little scattered villages, with their classic Ferias, political intrigues, simple home life—all are described accurately and sympathetically by this Galician writer, who understands the heart and soul of her own province better than any other living Spaniard.

Of the long and serious novels by Emilia Pardo Bazan, the most remarkable, in many respects, is "La Quimera," a work which treats of society in Madrid, Paris, and Alborada—the latter representing a small town in Galicia. This novel, besides throwing a vivid searchlight on the doings of fashionable society, is profoundly psychological. It has for a *fond* Flaubert's dialogue between "Le Sphinx et La Chimére," and it contains character studies which are as masterly in conception as in realisation.

"La Quimera."

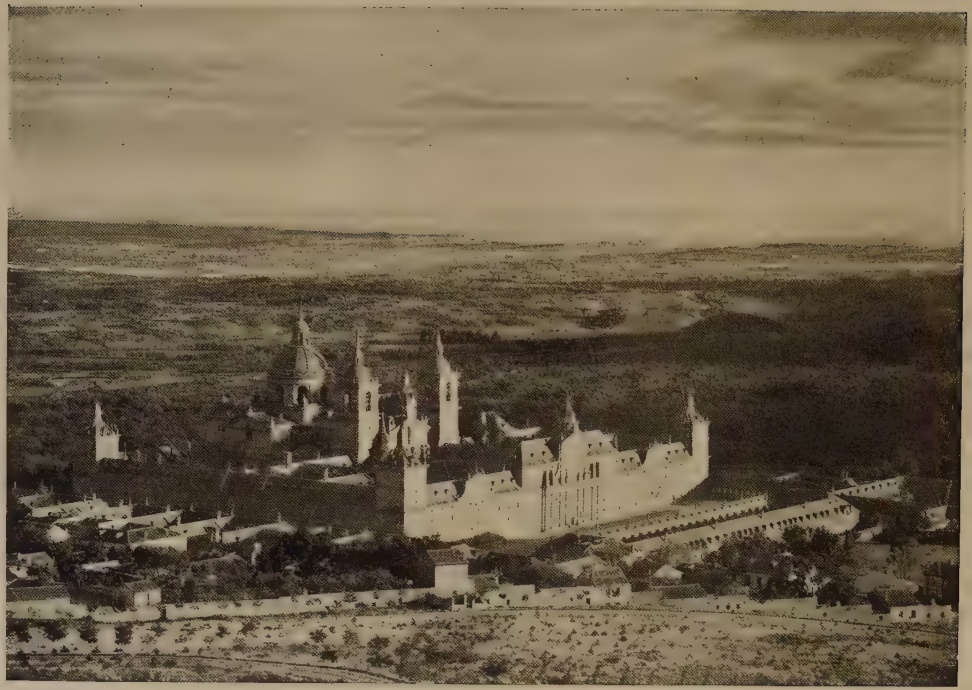

Photo by *Anderson, Rome*

THE ESCORIAL

When this book was first published it created no little sensation in Madrid, as it was loudly whispered that many of the characters had been drawn direct from life ; it is possible that there was some truth in this rumour, nevertheless " La Quimera " cannot be said to vie with " Pequeñeces " as a criticism on the doings of society.

In this remarkable novel the author's widely diverse gifts are brought to bear on a single volume ; her intimate knowledge of social life in Madrid and Paris is wedded to her enchanting gift of scenic description. The " quimera " which supplies the leading theme is the impassioned pursuit of an ideal state of existence, frequently unattainable, with which so many minds are possessed in these days. One person spends her life in the pursuit of fame ; another in the pursuit of ideal love ; yet another in the fruitless search for universal admiration. In each case the " quimera " is a monster which eventually crushes its victim.

In this novel the character of the hero, a young painter, is finely drawn ; he is possessed of boundless ambition, and desires to be great as Rubens or Velasquez, but circumstances force him to make pastel portraits of pretty society women. These aristocratic, capricious, society women are perfectly portrayed ; one of them seeks to grasp the chimére of perfect happiness through the medium of morphia ; another is driven, by the cruelty of the disappointed painter, to seek for *bien être* behind the walls of a convent.

It is a notable work and one which will stand the test of time.

Emilia Pardo Bazan is anxious to further the higher education of women in Spain. In this cause she has founded, edited, and partly written a comprehensive *Biblioteca de la Mujer* (Woman's Library), in which she presents a number of useful and instructive works. This library is divided into sections : Religious, Sociological, Fictional, Biographical, Historical, Critical, etc. In the sociological section we find some of

" Biblioteca de la Mujer."

John Stuart Mill's best known works, and in the critical section there is a powerful work on " La Revolucion y la Novela en Rusia," by the Editress herself. " Memorias de Madame de Staël," " Women of the French Revolution," and George Eliot's " Adam Bede " are included in this library.

While reviewing, briefly and inadequately, the personality and the genius of this notable woman, it is interesting to recall some words which she contributed to a Parisian weekly paper, not long ago. In this paper, *La Vie Heureuse*, the question had been asked : " Quelles qualités faut-il pour être heureuse ? " Answers from a number of well-known personages were printed, and amongst these there were three from Spanish writers of whose works I am speaking in this chapter. I cannot resist the temptation to give these answers in full. In the first place we have that of the Condesa de Pardo Bazan : " Si je savais quelles sont les qualités qui assurent le bonheur d'une femme, je me serais consacrée a les acquérir. J'ignore complètement quelles sont ces qualités. Il y a des qualités fort estimables qui ne contribuent aucunement au bonheur. Et en Espagne on dit souvent : ' Celle qui naît très belle est malheureuse.' Du reste le bonheur est aussi chose relative et discutable. Parfois, il s'appuie sur des défauts, ou sur des qualités plutôt inférieures. Donc—— je ne sais rien."

And then, short and to the point, the answer of Perez Galdos : " Les qualités qui rendent la femme heureuse sont celles qui reflètent, complètent, suppléent celles de l'homme."

And, last of all, the answer of the most daring realistic writer in Spain—the " Spanish Zola," as he has so often been called,—Vicente Blasco Ibañez : " Je pense que les qualités les plus propres á assurer le bonheur d'une femme sont celles qui lui permettent de se faire aimer. L'amour est l'état d'illusion qui nous aide á supporter les tristesses de la vie. Pour éclairer la monotonie de l'existence quotidienne nous avons besoin de nous tromper nous-mêmes ; et de toutes les ruses, l'amour est la plus charmante."

It is not necessary to take any of these answers very seriously, but each, in its own way, is a landmark which indicates marked differences of outlook.

Juan Valera.

Juan Valera y Alcala Galiano is one of the most fascinating figures in the world of Spanish literature. He is no longer with us in the flesh, but the shadow of his spirit haunts the imagination of more than one, and it may very well happen that one day this insistent shadow will return to its *alter ego*, bearing with it the full appreciation denied it on earth. For Valera was not, in his own country, a really popular writer. The Spaniards acknowledged his charm of matter and perfection of style, but he was as "one born out of due time." In this connection Valera himself said: "I have, and always shall have, few readers."

Towards the close of the nineteenth century the literary soil of Spain teemed with virile germs of realism, and when these germs burst forth into vigorous life they proved all powerful, or nearly so, for they never found it possible to draw the calm and purely beautiful ideals of Valera into even a passing exchange of amenities.

Zola was at that period the Napoleon of the reading world. He was admired or execrated, according to individual taste, but he was a power in the land and his influence was far-reaching. It is very interesting to study the effect of Zolaism on the writers of different nations, and, though this is neither the time nor place to enlarge on the subject, I must draw attention to the fact that realism, as understood of Zola, never took root in England. English realists there have been, of a somewhat hybrid order, but the spirit of Zola never found a mate in the Anglo-Saxon ether.

Notwithstanding legends and traditions to the contrary, it still remains that England is the home of romance and sentiment. Realism is foreign to it and if, as will never be the case, it were to any appreciable extent artificially introduced into the soil, the result could not fail to be unpleasant.

Quite otherwise with the soil of Spain, but even here, in the land of born, natural, realists, the French spirit is alien. Up to the present, ever since the first burst of cosmopolitan enthusiasm over the achievements of Zola, Flaubert, Daudet, etc., the Spanish writers, many of them, have accepted with acclamation the dominion of the French school; but already the tide shows signs of turning.

Influence of French School.

Nature must, sooner or later, assert herself, and apart as the poles, fundamentally, is nature in the Frenchman and in the Spaniard. There is every reason why the Spaniards ought to be the greatest realists in the world, but when they arrive at their goal the influence of the French school will have loosed its hold and the literary sons of Spain will have taken possession of a kingdom wholly their own. It savours of heterodoxy to introduce the subject of realism in connection with Juan Valera for, of all Spanish writers, he was farthest removed from its influence, but in searching for the reason of Valera's confined success, in his own country, Zolaism has to be taken into consideration; he would have none of it at a time when the reading public was, like poor little Oliver, "asking for more." Valera was a man of lofty ideals. He worshipped beauty of form and was strongly imbued with the Greek spirit. Violent contrasts he frankly detested, and all through his long life he remained serenely consistent. Though realising, and accurately appraising, the strength of the currents of romanticism, realism, decadentism and symbolism which successively swept past him, he never permitted turbulent waters to disturb the calm of his Hellenic lake.

With regard to literature, one of Valera's ideals is best expressed in his own words: "Writings become famous and immortal by their beauty and not by the truth they teach." To the ordinary mind this announcement rings hollow, for what are beautiful writings if not the perfect expression of thoughts? And if written words, even at their best, are but the visible sign of thoughts how can we accept this further

sentence : " The pretension of those who believe it is possible to teach by writing is nearly always vain ? " You may not write for the purpose of teaching, but how can you limit the influence of written words ? Other writers than Valera have cherished this same ideal but, unconsciously, some of these have been forced into the despised position of teacher. No one who has read " Dorian Grey " could conceive it possible that a more penetrating sermon could have been delivered from pulpit or desk. And yet the author of that history of a physical debacle would have turned with horror from anyone who had greeted him as a moral teacher.

In the life story of a Don Juan other than Don Juan Valera, the following verse is to be found—

> But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
> Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
> That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

Valera's heroines have supplied subject matter for discussions in at least three languages. They are, almost without exception, splendid creatures : strong, resolute, full of vivid life, dignity and personal charm. They ride, dance, walk, talk, fall in love, and take good care of themselves—all to perfection. They are by turns amazing, delicious, and inspiring ! In fact, they are pretty well everything that is adorable, but the question so often asked is : " Are they Spanish ? "

I think it may fairly be admitted that the Valera woman—it is not incorrect to speak of her in the singular—does not recall the average Spanish woman of everyday life. As a type she does not seem to belong to Spain of to-day, but then it is most unlikely that she was intended to do so. Her creator was an idealist whose conception of the beautiful and fitting rested on far-reaching foundations. Pepita Jimenez and Doña Luz may not to-day exist in Spain, except in isolated and exceptional circumstances, but the qualities which make these women so delightful sleep lightly under the surface covering of conventionalism, in which the average

Spanish woman is wrapt. It has been said that Valera created an exotic type, and it is likely that to his women, largely, he owed his confined success in Spain, but it is nevertheless true that the virile germs thrown together for the creation of this "type" were quite Spanish.

In many respects the Valera type represents the eternal woman. A healthy, vivid creature, neither purely ancient nor purely modern, but wholly refreshing, one whose companionship could not fail to be stimulating and beneficial. *Au fond*, the various particles necessary for the construction of the eternal woman are cosmopolitan. If you care to see a Valera woman through English eyes, follow closely the feelings, thoughts and actions of Dominie Enfilden in "The Garden of Allah," or, with reservations, of "Diana of the Crossways." Don Juan Valera was a diplomatist by profession and, so it seemed, a novelist by accident. Always a man of letters, he early published some volumes of poems, and these poems remained to the last his best loved children of the pen. When quite a young man he became second secretary of the Spanish Legation at Naples, under the Duque de Rivas, and he was accustomed to speak of the years passed in Italy as the happiest of his life. It seemed as though Nature specially intended him for the diplomatic service, for she endowed him richly with every quality necessary for success in that career. He was a learned, polished man of the world, endowed with great natural distinction of manner, and possessing much of the charm of the southern Spaniard: for he was a son of Andalucia—and very proud of the fact. He was above all a man incapable of giving offence or of causing pain, and it used to be said of him that, in the rôle of critic of modern writers, he deliberately ignored works which did not please him rather than say disagreeable things about them. This accusation is probably apocryphal, but it was based on possibilities.

A born Diplomatist.

Valera's first and most popular novel was not written until

travel in many countries and close study of human nature had shaped and polished his views of life. " Pepita Jimenez " at once attracted general attention, and in Spain Valera is still almost always spoken of in connection with this book.

In " Pepita," the marriage of religion and art, of which Coventry Patmore has spoken, is excellently exemplified. The hero of the book is a young Spaniard who, with all sincerity and fervour, is preparing to become a priest. A restrained and life-like picture is drawn of this young man, whose only desire is to do his duty and to serve his God with all the strength of his nature. With much delicacy and penetration Valera unrolls the story of his meeting with Pepita Jimenez, a young widow of delicious charm ; and of the human love which makes him realise, in bitterness of soul not far removed from rapture, that he has mistaken his vocation. The character of Pepita is drawn by a master hand. Here we have the true Valera woman : a human, lovable creature, worthy to touch the wings of angels, and yet—a very woman who cannot resist the temptation to exercise her powers of fascination. One of the finest character studies in the book is that of a priest who does not appear in person, but whose letters to the distracted young student are models of sympathy and common sense.

In " Doña Luz " the interest of the story again circulates round a religious struggle. A priest—one of the best and simplest of men—unconsciously learnt to love a beautiful woman. This love, striven against with prayer and fasting, is never revealed during the good man's lifetime, but after his death the woman discovers some of his manuscripts, in which the whole story is written in heart-blood.

A Religious Struggle.

Many eminent critics have pronounced " Comendador Mendoza " to be Valera's finest work, but I feel inclined to award the laurel crown to " Genio y Figura," one of his last and strongest novels.

The heroine, Rafæla la Generosa, could not be regarded as

reputable, especially in her younger days, but she is a splendid spirited woman who possessed, in a marked degree, a curious sense of honour which can only be described as manlike! She, like other heroines of this writer, seemed to see life through a man's eyes, while always remaining, physically and mentally, a very woman.

Towards the end of his long life Valera became blind, and his later writings had to be dictated, not written. To the end he remained keenly interested in all matters which concerned literature, and the work that occupied him at the last was a discourse on Cervantes, which was read before the Spanish Academy on the occasion of the tercentenary of "Don Quixote." Shortly before this celebration Valera died of apoplexy at his home in Madrid.

In marked contrast to Juan Valera there is Benito Perez Galdos, a serious teacher and an ardent reformer. Galdos may be said to be the most representative literary force in Spain on the side of progressive reform, and of all modern writers he has been the most misunderstood, especially in France, where his supposed views on religion and politics have been eagerly taken up and exploited by conflicting parties who have not hesitated, in many cases, to distort his meaning in adapting it to their own theories. The early training of Galdos was well fitted to encourage the powers of observation which, later on, developed themselves and made of him a great dramatist and even a greater novelist.

Benito Perez Galdos.

He was born in 1845 at Las Palmas, and passed the first eighteen years of his life in the Canary Islands, where a large part of the population is English and where Protestant and Catholic faiths flourish side by side. The young Spaniard early became thoroughly conversant with the English language and an ardent admirer of Dickens, whose influence on his after-life proved far-reaching.

In 1864 Galdos left the Canary Islands and went to Madrid. He had an idea of studying law, but quickly abandoned this

intention and turned, for a short time, to journalism. His experiences of newspaper work showed him the difficulty of doing anything really useful in an atmosphere of political intrigue, and he soon arrived at a determination to withdraw from public life as much as possible and to devote all his energies to an exhaustive study of Spain: her hopes, necessities, possibilities, and aspirations. He wished to devote his life to writing, but in a clear atmosphere where his ideas and patriotic desires could remain untrammelled.

"Episodios Nacionales."

In Spain, where a large part of the reading public wishes to be amused rather than edified, the length of many of Galdos' books has been severely criticised. Public opinion seems to say: "We have no patience with so much reading; who would think of buying three or four volumes of 400 pages each?" Indeed, as Emilia Pardo Bazan has aptly put it, it appeared as though the works of Galdos were judged by weight, like the souls of the ancient Egyptians! Certainly his earliest writings, the famous "Episodios Nacionales," might with some reason be objected to on the score of length, since they comprise four series, each containing ten volumes. These "Episodios," in which there is more knowledge to be gleaned than in many histories, represent the national story of Spain, from Trafalgar to the Revolution of 1868, in the form of novels in which about 500 characters are introduced. They are absolutely accurate studies of various historic episodes in which, besides the real personages of the period, a number of fictitious characters are introduced to give material for a plot.

These "Episodios" are all animated by that intense spirit of patriotism which is so characteristic of Galdos. He has always sought to fix upon his canvas the real and essential values of the struggle between traditions and the new ideas with which Spain is overrun. He has sought not only to define the exact limits of the conflict, but to search for a real solution to the problem: a solution which would surely

advance the welfare of Spain. Although Galdos is a Liberal, he has never considered himself bound to follow blindly any one political party. He has never been carried away by the intemperance of Chauvinism, and he has, in his books and dramas, repeatedly held up to ridicule the quixotic vapourings of supposed patriots who, blinded by exalted aspirations, give no thought to the real needs of the country.

Of the many questions which agitate contemporary Spain there are three of paramount importance. The question of religion, the question of economics, and that of politics.

When we realise that it is with these three great questions that Galdos chiefly, almost entirely, concerns himself in his books and plays, we find it easy to appreciate the importance of the task he has set himself to accomplish, and the keen interest with which his literary career is followed in Spain.

Religion. Economics. Politics.

This writer's attitude towards religious problems has drawn forth repeated attacks: often from the very people whose ideas he is defending. The storm which was raised over the famous play, "Electra," in France as well as in Spain, proves that the large majority of persons entirely misunderstood Galdos' attitude towards religion. This play, which was considered by the anti-clerical party to be an absolute vindication of their theories, was written by a man who keenly sympathises with all that is best in the Catholic religion. He has no desire to weaken the influence of the Church: he aims only at the limitation of the Church's influence on politics. He would check the growth of monasticism, and he is certainly the enemy of the Jesuit Order, though he upholds the Augustinians and Carmelites, whose mission is wholly one of charity.

Moderate views are very liable to misconstruction in a country where extreme opinions run wild, and "Angel Guerra," Galdos' finest novel, added fuel to an already flaming fire of criticism. This wonderful novel is based upon political

as well as religious problems, and it has been favourably compared with the finest works of Tolstoy. Angel Guerra, the hero of this book, is a man of strong political views and an ardent republican. At the same time he is an idealist and a man of quick impulses: his impressions and emotions sway him, but he clings tenaciously to what he feels to be "the right."

Guerra's religious views were what may be considered as broad, and they were combated on every point by his mother's rigid and narrow Catholicism. To her his projects for the advancement of his country savoured of criminal lunacy.

This mother and son embody the perpetual struggle which exists in Spain between the old and the new. Doña Sales represents the ancient and established order of things and Guerra the new ideals which so frequently dash themselves against the iron gates of Traditions. Guerra was a widower, and the death of his mother, and later of his daughter, to whom he was passionately attached, threw him back upon himself, and the latent mysticism of his nature impelled him to seek to prostrate himself before a superior will and to ask of it help in his hour of great need. He feels to the depth of his soul the necessity for religion: he longs for direct spiritual guidance, but finds himself adrift on a sea of uncertainty. He has become disillusioned with his political party: he perceives that its aims are, very often, unworthy and its methods corrupt. Chaos seems to surround him. In this condition he accepts with rapture the advice and guidance of a young girl who has been the companion of his mother and of his daughter. This young girl, Lorenza, had preserved through a humble and unhappy childhood a singularly pure spirit of exalted mysticism, and on the death of Doña Sales, her patron, she took the resolution to become a nun. The influence gradually exercised by this girl over Guerra is indicated with power and delicacy. She feels it to be her mission to draw him towards a purely religious life, and he, on his side, imagines that her influence over him is entirely spiritual. He learns to

The Old Order and the New.

lean on her advice and guidance and combats the idea of losing her behind the gates of a convent. This part of the story is full of interest, and the word picture of the spiritual friendship between Lorenza and Angel is one of the best things Galdos has ever done. It is impossible to go further into detail, but the hour comes when, prompted by the fervent wishes of Lorenza, Guerra becomes convinced that he has a true vocation for religion, and he determines to become a priest. With his whole strength he desires to prove himself worthy to tread in the footsteps of saints and martyrs, but Nature suddenly asserts herself. Watching in a sick room, by the side of the saintly Lorenza, he discovers, in a single moment, that he has utterly mistaken his own emotions. He realises that he loves the woman with a passionate human love. He had dreamed of a spiritual communion of souls, and he awakens to find himself longing for possession of the adored body.

A period of terrible anguish follows this awakening, but in the end he finds it possible to rest contented in the arms of religion. He had mistaken the way, for him, when he had imagined that he was fitted to become a priest, but none the less surely he realised, on his death-bed, that in religion alone is to be found perfect content.

When " Angel Guerra " was first published a crowd of critics announced that Galdos had once more held up to ridicule the Roman Catholic Church. Indignant expostulations rained on the author from every side, but he remained quite unmoved. His motives had again been misconstrued, but what of that ? He was accustomed to it !

Ideas and Ideals of Galdos.

In another chapter I shall have occasion to discuss Galdos' plays at some length, since they represent the ideas and ideals of the most interesting dramatist in Spain of to-day. In his plays this writer goes deeply into questions of moral analysis : in them he depicts Spain as she *is*, not as she was, and his studies of Spain actual draw from him no useless lamentations

over a glorious past, now disappearing from view, but instead they draw forth fervent desires for a regeneration of the present. Galdos has always been sincerely convinced that the book and the drama are only separated by a superficial barrier, and most of his plays have also appeared in book form. It must, however, be admitted that, in some cases, the books are superior to the plays: some of his works have suffered considerably from the changes and modifications necessary from the dramatic point of view, and this was specially true in the case of "Doña Perfecta," which in book form has been translated into almost all the European languages, and which is very well known in England.

"Doña Perfecta" deals on broad lines with the religious question, and the problem posed is a far deeper one than the mere struggle of a rather bigoted aunt against the advanced views of her nephew. As Pepe Rey himself says: "Behind us there is a terrific struggle of principles against principles."

In "Doña Perfecta" the leading theme is the new spirit of modernism in Spain engaged in perpetual combat with the old traditions. Pepe Rey, the lover of Doña Perfecta's daughter, is the forerunner of Maximo Yuste, the hero of "Electra." Both of them, though by no means sceptical in religious matters, are charged with the mission of carrying the standard of enlightenment into a field hitherto obscured by superstition. In the drama much is necessarily lost: for instance, the beautiful descriptions of Spanish scenery with which the book is full. Of one of Galdos' most recent works, "El Abuelo," I shall speak in the chapter on Plays and Players: it was first published in book form, but it became the great dramatic sensation of Madrid in 1905.

Perez Galdos at present lives in a charming house, specially built for him at Santander, in which town his friend Pereda also lives. In his library, over the mantelpiece, there is an escutcheon which displays the National Lion in an attitude of vivid defiance, and underneath is this motto

—which also appears on the frontispiece of his books: "Ars-Natura-Veritas."

It does not require much imagination to draw the conclusion that Galdos regards these emblems as a symbol of the means necessary for the redemption of modern Spain.

Perez Galdos is a great lover of pottery and porcelain, and he possesses many rare specimens of Stratford-on-Avon and Delft ware. He is not an amateur of antiquities, and his walls are hung with fine works of modern Spanish painters and with sketches and etchings by Sala, Mélida, and Apeles Mestres.

Among the favourite books which find a place in this library are the complete works of Dickens, and there is a dainty little bookcase containing a miniature edition of Sir Walter Scott, which was presented by his admirers on the occasion of a banquet given in honour of the author of "Electra."

The most notable and accomplished Spanish critic of to-day is Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo. This writer has already produced a number of important works, and he is at present engaged in editing a complete edition of the writings of Lope de Vega. He is a man of extraordinary learning, and as a literary historian he occupies a unique position. Spain was not very rich in literary historians in the nineteenth century, but Señor Menéndez y Pelayo has aroused renewed interest in this important direction and, under his guidance, a serious school of criticism has taken form in Spain.

Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo.

Of the *Obras* of Lope de Vega—now being printed under the editorship of Don Marcelino—only eight quartos are as yet ready, but these are invaluable to students of the amazing genius who has been well described as "a very prodigy of nature." Amongst the more notable works of Don Marcelino are the "Historia de las Ideas Estéticas en España," which treats of literature at many points and which is full of learned and suggestive reflections: "Calderon y su Teatro," an ample and impartial criticism of the genius of Pedro Calderon de la

Barca Henao de la Barreda y Riaño—the most representative Spaniard of the seventeenth century.

The dramatic works of Calderon have been described and criticised again and again, but no critic has so thoroughly exhausted his merits and demerits as has Señor Menendez y Pelayo in the volume just mentioned. These criticisms were originally delivered in lecture form, and they are so clearly and graphically expressed that they make very interesting reading for even those who know little of Calderón or his times.

Amongst the many other works of this writer are " Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles," " Ciencia Española," and " Odas, Epistolas y Tragedias," the latter volume containing a remarkably good version of " The Isles of Greece."

In serious literary circles in Spain the criticisms of Señor Menéndez y Pelayo are invariably accepted as the final word.

Leopoldo Alas.

In speaking of this powerful writer—who uses the psuedonym of " Clarín "—Fitzmaurice Kelly says: " In all the length and breadth of Spain no writer is better known and more feared than Leopoldo Alas. Alas is often accused of fierce intolerance as a critic: and the charge has this much truth in it—that he is righteously, splendidly intolerant of a pretender, a mountebank, or a dullard. He may be right or wrong in judgment; but there is something noble in the intrepidity with which he handles an established reputation, in the infinite malice with which he riddles an enemy."

It is certainly true that " Clarín " is a fearless critic—a veritable gladiator in the arena of journalism—but then he is a man of wide learning and of cultured taste: he is acquainted with the literature of France, Germany, and other countries, and—he stands in awe of no man!

It is as a critic that Leopoldo Alas is best known to the general public, but he also is a novelist of great distinction. His " La Regenta," published in 1885, is a masterly work:

full of subtle and searching analysis and conceived on bold lines. Since then he has published several other novels and a remarkable volume of short stories, entitled "Pipá."

Pereda is a writer who must, of necessity, be placed among the realists of Spain, although his realism is of a very different order from that of Blasco Ibañez and Juan Ochoa, of whom I shall presently speak. The realistic school of writing in Spain has many branches: Blasco Ibañez adheres closely to the dramatic style of Zola and Maupassant, Ochoa is a master of the subtle interpretation of home-life in the provinces, while Pereda—a dweller in the country by choice—has almost invariably chosen as a background the rugged mountains and restless seas of his native town of Santander. Pereda is, perhaps, best described by the Spanish word "costumbrista"!

José Maria de Pereda.

He was born with an intense love for his own province and a sympathetic understanding of his own people. In his books the poor inhabitants of remote mountain villages, the fishing folk of the Cantabrian coast, and the small social circles common to all provincial towns, are portrayed by the hand of a writer who intimately knows them.

Doña Emilia Pardo Bazan, a great friend and admirer of Pereda, has said of him that "if not the most realistic of Spanish writers, certainly he is the least idealistic."

He is in every respect unlike his compatriot Galdos who, while seeking truthfully to portray what exists, still sees life as it were through a microscope, discovering marvels which are non-existent to an ordinary observer.

Pereda is possessed of no such acute inner-vision: his point of view is that of a well-balanced mind delineating faithfully what it sees: his is the realism of the old classic school: less profound, perhaps, but more reposeful than the realistic school of to-day. He does not interrogate life—he portrays it, just as it is: his phrases are always correct, always expressive, always energetic, and without exaggeration.

To quote again some words of Emilia Pardo Bazan : " The rhetoric of Pereda is the rhetoric of common sense illuminated by art." This author's writings may be roughly divided into two classes : his earlier works, which were entirely limited by the horizon of Santander, and his later works in which, beginning with Pedro Sanchez, he has sought, and not always with complete success, to extend his field of labour.

The Rhetoric of Pereda.

In the early writings the most notable defect is that the characters are, to a very large extent, smothered by their surroundings. These superb pictures of wild seas, towering mountains and wind-swept coasts seem, by reason of their immensity, to dwarf the actors in the story. However, it was to these really fine descriptions of scenery that Pereda owed his first and greatest successes.

Of this early phase the best works are " El Buey Suelto," " Don Gonzálo Gonzáles de la Gonzālera," and " De tal palo tal astilla."

The " Buey Suelto " is a work in which the moral is somewhat too obviously insisted upon to please present-day readers. In it the question of marriage *versus* celibacy is treated at length, and the ponderous arguments advanced in favour of the former state are not very convincing to students of Tolstoy, Flaubert, and other writers who have treated this subject with so much understanding and brilliancy.

" De tal palo tal astilla " brings to light once more the question, apparently perennial in Spain, of Faith *versus* free-thought. The heroine is a young girl, brought up in a strictly religious atmosphere, who is engaged to be married to an atheist. Fanaticism is the central motif of the story, and religion and politics loom large.

To the first phase of Pereda belongs also the exquisite " Sabor de la tierruca," a beautiful work which, though wanting in human interest, is full of poetic descriptions of Cantabrian scenery.

To the second period of this writer's work belong two famous

books, " Pedro Sanchez " and " La Montálvez." Here we have a complete change of style ; a change which originated in Pereda's desire to emerge from what he has himself called his " huerto "—or kitchen garden.

" Pedro Sanchez " is a political novel, but of a very different order to its predecessor, " De tal palo tal astilla." The two principal characters, Pedro Sanchez and Augustin Valenzuela, are both engaged in politics, the former belonging to a rustic community in the north of Spain, and Valenzuela having for his sphere of action the entangled and complicated political world of Madrid. The beauty of this book is embraced in its purity of style and in the masterly manner in which the interest is developed and made to culminate in the final chapter. The dialogue in this particular story is more than a little stiff and ornate : Pereda's examples of conversation at a " tertulia "—a gathering of friends—are constrained, to say the least ! But this defect, even when added to the fact that Pereda is almost always more successful when dealing with men than with women, does not take away from the certainty that " Pedro Sanchez " is one of the finest of modern Spanish novels : it is, in its own way, a masterpiece.

A Political Novel.

With regard to " La Montálvez " there was, at time of publication, a great diversity of opinion. It was unfortunate for Pereda that this book should have followed the famous " Pequeñeces " of Padre Coloma.

Comparisons were inevitable, as both books were satires on the doings of fashionable personages in society : critics were not wanting who loudly asserted that Pereda had borrowed from " Pequeñeces " a superficial brilliancy of style, without being able to penetrate into the heart of the social whirlpool as the Padre had done.

Pereda lives in the provinces from choice, and sincerely dislikes the gay life of big cities ; for these reasons it is easy to understand why this particular venture—with his pen—was not wholly successful.

One of Pereda's recent works, " Sotileza," deals chiefly with life amongst the fishing population of Santander. It is a notable novel, from every point of view, and everyone should read it, if only because of its wonderful final chapter, in which is embodied a most dramatic account of the return of a fleet of fishing boats after a terrific storm.

Vicente Blasco Ibañez.

At the head of the Spanish Zolaistic school must be placed Vicente Blasco Ibañez. He is one of many, for in the Spanish soil realists thrive and expand with incredible facility, but he is head and shoulders over his fellows. A strangely turbulent personage is this virile son of Valencia. A red-hot republican who in early youth determined to fight tooth and nail for what he considered to be his rights and those of his countrymen. His life has been so full of adventures, and these of an amazing character, that to the ordinary imagination he seems like a latter-day d'Artagnan !

Blasco Ibañez' sympathies have always been with the people, and he writes of them, frequently of the poorest and least reputable, in a comprehensive and illuminative manner. Nothing is hidden or glozed over, but the writings betray an insight into human nature which is as admirable as it is rare. It is evident that at the beginning of his career as a writer he was influenced by Guy de Maupassant, though from the first a resonant individual note made itself felt. " Cuentos Valencianos "—a remarkable collection of short stories—first appeared in *El Pueblo*—a newspaper founded, edited, and, it may be said, written by Ibañez.

Influence of Maupassant.

In these " Cuentos " the influence of Flaubert's famous pupil is especially evident. Some of them seem too frankly like echoes to possess serious interest, but others are gems of realistic art. " Dimoni," for example : a few pages from the life of two utterly disreputable creatures, a man and a woman, both drunkards. The realistic description of their manner of existence and of La Boracha's personal appearance is

almost appalling. The woman died when her child was born, and one's imagination is haunted by the quivering notes of Dimoni's " dulzaina," which he played as he wandered into the little country churchyard at nightfall and, still drunk, sought out the last resting-place of the woman who had never been his wife.

The villagers peered through the darkness and called aloud, but while they were there the " dulzaina " never spoke. Later on, " when the steps had died away, when the silence of night reigned once more over the immense plain, the music broke out again, sad as a lament ; like the distant weeping of a child for the mother who would never return." (This is a free translation of the final words of the little story.)

A very amusing " Cuento " in the same volume is " La Cencerrada." This story is in the style of Maupassant, and its realism is alarmingly frank, but the idea is a very comical one and Blasco Ibañez has done it justice. It is sufficient to say that " La Cencerrada " means a noise with bells and horns made before the door of an elderly bridegroom on the night of his marriage ! One of the early novels of this writer remains one of his finest works. " Flor de Mayo " is a perfect piece of realistic writing. I do not think Blasco Ibañez ever felt inclined to copy Zola, much as he must have admired him : very early in his career he entered into his own kingdom, well armed with weapons which were entirely individual ; nevertheless, he must have studied the methods of the French school very closely.

In the early pages of " Flor de Mayo " there is a description of a fish market which recalls, by reason of its effect on the olfactory nerves, a famous picture of a pork butcher's shop, by Zola. These two descriptions are unlike in style, but just as Zola was able to impregnate the air with fat pork so Ibañez envelopes the readers of " Flor de Mayo " in the smell of fish ! It seems impossible to get away from the penetrating odour, even after the chapter has been finished and the pages turned

A Masterpiece !

Vicente Blasco Ibañez

over. In this work life in Valencia amongst the fishing folks is admirably depicted.

All through the book characters and scenery are painted with masterly skill. The story is a simple one, but sufficiently tragic.

Pascual—called *El Retor*—and Tonet are brothers: fishermen and the sons of an old woman who makes her home of a boat in which her husband was wrecked, and in which his dead body was washed up on the shore. *El Retor* is married to a beautiful woman, Dolores, whom his brother has long loved. All the world knows that Dolores has not been faithful to her husband, but Pascual lives in complete and contented ignorance.

The brothers are given an opportunity of making a good deal of money by smuggling tobacco into Algiers, and as Pascual is anxious to possess a fine fishing-boat of his own, he takes chances and they visit the African coast.

A luminous word-picture is given of Algiers, seen by night, from the sea.

All goes well, and the boat—the *Flor de Mayo*—is built and made ready for sea. The description of the baptism of this boat is so graphic that I wish it were possible to give it in full. All the village turns out for the ceremony, and *El Retor* himself is described as looking like an English yacht owner, in his new suit of navy serge. His cup of happiness is full to overflowing, but suddenly it is dashed from his lips. Rosario, the wife of Tonet, can no longer contain her jealousy, and in a moment of impotent rage she tells Pascual that his wife has been unfaithful to him; that the little boy he so dearly loves is not his own son but that Tonet is the father. For a time Pascual refuses to believe the horrible thing, but in the end he realises that it must be true and he becomes possessed with a longing for revenge. He says nothing, either to his wife or to his brother, but notwithstanding the fierce storm that is rising he insists on going to sea at once. The old mother prays and entreats of him to wait, but he pays

no heed : worse still, he determines to take the child Pascualet as cabin-boy.

The description of the storm at sea is superb : one of the finest word-pictures I have ever read.

The distracted women are waiting on the shore, for they can see the wreck without being able to give assistance. On the deck of the *Flor de Mayo* Pascual realises that his revenge has succeeded beyond his wildest hopes : his brother is doomed and so is the child. But then, at the very last, his love for the boy prevails ; he fastens him to the only life-belt on the ship and casts him off towards the shore.

And by and by a little lifeless body, covered with blood and disfigured by blows from spars and broken timbers, is washed up on the beach, at the feet of the grandmother, at the feet of the faithless wife and of the woman whose jealous words had brought about the disaster.

Blasco Ibañez has written many novels since " Flor de Mayo." Of these " La Barraca "—which has been translated into French under the title " Terre Maudite "—is one of the best known outside Spain. I have not space to speak of this book or of many others of equal value and interest, for a recent work of this author demands consideration.

" Sangre y Arena."

In " Sangre y Arena " the Valenciano is, I think, at his best. The picture of Andalusia and of the people of southern Spain is painted with a full brush but with inimitable art. This book belongs to the soil of Andalusia, and so much of it is written in the soft southern patois that it would be impossible to translate it. Besides, the subject of the book would not interest the average foreigner. The hero is Juan Gallardo, a famous bull-fighter, and everything connected with his life and profession is dealt with in a frankly realistic manner. His mode of life, his successes, his failures, his *affaires de cœur*, his healthy and unabashed vanity : everything is minutely described. We are shown how a successful *torero* may live and how—very probably—he may die.

The closing chapter of Gallardo's life is full of subtle restraint. In congratulating Blasco Ibañez on this scene the words, "*qui ne sut se borner, ne sut jamais écrire,*" suggest themselves.

If he had not known how to "keep within bounds" he might so easily have written just the one phrase too much. Gallardo's wife is praying in a church close to the *Plaza de Toros.* A beautiful woman, aristocratic and insolent, whom the *torero* had loved, was seated in a *palco* when the fatal gore was given. All the "stars" were within easy call, but the author of "Sangre y Arena," proved himself a true artist. Nothing was required but a bare statement of facts, and nothing more was given. The *torero* never spoke after he was carried from the arena, and *El Nacional,* his favourite *banderillero,* learned the truth in a single sentence, spoken by the doctor. "*Se acabó, Sebastian. Puedes buscarte otro matador.*" ("It is finished, Sebastian. You can look for another matador.") One special point connected with the writings of Blasco Ibañez has impressed me very much, and it is this: He is a man of marked individuality, of strong emotions, of masterful nature, and yet his writings are most curiously impersonal. You may study them closely. You may turn the phrases this way or that, but you will not easily find one single trace of the man himself, of his *own* thoughts or feelings. And this is one of my reasons for placing him at the head of the realists of to-day, without reservations as to nationality.

A True Realist.

The man is not a true realist who cannot set aside his personal likes and dislikes. Realism is not what any one person feels, on this subject or that: it is not even the piling up of hard facts and details. It is the picture of life as it actually *is.* All the values true. Sunshine holding a position equal—if necessary—to that of shadow. A realist should not attempt to be a teacher. Neither should he introduce his own individual views of life, except on an occasion, and this would

rarely present itself, when the character depicted coincided exactly with his own.

In very many of Zola's works the great French master has proved himself an incomparable realist, but towards the end of his career his method seemed to have undergone a subtle change. This is specially evident in his famous trilogy—" Paris ": " Lourdes ": " Rome." In the latter work, for example, he introduces impossible situations for the purpose of giving voice to thoughts and ideas which were evidently personal.

The " Abbé Froment " is a wonderful character. True to life in thought, in so far as that many priests of the present day hold just such ideas, but absolutely untrue to life in action, since *no* priest possessed of such keen intelligence could, for a single moment, have supposed that the Holy Father would receive with acclamation the idea of a " New Religion " and a " New Rome." Still more untrue to life is the supposition that a cardinal could, or would, have written a preface for a book bearing such a title and advised the writer of it to go and lay his ideas at the feet of the Holy Father. Such priests and cardinals may be ideal: that is a matter of individual opinion: but emphatically they are not *real.*

I mention the case of " Abbé Froment " because it indicates what we do *not* find in the works of Blasco Ibañez. So far, he has proved himself an uncompromising realist, whose perception of balance is singularly correct. An account of the adventures of this writer would fill a thick volume. When only a young lad he wrote a poem which brought him into serious trouble on a question of *lèse Majesté,* and he was imprisoned for six months. Later on, his republican views and speeches made him a marked man, and on one occasion he escaped by a mere chance and crossed the greater part of Spain on foot.

On another occasion he had to escape by sea, and this time he visited Italy and found subject matter for his " En el Pais del Arte." Adventure followed adventure in this turbulent life, but Blasco Ibañez always found time for study. He has

translated into Spanish Michelet's "History of the French Revolution," and when it is realised that this work runs into three large volumes, it will be seen that he is a vehement worker as well as an ardent republican.

The last novel published by this writer—and it is one which is enjoying a great success—is called "Los Muertos Mandan." I have not space to discuss this book, but will just say that it contains some exquisite word-paintings of the Balearic Islands.

Juan Ochoa.

In the midst of the Spanish school of realists of a vivid and bold type there are a few writers, little known outside Spain, who might be described as realists in a minor key. Or, to borrow from a sister Muse, painters in half-tone. Among these Juan Ochoa stands pre-eminent.

No Spanish writer of modern days so nearly approaches Dickens in the skilful delineation of simple home life, with its moments of infinite pathos. His books are not numerous, but each is, in its own way, a gem. His style is singularly limpid and natural, and it is keenly appreciated by his own countrymen, who love, above all things, simplicity and sincerity, and who are quick to detect a note of exaggeration or artificiality.

Ochoa's finest work is "Un Alma de Dios," which has, I think, been translated into English; but no translation could give any idea of the beauty of the original Spanish: nor would it be easy for foreigners not knowing Spain to realise the absolute fidelity with which Ochoa has described everyday life in a Spanish provincial town.

Dickens would have rejoiced over the hero of "Un Alma de Dios," an affectionate cheerful creature who is long unable to realise that he is being betrayed, and to whose simple nature the final realisation brought no bitterness of feeling, but only the conviction that the great happiness with which he had been surrounded must have been more than he deserved, since it had been taken away from him.

This little volume abounds in poetic descriptions of an impressionistic nature, in which a whole scene is depicted in a few vivid words. One of these, a description of a provincial town silhouetted against a sunset sky, is sufficiently striking to bear quotation—

> He saw from the little lofty balcony the well-known panorama stretching before his eyes; many tiled roofs blackened by smoke, the dark tower of a church, two or three pinnacles and domes of large buildings, and in the sky a long procession of clouds advancing slowly, blown by the wind, outlined by the bright rose-coloured twilight. In the distance a long line of giant poplars like swaying phantoms seemed to stretch out their ghostly arms to the little town.

In these few lines is embraced the sweet melancholy of the Spanish *paysage*.

Besides the writers of whom I have spoken at some length, there are in Spain of to-day very many others. Notable amongst these are Narciso Oler, the Catalan, and Salvador Rueda, the poet of Andalusia: these two writers are excellent exponents of the purely Spanish school.

Armando Palacio Valdes, whose most notable work is "Marta y Maria," has been widely translated into foreign languages, and in his own country he is a general favourite, but I have not space to speak of his novels in detail.

With regard to Salvador Rueda, I must just say that his impressionistic pictures of life in Andalusia, of the sun-swept plains with their green olive groves, are as remarkable in their fidelity to Nature as are Pereda's sea pictures of the northern coast.

Some Effects of the French School.

The French influence has always made itself evident in Spanish literature, and sometimes it happens that the blending of French and Spanish ideas is productive of results which are more interesting than satisfactory. I have already spoken of the influence of Guy de Maupassant and Zola on the modern Spanish school and have pointed out how, as in the case of Blasco Ibañez, this influence may be used to obtain highly desirable ends, but the influence of what may

be called the " decadent French school " upon the younger generation of Spanish writers is quite another affair.

The Spanish have no decadent tendencies at all—naturally, and the effort to cultivate what is quite foreign to nature is ever attended with lamentable results.

Many of the younger minor poets have assiduously cultivated the ideas of Baudelaire, Catulle Mendés, and Paul Verlaine, but it must be admitted that the fruit thus produced is of a thoroughly unsatisfactory nature.

Nothing is more fatal to the Spaniard than artificiality. The mental attitude of, for example, Paul Verlaine and of Baudelaire, was, *for them*, natural, but when the minor poets of Spain strive to imitate this exceedingly exotic " mental attitude " the result is frankly deplorable : it is " neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring " !

CHAPTER III

MODERN PAINTERS

SPAIN of to-day is rich in painters. Indeed it would not be exaggeration to say *very* rich. It is not easy to account for the fact that very little, comparatively, is known of Spanish Art of the present day. In isolated cases the notable painters have been discussed and criticised in print, and this more especially in England and in America, but I do not know of any important work which treats, seriously and comprehensively, of the modern Spanish painters. And yet they are as interesting as they are, in style, varied. The world owes much to Spanish art of times past. To the exquisite charm of Murillo. To the sombre dignity and unrivalled naturalism of Velasquez. To the " call of the blood " of the superb incorrigible Goya ! For the life and the works of Goya are nothing less than an imperious " call " to those in whose veins flow " hot and rebellious liquors " !

Painting.

Sevilla has good reason to be proud of her sons—in the world of painting as of literature. Bartolomé Estaban Murillo was a *sevillano* who never quitted Spain : who remained to the end the Spanish painter who was least touched by foreign influences.

Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez belonged entirely to the Sevilla school, though he was by birth a Portuguese. And in the present day Andalusia can boast of such masters as Villegas, Bilbao, Carbonero, and many others.

In briefly considering the works of some of the modern Spanish painters it is necessary to look for a moment into the past in order to trace, if possible, the various sources from which this modern art has sprung. And three important sources immediately present themselves : Velasquez ; Goya ;

the modern French school. And of these three the first and the third loom largest in our horizon.

The " call " of Goya is felt to be a little too primitive by ultra-moderns who have learnt to dissect sensations.

To Velasquez—directly and indirectly—the modern painters of Spain owe very much. He was, and must ever remain, the king of naturalistic painters. He painted what he saw, as he saw it : nothing more and nothing less.

The art of Velasquez was removed from the art of Murillo as are the poles. One was a great idealist and the other one of the greatest realists the world has ever known. And in painting what he saw, Velasquez bowed before the genius of Nature : he accepted her dictates and never tried to impose a " second opinion."

To realise the pure realism of Velasquez one ought to study very carefully his matchless " Las Meniñas "—which is in possession of a private salon of its own at the Prado Museum. In speaking of this picture George Clausen once said : " It is, I should think, the greatest achievement in painting of true ordinary lighting in the world. There is no doubt that the effect in this picture is exactly as in the room : everything is accounted for naturally. It is worth remarking how the picture is arranged—divided diagonally into light and shade, with a strong dark on the light side and a little light taken into the dark. This is a very effective arrangement and a natural one. How beautifully the figures are proportioned to the room, and how finely the large dark empty space above contrasts with the light and sparkle of the figures." These represent Velasquez painting Philip IV and Queen Marianne, with the little Princess Margaret in front, surrounded by her master of the ceremonies, dwarfs, and maids of honour.

I lay special stress on the influence of Velasquez on Spanish painters of to-day, because this influence makes itself felt in many different and very subtle ways. We find it in the works of Antonio de la Gandara in one form, and in those of Sorolla in another.

In the former case it shows itself in the deep tones of emotional colour, in the sombre harmonies of velvet blacks and browns, and in the latter it is an influence which can be felt rather than seen: the naturalism of Velasquez adapted, unconsciously, to our surroundings of to-day.

The most Popular Spanish Master.

Of all the great masters of Spain it is probable that, to the general public, Murillo is the most popular, but it would be difficult to find any important trace of the influence of Murillo in the work of the modern artists. And this is not difficult to understand.

Murillo was an idealist: a great exponent of the romantic school. And the Spaniards are born realists—in every walk in life.

The influence of the French school on modern Spanish painters is, in some cases, considerable, but not, I think, so marked as in the region of literature. Some of the Spanish writers of to-day are "very French," but all the painters—even those who have studied almost entirely in Paris—remain "*very* Spanish": this is notably true of the art of Antonio de la Gandara, of whose works I shall speak a little later on.

I venture the opinion that the painters of Spain have entered the arena of French art in the right spirit. They have borrowed from it everything that is best suited to assist the production of their own ideas and aspirations, and they have given in exchange none of their own marked individuality.

Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida.

One of the most remarkable Spanish painters of to-day is Joaquin Sorolla—a Valenciano who is still a young man, for he was not born until the year 1862. Sorolla is one of the many notable Spaniards who may be described as sons of the people. His father was, I think, a poor man, and the young Sorolla was brought up by an uncle who followed the trade of locksmith.

I hardly think that any country can rival Spain in the production of great men of humble parentage—if, in any circumstances, one is justified in describing a Spaniard as

Photo by *Anderson, Rome*

"LAS MENIÑAS"

"humble." Race seems to have absolutely nothing to do with the success of these superb democrats: nor can opportunities for special education be largely taken into account.

The sons of Spain succeed, if they want to succeed, and this, very often, in the most unfavourable surroundings. They know how to place themselves right in the front ranks of art, in all its branches, and they are indomitable fighters.

Take the case of another famous Valenciano—Blasco Ibañez, of whom I have spoken at some length in the chapter on Literature. I am especially reminded of him at this moment because he has described in words what Sorolla has portrayed with his brush—the wonderful and ever varying beauties of the coast of Valencia: hardy fishermen putting out to sea on stormy nights and brown-limbed urchins scampering along a great length of golden sand.

Sorolla is equally celebrated in two distinct phases of art, in his portraits and in his landscapes and seascapes. Amongst the latter, his "A Sad Inheritance" is world-famous. In speaking of this wonderful picture Mr. Leonard Williams, in an appreciation of Sorolla which appeared some years ago in *The Studio*, spoke as follows: "He"—Sorolla—"has described to me, with almost childish satisfaction, how natural and un-studio-like was the genesis of 'A Sad Inheritance,' which won for him the Grand Prix and the Legion of Honour. 'One day,' he says, 'I was in the midst of one of my Valencian fisher-studies, when I descried, a long way off, a number of naked children in and near the sea, and tending them, the stalwart figure of a solitary priest. It seems they were the inmates of the Hospital of *San Juan de Dios*, the sorriest refuse of society: the blind, the mad, the crippled, and the leprous. I cannot tell you how it all impressed me, so much so that I lost no time in securing from the hospital authorities permission to get to work upon the spot, and there and then, beside the water's edge produced my picture.'"

"A Sad Inheritance."

And then Mr. Williams continues: "Consider for a moment the intense and yet spontaneous and unstudious melancholy of this terrible masterpiece. The steel-blue sea, cruelly hard in colour and consistence, appears, about this unfrequented portion of the Malvarosa beach, to wear an isolated and accursed aspect. The just domain of those misshapen outcasts, it seems to echo back society's scorn, and scowl into their faces."

There is a grandeur and simplicity about this picture which recalls the works of Millet and Bastien-Lepage. Indeed, for pure and virile naturalism, it stands side by side with "Les Foins," the masterpiece of Lepage, which is one of the gems of the Luxembourg.

Sorolla's Portraits.

With regard to the portraits of Sorolla, they may be described as superb. Personally, I do not very much like his famous "The Regency"—which represents Queen Cristina standing beside her son, the "young King"—but it is a splendidly effective picture. I much prefer his portrait of Antonio Gomar, the landscape-painter: in fact, this seems to me to be one of the most remarkable portrait studies of modern days, and on looking at it and admiring its amazing naturalism it is easy to guess at the success this painter is certain to enjoy with the portrait of the American President, which he has just been asked to undertake.

Sorolla's portrait of himself is a very remarkable work which enchains the attention by reason of its grandeur of simplicity. It is the picture of a determined worker: a man of broad sympathies, of keen susceptibilities, and of iron will. A rugged face lit up by penetrating eyes, which seem almost menacing in their determination to tear from Nature her most cherished secrets.

The art of Sorolla is known and appreciated all over Europe, but it seems as though his most fervid admirers are to be found in America. Since the beginning of 1909 he has had an overwhelming success in New York and in other parts of the United

Photo by *Lacoste*

A GARDEN SCENE (SOROLLA)

States. It is said that 175,000 persons visited his exhibition of pictures at the Hispanic Museum of New York and that this eclipses all American records for attendance at an exhibition of pictures by only one artist. There were about 365 pictures in all at this exhibition and some of them were lent specially for the occasion, but so great is the demand for the others, by art collectors, that it is most unlikely that any of them will be returned to Europe.

Ignacio Zuloaga.

It would be difficult to find a painter whose expression of Nature is more opposed to that of Sorolla than Zuloaga, and yet each of these painters is Spanish in blood, in vision, in thought, and in expression. In considering these two painters, side by side, we seem to find some of the secrets of Spain, the Unexpected, revealed!

Zuloaga—to the foreigner—seems very much more "Spanish" than Sorolla. He paints, and to perfection, just what visitors to Spain expect to see, on every side. And yet Ignacio Zuloaga is not one whit more Spanish—in style—than is the creator of "A Sad Inheritance."

Setting aside entirely the question of skill and without making any sort of comparison, from the technical point of view, between these two artists, it will be instructive, I think, to consider them for a moment from the point of view of the Spaniard. If the latter agreed to consider Sorolla and Zuloaga equally great as artists, he would still—in a majority of cases—vote unhesitatingly in favour of Sorolla. And why? Because—and it must be remembered that the whole position is hypothetical—the art of Zuloaga represents the vision of the eyes and that of Sorolla the vision of the intelligence. And at this period of her existence Spain is rather turning her back on "the lust of the eyes and the pride of life."

The pictures of Zuloaga give us the vivid, brilliant types of which Gautier and Hugo and Merimée have sung with so much fervid eloquence, and these are types which *actually exist* at the present day, if we but know where to look for them.

But the ultra-modern Spaniard does not desire to find them: he is only too pleased to find it possible to believe that such "types" exist only in the imagination of foreigners!

With regard to the art of Zuloaga, it has frequently been said, and I think very unfairly, that he has closely copied the style of Goya. He has, to a large extent, *acquired* the style of Goya in certain respects, but his art is the expression of a powerful and individual intelligence. He is a Basque and possessed of the qualities which have helped to keep the people of the northern provinces of Spain and the southern provinces of France a thing apart from the rest of Europe.

A wealth of Rich Colour.

Personally, I am an enthusiastic admirer of the art of Zuloaga. It represents a side of nature which seems to me to be of infinite importance: the world of rich colour of alluring smiles, of fragrant flowers, of joyous laughter, and of *amour*.

In life we want the silver-grey tints of humanity, but also, at times, Nature calls aloud for an orgy of the senses. Of the many delicious types of Spanish beauty depicted by Ignacio Zuloaga one of the most fascinating is his picture entitled "Lola La Gitane." For entrancing coquetry this portrait of a southern gipsy could not be surpassed. The calm assurance of her pose and the half-veiled mockery of her superb eyes help to make this picture one of the most notable in the world of modern Spanish Art.

And there is a certain portrait of a picador, in *traje de luces*, which is a genuine masterpiece. The pose of the figure is extraordinarily natural, and the expression on the rugged face haunts the imagination. As a portrait it is impossible to imagine anything more perfect.

Zuloaga was born thirty-nine years ago, at Eibar, the home of damascene work, and his father—Placido Zuloaga—is a past-master in the metallic art.

He has worked a great deal in Paris, and has already produced a surprising number of notable pictures, which are

to be found in the galleries of all the important European capitals.

Antonio de la Gandara.

It has been said that Antonio de la Gandara is an enthusiastic disciple of Velasquez, just as it has been said that Ignacio Zuloaga is an enthusiastic disciple of Goya. And in some of Gandara's pictures there is a subtle "something" which recalls Velasquez: the rich, velvet depth of colour to which I alluded at the beginning of this chapter. Beyond this I find but little trace of the Velasquez influence in the work of this most interesting artist: and I do not hesitate to say this, even though a solitary example of Señor de la Gandara's work might be considered quite Velasquez in some respects!

As a matter of fact, Antonio de la Gandara is a great admirer and student of the schools of Gainsborough and of Sir Joshua: more than this, he is an ardent admirer of the genius of Hogarth. From every point of view the work of this artist is full of interest. He is a Parisian of Parisians, who has long made his home in the French capital, and yet he remains —in the expression of his art—entirely Spanish.

Critics have said that Antonio de la Gandara has created the "greyhound type." That there is a suggestion of that most graceful and subtle of animals in many of his portraits.

If I were asked to sum up, in a very few words, the most remarkable revelation of this painter's art, I should unhesitatingly say that he stands alone as a painter of *nerves!*

A Haunting Portrait.

The finest portrait ever painted by Gandara—this is my personal opinion—was to be found in the galleries of the Beaux Arts a few years ago: where it is now I do not know. It was a full-length picture of a tall, slender man, dressed in dark brown, and he was standing against a background of sombre colour, like black velvet in certain lights. I do not remember the name of the picture, but once seen it could never be forgotten. The thin face, with its pointed beard and

haunting eyes, seemed quivering with nervous life and the tapering fingers of the slender hands were more eloquent than spoken words. It was a portrait, but also, and this very specially, it was a type. The essentially modern " type " of intellectual Paris, where nerves and subtle suggestions dominate the untutored senses.

Antonio de la Gandara is, above all, a painter of beautiful women : beautiful of feature and form or—and this more often—of rarely beautiful intelligence. One of the most fascinating portraits of a woman I have ever seen is this artist's pastel sketch of Madame Gabrielle d'Annunzio : I prefer it to his large and important portrait in oils of the same lady.

All the pastel studies of this artist are full of fascination, and he recently exhibited some remarkable specimens of his pastel work on grey paper at the *exposition* of the " Peintres et Sculpteurs," at the *rue de Sèze*, Paris.

A great charm of Gandara's work lies in its variety of expression. He is equally successful, for example, in a portrait of a *spirituelle blonde*, such as Madame Henri Letellier, and of such a personality as the poet Verlaine !

Rusiñol has often been spoken of as " the Painter of Gardens," but to describe him as the " Poet Painter " would seem more adequate. He has made a speciality of gardens of all kinds, but he has introduced into each picture the very spirit of poetry. Figures are rarely, if ever, introduced : nevertheless the gardens of Santiago Rusiñol are peopled with spirits of the past. They never give an impression of loneliness.

Santiago Rusiñol.

Rusiñol is a Catalan, and was born in Barcelona in 1861. At the beginning of his career he felt inclined to take up figure-painting, but then the spirit of the garden entered into possession of his soul and never since has he found it possible to escape from the sweet enthralment.

And the fascination of these Spanish gardens must be felt to be realised : it is impossible to convey, in mere words, any real impression of their charm and of their infinite variety.

For so varied are the garden scenes of Rusiñol that they can be placed side by side in a "one man" exhibition without becoming monotonous. In fact, such exhibitions have been given in Madrid, Paris, Brussels, Barcelona, etc., and with immense success.

The Gardens of Rusiñol.

One of the most fascinating of the Rusiñol gardens is that called "The Labyrinth, Barcelona." This is an exquisite study of light and shade, the winding walks outlined with clean-cut hedges all leading to a clear pond, in which is reflected the gleaming marbles of white statuary. An atmosphere of summer silence pervades this picture, but one, unconsciously, looks for the appearance of joyous figures stealing through the green arches, finger on lips as they endeavour to preserve the secret of their presence from their companions in the outer paths.

And again in the wonderful picture, "Dans un Jardin Seigneurial," with its stately flight of stone steps and its luxuriant foliage on either side! The steps, which mount and mount until they seem almost to mingle with the waving branches of sombre trees, are empty, save for the presence of two superb peacocks, but in imagination one sees the stately form of some lovely woman, shrouded in laces and with roses thrown against her heavy coils of hair, slowly descending to meet her lover and lord! The whole picture is enveloped in an atmosphere of riches and magnificence and passionate love.

If Rusiñol had not elected to become a painter it is quite likely that he would have made a name for himself in the world of literature, for he has produced some remarkable short stories, and also some dramas—all written in Catalan. A specially interesting volume published by him is entitled "*Impresiones* de Arte," which is illustrated by himself and also by Zuloaga and by Utrillo. He has enjoyed many wanderings in foreign countries, and has, in several instances, recorded his impressions with pen as well as brush.

This gifted woman is one of the most notable of the Spanish painters resident in Paris. She has made a speciality of flower and fruit subjects, but has also executed some portraits of rare charm. Of the fruit studies of Madame de la Riva Muñoz it is impossible to speak with sufficient warmth for they are absolutely marvellous. And this is specially true of the *texture* of the bunches of grapes which are frequently introduced into her pictures : no other living artist approaches her in this field of art.

Madame de la Riva Muñoz.

Madame de la Riva Muñoz has long been one of the favourite painters of Queen Cristina—the mother of King Alfonso : this Royal lady has purchased a number of her paintings, water-colours as well as oils, and these are to be found in the Royal Palace of Madrid and also at the Palais de Miramar at San Sebastian. The Infanta Isabel, aunt to the King, has also become possessed of notable specimens of this great artist's works.

In all the important art centres of Europe Madame de la Riva Muñoz' works have been received with acclamation. She received bronze and silver medals at the Paris Exhibitions of 1889 and of 1900, and is a Member of the Jury of the Society of " Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs " of France. She is " Membre élu de la Société des Artistes de Berlin " and " Membre élu de la Société des Artistes et Écrivains de Vienne," etc., etc.

Important pictures by this eminent artist are to be found in the principal art collections of Berlin, Saint Petersburg, Vienna, Munich, Madrid, Paris, etc., and the State of France has purchased two of her exquisite studies of *nature morte*.

One of the best known and most appreciated Spanish artists of the present day is Don José Villegas, the Director of the Prado Museum of Madrid. This eminent painter is a Sevillano, and well sustains the glory of Andalusian art : his fame is world-wide. Don José, who was born in the year 1848, began his

Don José Villegas.

art studies under José Maria Romero, at Sevilla. Later on he became a pupil at the *Belles Artes*, of Eduardo Cano, but broke with this school because of the absence of a "life" class. Villegas had been immensely impressed by an exhibition of pictures by famous artists, which he had seen at Sevilla, and on leaving this exhibition he at once announced to his then master, Cano, that he did not intend to continue the system of copying from the flat, but that he was determined at once to begin studying from life. Cano placed such difficulties in the way of the young enthusiast that the latter finally left Sevilla and made his way to Madrid. At this period Villegas made several excellent portraits, and he also found great benefit from the copies he made of the works of Velasquez and Titian.

Quite early in his career his paintings created a sensation in Madrid, and he received so much encouragement that he decided to continue his studies in Rome. In Rome the young Spaniard studied in the famous academy of Gigi, through which had passed all the most famous pictures of the nineteenth century.

While in Rome he painted a picture which at once placed him in the front ranks of his profession: it represented a *Plaza de Toros* in his native country, and was called "El Descanso de la Cuadrilla."

So charmed was the illustrious artist, Benito Mercader, with the pictures of Andalusian life created by José Villegas, that he took some of them with him to Paris and there exhibited them to a circle of art critics. From that moment the success of the *sevillano* was assured.

In a delightfully sympathetic letter, which I recently received from this great artist, he points out that his two finest pictures, in his own opinion, are the "Muerte del Maestro" and "El Triunfo de la Dogaresa Foscari." Both these paintings are world-famous.

With regard to the "Dogaresa Foscari," the grouping of the vast number of figures introduced is most remarkable:

the central figure is surrounded by ladies of the Court, ambassadors and other notable personages, and beyond these there are pages and standard-bearers, etc. The impression of vivid life conveyed is quite extraordinary: each separate figure seems alert and ready for motion.

Both the paintings above mentioned were—in 1894—exhibited in Munich, Berlin, Vienna, and Brussels, everywhere creating a veritable sensation. In fact, at Brussels the excitement which raged round the "Muerte del Maestro" was so great that it had to be railed off in the exhibition gallery, to guard it from injury by the immense crowds which surrounded it at all hours of the day. The conception of this picture—the "Muerte del Maestro," which represents the death of a bull-fighter—is masterly. The unfortunate man, wounded unto death, has been conveyed from the arena into the little chapel, which is always to be found at a *Plaza de Toros*. He is lying on a mattress at the foot of the altar, and an *alguacil* is conveying, with a despairing gesture of the hand, that all is over. Besides the powerful and strangely pathetic figure of the dead man there are several figures in this painting which enchain the attention: notably that of a *mozo de estoques*—the keeper of the *torero's* swords. A replica of this picture is in the possession of the Emperor of Russia.

"La Muerte del Maestro."

The more important paintings of Señor Villegas are to be found in private collections in America. He has also notable works in the public galleries of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, New York, St. Petersburg, etc.

He is a Commander of the Legion of Honour, an Academician of fourteen different Academies, and has been decorated by nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. His most cherished decoration, however, is the Gold Medal of Austria, which is a rare and much coveted distinction.

Amongst his best known pictures the following may be singled out for special mention: "Los Primeros Frutos," in

the possession of Queen Margarita of Italy; "The Doge Foscari leaving his Ducal Palace after his deposition"; an admirable portrait of Madame Villegas; "The Last Kiss," and his portrait of King Alfonso XIII, in the costume of a Colonel of Halberdiers, this picture having been executed at the order of the Bank of Spain.

Villegas—the Man.

Don José Villegas is rather a small man with the kindest of smiles and fierce moustaches! His bearing is so determined that almost it might be described as defiant, and he is the most sympathetic of friends.

In the letter, to which I have already alluded, he said: "I am working at present with as much enthusiasm as in my first years of student life. I still continue studying, since for me no religion is greater than that of art, for which I am filled with an idolatrous love: I do not think that anything more beautiful could exist than Art and Science, for to these we owe all our ideals."

Gonzalo Bilbao.

I have placed together two famous sons of Sevilla: Bilbao —who was born in the year 1861—studied in Rome with Villegas and afterwards spent some time in Naples and Venice. His first prominent picture was entitled, "El Idilio de Dafnis y Cloe," and it attracted immediate attention by reason of its superb draughtsmanship. It is notable in the case of Bilbao that he is equally notable as a draughtsman and as a subtle colourist.

Bilbao has made successes in several regions of art, but the work done during his prolonged visit to the north of Africa is given, by many critics, the most important place. The majority of these Moroccan scenes were exhibited in Munich some years ago and enjoyed a sensational success. Chief amongst these are "Una Calle de Tetuan," "El Santon Arabe," "Primavera," and "Pasa Tiempos Arabes"—all of which are bathed in light and sunshine. There is reflected in them not only the Oriental fantasy, but also the imagination of an artist who is wholly Spanish.

One of the largest and best known of this artist's pictures is " La Vuelta al Hato," which obtained a silver medal at the exhibition of Barcelona in 1891. Of this painting the critic Don Augusto Comas y Blanco has written : " It is late in the afternoon ; twilight gathers and the light fades. On the horizon the violet tints of night begin to appear and labourers after their day's work return through the cornfields, singing joyously. The figures are exquisitely balanced in this picture ; each one occupies its own proper place and each movement is natural. The mother on arriving at the cottage runs to greet her child, whom she raises in her arms with a gesture of rapture ; the father—whose oxen are still yoked together—contemplates the scene which represents his domestic happiness. The conception of this simple scene is most admirable."

Of quite another order is Bilbao's " Cojedores de Naranjas," which represents a grove of orange trees in full fruit. In the foreground a woman mounted on a ladder is plucking the golden fruit and throwing it down to a companion who is standing under the tree. To the right of the canvas, and in the shadow of the trees some men are piling the oranges into great baskets. The most notable thing in this picture is the figure of the woman standing near the orange tree and looking up ; the drawing of her head and shoulders is masterly. Brilliant rays of sunshine, which have forced their way through the branches of the trees, fall on the figures of the workers, and the glory of golden light is almost startling in its intensity, for it is the sunshine of Sevilla in full summer.

A Notable Painting.

This picture obtained a reward at the great exhibition of Chicago.

Many modern Spanish artists have been accused of sacrificing line to colour or *vice versa*, but in the case of Bilbao it may again be said that he is as fine a draughtsman as he is a fine colourist.

Yet another famous Andalusian comes to be added to the list. Carbonero is a native of Malaga, and he is a true son of southern soil. Happy and joyous in temperament as in his art, this painter seems to breathe out the spirit of Andalusia: that delicious philosophy of accepting the day as it comes and enjoying its delights to the full.

José Moreno Carbonero.

Of all the modern Spanish painters, Moreno Carbonero seems the most joyous and contented. He does not worry Nature by ceaseless questionings as does Sorolla, but he admires our great common mother with all his heart and depicts her varied aspects with unerring skill.

But from this view of his character it must not be supposed that Carbonero cannot be very serious when he likes, for his greatest painting represents a scene of intense solemnity. It is called "The Conversion of the Duke of Gandia," and it is at present one of the notable features in the Museum of Modern Art at Madrid. The story of this picture—which is historic—is so romantic that it is worth while to recapitulate some of its leading incidents. "Don Francisco de Borja y Aragon," "Duque de Gandia," was the equerry and intimate friend of Carlos I of Spain. It was said that he was also the devoted admirer of the Empress Isabel. It was his duty to escort the Empress on her travels, when she went hunting, etc., and on occasion, when the Royal party was hunting at Toledo, Doña Isabel died suddenly from a virulent fever. The Duke of Gandia had to escort her remains to Granada, that she might be buried in the Chapel of the *Reyes Catolicos*.

An Extraordinary Picture.

They were received at the Chapel by a bishop, who demanded to see Her Majesty. The coffin had to be opened, and a terrible odour of death and decay spread itself through the building.

It was necessary that the Duke should call on the name of the Empress three times, and then when he received no response, he announced that she was dead.

This heartrending ceremony took such an effect upon the Duke that he declared he would never again serve an earthly monarch, and in 1548 he became a member of the Jesuit Order. From that moment he led such a markedly holy life that he was finally canonized and is venerated under the name of *San Francisco de Borja.*

The arrangement of the figures in this picture is very remarkable. The coffin of the dead Empress, with its rich draperies falling from it to the floor, occupies one side and the centre of the canvas. At the other side the Prelates, in gorgeous vestments and flanked by lighted candles, are standing, and at the foot of the coffin the grief-stricken man is supported by a friend.

Inimitable Portrayer of Don Quixote.

To the world at large Carbonero is best known as an inimitable portrayer of Don Quixote. He has executed many pictures in which the marvellous knight of La Mancha has been the chief figure, but of these none is more fascinating than his "Don Quixote and the Windmill." In this painting our well-beloved knight is depicted falling from a height, with poor terrified Rosinante just above him, the reins still tightly clutched in Don Quixote's gloved hand. The whole thing is an amazing *tour de force*, and would alone have made its creator famous.

I have already alluded, in passing, to Carbonero's large portrait of King Alfonso XIII. Personally, I do not like it, because it does not recall to me the King, but as a painting it is very fine and the figure is posed in a simple but dignified attitude.

Diego Lopez.

Once more we have a *sevillano*, and one whose studio, in Sevilla, can only be described by the single word *ideal*, for it is in the Alcazar, with its great windows overlooking the terrace that leads down to the delicious gardens in which Maria de Padilla used to walk, and in which may still be seen her bath, from which the courtiers of Don Pedro the Cruel used to drink to show their gallantry!

Photo by *Pavón*

Diego Lopez

It is a real delight to visit the studio of Don Diego Lopez on a sultry afternoon of late spring—in Sevilla; when outside the myrtles and roses are filling the air with fragrance, and inside, in the lofty, peaceful room, where the pictures are placed, here and there, on easels, everything is bathed in a soft and subdued light.

It is as a portrait painter that Diego Lopez is most eminently successful, and already he has had for subjects some of the most beautiful women of Madrid and of other parts of Spain. One of his finest portraits is that of King Alfonso XIII, which may be said to be entirely successful as it is very like the King and also a most pleasing picture. And it is a great deal to be able to say this of a Royal portrait, for some unwritten law seems to govern the brush of each painter who undertakes such a task—a law which indicates that *all* Royal Personages must be represented with small features, smooth faces, and placid expressions!

A very well-known art critic has said of Don Diego that his success as a portrait painter may be attributed largely to his faculty for keeping his "subjects" thoroughly interested and amused. He talks to them all the time he is painting, and he rarely attempts to place them in special positions. While he is talking and laughing with his sitters he is busily engaged in studying them, from every point of view, and before he begins to work seriously with his brush he has painted the picture in his imagination.

Secret of Success.

The *sevillano* is by nature a *guason*—otherwise a person very fond of joking! Diego Lopez is in this respect, as in many others, a true son of the Andalusian soil, and his love of fun has often made it possible for his sitters to pass an ideal hour instead of a tiresome one!

Besides his portraits, this artist has done some beautiful landscapes in oils—and in giving the impression of southern sunlight he is specially successful.

Juan Sala, who is a pupil of Courtois and of Collin, is still

quite a young man, but already he has made a name for himself in Europe. This artist is remarkably versatile; not only is he the successful delineator of Spanish beauties and of Andalusian scenery, but also he understands how to portray the *spirituelle* Parisienne with a delicacy of touch which, in some cases, recalls the art of Helleu.

Juan Sala.

It is, however, as a painter of Spanish types of beauty that Juan Sala is best known, outside Spain; in Paris he has, for some years past, enjoyed a genuine success, and his exhibitions of paintings are always crowded. The Parisian papers have all spoken in words of glowing praise of a certain "Carmen" painted by this artist; he has more than once depicted the wayward gipsy of Prosper Merimée, but in the picture to which I am now specially alluding, he achieved a sensational success. The conception of this "Carmen" was quite unconventional; she was not clothed in brilliant colours, nor was she represented as an audaciously alluring creature of fierce and violent passions; the svelt figure looks almost fragile in its swathed shawl of sombre black, and even more sombre is the heavy hair which makes a mysterious frame for her curiously fascinating face. The eyes are brilliant but full of a malicious and subtle fire; the skin is golden yellow, and the voluptuous lips scarlet as a ripe pomegranate!

Juan Sala is very successful as a portrait painter, two of his finest works in this connection being a striking picture of Coquelin Aîné and of his own wife, who is a brilliant Parisienne.

An artist of a curiously interesting and complex personality is Roberto Montenegro, who is half Mexican and half Spanish. His drawings and etchings are really remarkable, not only for the originality of the subjects, but for their decorative treatment, which, although distinctly of the school of Aubrey Beardsley, is permeated with a subtle mysticism which is quite personal.

Roberto Montenegro.

Montenegro has been influenced, undeniably, by the German school of Symbolists. In Germany he would be

classed among the *Gedankekünstler*—a word which may be roughly translated Ideologists—but this influence may be compared to a narrow river course through which his own imagination rushes in a tumultuous and capricious torrent.

The dominant note in Montenegro's work is a love for the strange and the luxurious. His gardens of the eighteenth century, with their peacocks, their yew hedges, and their dark and silent avenues, form a background for some beautiful nude figure, with powdered hair, reclining on a mass of embroidered draperies and adorned with heavy jewels of Byzantine design, such as one sees in the pictures of Gustave Moreau. A certain note of melancholy and disillusion, which is very modern, is also evident, and is reminiscent of the scarcely concealed satire of Aubrey Beardsley.

An exhibition of Montenegro's works was recently held in Madrid, and created quite a sensation in art circles. The finest drawings exhibited were " The Temptation of Saint Anthony," " The Fountain of Life," " Salome," and a remarkable portrait of Evelina Paoli, the heroine of d'Annunzio's " La Nave."

Some Notable Sculptors.

Spain is, at the present day, rich in sculptors, but most prominent among these must be placed Mariano Benlliure—one of three remarkable brothers. Benlliure has been eminently successful in many branches of his art, but in one particular line he reigns supreme ; no one can rival him as a sculptor of bulls and of picadors.

Mariano Benlliure.

What Goya did in the past for the bull ring with canvas and brush, Mariano Benlliure has done with bronze and marble. His first success was made at the early age of nine years, when he modelled a surprisingly life-like figure of a wounded picador, and since then he has again and again compelled the admiration of nations with his bronze figures depicting scenes in some *Plaza de toros*.

Benlliure might have—perhaps has—made a fortune several times over with his portrait busts in marble.

Every beautiful woman in Spain, from the Queen down, has been immortalised by him, and these portrait busts are remarkable for several reasons; they are invariably faithful likenesses, but more than that, they indicate, in some subtle way, the temperament of the subject.

Benlliure's portrait of Queen Victoria of Spain is a masterpiece. The resemblance is lifelike, and there is a certain regal grace, a certain fine simplicity, which makes this bust very striking.

Of quite another order is the same artist's bust of Cléo de Mérode, the dancer. This portrait is enveloped in a subtle and exotic atmosphere which distinctly recalls the temperament of the beautiful model: the heavy hair is loosely drawn down at either side of the small face, and twisted into a great Greek knot at the back of the head, and the flat throat, which is one of Mérode's most remarkable points, is modelled to perfection.

Fernando Miranda.

Miranda is one of the eminent Spanish artists who have elected to spend much of their time in other countries than their own. For many years he made his home in America, and is President of the Sculptor's Society of the United States. Fernando Miranda began his career as a black and white artist: he was an important contributor in those days to the *Ilustracion Española y Americana*, and was, in this connection, well known in the States long before he took up sculpture.

Amongst the finest works of this eminent sculptor may be mentioned "El Espiritu de Investigacion" ("The Spirit of Research"), which stands in the court-yard of the Public Library of Boston; his beautiful group, "Colon y los Pinzones"; the equestrian statue of Washington which occupies a prominent position in the city of Newark, and his colossal statue of "Fame," which was one of the most notable features in the St. Louis Exhibition.

This statue, "Fame," is magnificent—in conception as in execution. There is a colossal female figure of great beauty,

upon whose head is bound a wreath of laurels. She is standing in an attitude of imperious aloofness and her head is partly turned away from the figure by her side, whose arms are stretched up in a vain attempt to snatch the treasures contained in the casket which she is carrying.

Señor Miranda has recently returned to Spain, and it is hoped that he will now settle down in his own country, where his presence will be keenly appreciated.

Prominent in the group of Catalan sculptors are Miguel Blay and Gustavo Obiols. Both these artists reside in Paris and are well known in the art circles of the French capital.

Miguel Blay.

Blay's career opened in a very simple and unpretentious way. In his native town of Olot, in Cataluña, he began by making images of saints for the churches; after a time his love of work and of close study attracted the attention of important persons, and through their influence he obtained from the Municipality a grant of money which enabled him to continue his studies in Rome and in Paris.

His first great success was made in Madrid, with a group entitled "Los Primeros Frios," for which he received a gold medal. There is a grim strength and breadth in the figure of the old man represented in this group which recalls some of Rodin's works, and from the moment that the exceptional merit of "Los Primeros Frios" was recognised in Madrid, the successful career of Miguel Blay was assured. In the Universal Exhibition of Paris this Catalan sculptor divided with Benlliure the first prize in the Spanish Art section.

Gustavo Obiols.

This sculptor was the founder of the Association of Spanish Artists in Paris, and in connection with this Association he has done splendid work; yearly exhibitions are held, in which the productions of eminent Spanish artists are brought before the French public. Señor Obiols makes a speciality of the nude; his statues are rarely large, but they are always imbued with

vivid life, and their purity of outline is wholly admirable. This artist resides entirely in Paris.

Before closing this chapter on the Modern Painters of Spain, I should like, once again, to look into the vexed question of things "very Spanish." I have pointed out more than once in this volume that the disappointments which often seem to fall to the lot of visitors to Spain are the natural result of a mistaken outlook in the first instance.

The "very Spanish."

In Spain so very many things are "*very* Spanish," and these things differ, the one from the other, in a manner which is nothing short of extraordinary. It is almost certain that nine persons in ten—I am speaking of foreigners—would declare Zuloaga to be far more Spanish in style than Sorolla. Bilbao, again, in his Andalusian and African pictures, would probably supply what was expected, but not, I think, Carbonero.

In this connection, Mr. Leonard Williams tells an amusing little story, of which Don Joaquin Sorolla is the hero. In conversation with Mr. Williams, the painter once said that even the best of the French critics summed up his work somewhat after this style: "Señor Sorolla is a very good painter: but why does he not paint Spanish scenes?"

"What do they want?" Sorolla continued. "Am I to perpetrate for them a modern Spanish gentleman in a cheese-shaped hat and fringed leggings; or a Spanish duchess hanging from a bull-fighter's neck? I can assure you that I do but paint my country as she is: my countrymen as they are."

The little story is sufficiently amusing, and it indicates very accurately the point of view taken by many eminent Spaniards; nevertheless the bull-fighters still exist, and are the subjects of considerable adoration!

And at the great Fiestas—notably at the Spring Fair at Sevilla—many modern Spaniards wear very picturesque

costumes indeed, and those who have eyes to see, and who know where to look, may to-day see types and costumes which will recall very strongly the brilliant pictures of Goya and of our modern Zuloaga. The whole fact of the matter is, that Spain is essentially and above all the land of the unexpected: the land of contradictions; the land—and perhaps in this respect the Peninsula is unique—in which things ancient and ultra-modern march side by side, without apparent incongruity.

Picturesque Costumes at Sevilla Fair.

Speaking personally, I can with truth say that in my wanderings in Spain I have chanced across the Spaniards of Sorolla, of Zuloaga, and of Bilbao! And I have walked in the silent gardens of Rusiñol! All these artists have painted Spanish scenes and types of to-day, and it is absurd to say that one is "more Spanish" than the other, for Spain is made up of a bewildering number of "types" and of human creatures possessed of a bewildering number of unexpected characteristics.

CHAPTER IV

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

WITH regard to his amusements, as with most other things, the Spaniard is very practical. He—I am now speaking of the average individual—goes to the theatre to be amused and entertained, not to be instructed. And since he dines late and requires, during each evening, many moments in which to " pass the time of day " with his fellows, he demands that his theatrical performances shall begin early and end late, and that they shall be so arranged that he may be able to stroll into a theatre just at the hour most convenient to him!

The Theatres of Spain.

And really, when one takes time to consider the position, the Spaniard's idea of an entertaining evening is not incorrect. He does not see why he should be hurried over his dinner; nor does he see why he should be obliged to sit in the same position for a couple of hours at a stretch; nor does he see why he should be obliged to sit and listen when his inclinations whisper that it would be much more agreeable to stand and talk! And it is for all these reasons that the *zarzuela* is the favourite entertainment of the average Spaniard.

A *zarzuela* is simply a musical play, of one or more acts, and at some of the popular theatres of Madrid four of these little pieces are played—one after the other—in the same evening. The managers of these theatres aim at constant variety, and quite a surprising number of little pieces may be played in a single week. Generally speaking, there are four distinct performances at such theatres as those to which I am now alluding, and the prices—for each performance—range from two to

The Charm of the Zarzuela.

four *reales*, the *real* being worth about twopence-halfpenny. For five pesetas one can have a superb box which will hold five or six persons.

At first this system seems, to the foreigner, very curious, but a short sojourn in Spain brings out its excellent qualities. A very pleasant and amusing hour can be passed without serious expenditure and those who feel so inclined can pass out between the performances, spend an hour at a café with some friends, and then return for another little piece.

For the benefit of visitors who do not know the country well it may be advisable to remark that—as a rule—the performances are arranged to suit the requirements of special patrons! Thus the more or less "family" pieces are put on the stage between the hours of eight and eleven; after that the tastes of the man-about-town are considered!

Some of the *zarzuelas* given at the Spanish theatres are really excellent, bright and amusing, with very effective music. One of the most successful *zarzuela* writers in Spain at the present day is Joaquin Valverde, *père;* Joaquin Valverde, *fils*, is also very clever and the composer of the *Pollo Tejada* and other popular successes, but the elder Valverde is the finer musician of the two, and his career has been an interesting one.

I have mentioned first the theatres given over to *zarzuelas*, because these are certainly more numerous than any others in Spain, but it must not be supposed from this that the Spaniards are not appreciative of the serious drama. On the contrary, they accept and appreciate plays which would in England be considered ultra-serious and educational; more than that, many of these plays are—like so many Spanish novels—exceedingly long and discursive. Amongst the serious dramatists of Spain José Echegaray takes a prominent place. By the younger school he is considered rather old-fashioned, but he has made for himself a solid reputation, and his pieces never fail to interest his own countrymen, as well as foreigners.

The Serious Drama in Spain.

José Echegaray.

Echegaray is a very remarkable-looking man with a noble forehead, keen yet kindly eyes, a long thin nose, and the "goaty" beard which used to be associated with American politicians. In speaking of Sorolla's fine portrait of this Spanish dramatist Mr. Leonard Williams made the following apposite remark: "Many of the modern critics find his (Echegaray's) drama antiquated and unreal. He seems prepared, upon this canvas of Sorolla's, to reply to such a charge. 'Gentlemen,' he seems to say, 'the world is old, and I am old, and even you may some day grow acquainted with the soothing scepticism of old age. This earth of ours is not, as fledgling sages think, a revolutionary red, but simply grey—just like the colour of my dramas, or my conversation, or my eyes, the background of this portrait, or the ashes of my cigarette.'"

He is a wonderful old man, this writer of plays, who is also a poet and a philosopher, a statesman, an orator, a mathematician and an inimitable lecturer.

Born in the year 1832, he early became famous as a revolutionary orator and held office in the short-lived republic. Since then he has written many dramatic pieces, some of which have enjoyed great success; quite recently an adaptation of his, "El Gran Galeoto"—under the title "The World and his Wife"—was produced in New York, and the Americans found it entirely to their taste. In criticising it a well-known New York manager said: "There is not a moment of obscurity in the play, not an instant of heaviness."

The plays of Echegaray belong to the romantic school of yesterday. He almost invariably arranges that virtue may be rewarded and vice punished, and though his style cannot be called melodramatic, the plots of some of his best-known plays recall the pieces which used to draw crowds to the Adelphi in days gone by.

It has been said that he writes entirely for the great middle-class, and it is certain that by the average individual he is

admired and appreciated. He sees life from a serial-story point of view, and as he sees it so he represents it: always with effective dialogue and "situations."

The most successful plays of this dramatist are "La Esposa del Vengador"; "O Locura ó Santidad," and "El Gran Galeoto"—the latter setting forth the dangers of a three-cornered friendship between a man, his wife, and a mutual friend. The leading idea might be said to be time-worn, but the manner in which the world regards friendships of this kind is cleverly depicted.

Benito Perez Galdos.

I have already said, in speaking of the literary works of Galdos, that this writer has always held that there should be no line of demarcation drawn between the novel and the play; that a good book should necessarily make a good play. Galdos has been able to put this theory to the test, and many times, since the majority of his plays have first appeared in book form. It was not until 1892, after he had enjoyed twenty years of success as a novelist, that the first play of Galdos was produced, but since that date he has written a number of dramas, each one interesting from a psychological point of view.

Perez Galdos is at present, with the exception of José Echegaray, the only great dramatist in Spain, and the immense importance of his work is only beginning to be realised in a land where things move slowly and in which striking originality is certain of a mixed reception.

From the beginning of his literary career this writer's views have never changed; he has always cherished a strong and entirely admirable purpose, for he has proposed to work, by all the means in his power, for the regeneration of his country, and—no less than the poet Ganivet—he has realised that this regeneration must come from within; he has made use of the stage as a sort of blackboard on which to depict the causes of the nation's decadence and the means, as he sees them, by which the regeneration might be effected.

The defects personified in his characters are the defects of the entire Spanish race ; any intelligent Spaniard will admit that *caciquismo*—or political wire-pulling—has been the ruin of the country for the last century, and that religious zeal, pushed to extreme excess, is certain to degenerate into fanaticism and superstition in a people already susceptible to these defects. Galdos has plainly set forth these facts in his plays, but we must not, for that reason, suppose that he is a revolutionary or an enemy of religion, the truth being that he has simply preached the ideas which seemed to him necessary for the progress of his countrymen.

Interesting points in the Plays of Galdos.

Menendez y Pelayo, the illustrious representative of Spanish Catholicism, was at one time strongly opposed to Galdos' ideas, which he considered heterodox in the extreme, but he has since entirely altered his opinion, and has recognised the necessity of opening up newer and wider horizons in a country which is too much inclined to look back to the Middle Ages for inspiration. It is a notable fact that foreigners have often been amazed at the indignation aroused in Spain by Galdos' plays, which to them appeared quite normal in tone.

Abroad the public is familiar with the point of view of Ibsen, Tolstoy, and all the modern Russian and Norwegian writers, which is simply the point of view of Perez Galdos, acclimatized to the Spanish atmosphere.

The average theatre-going public in Spain, however, accustomed to dramas of a highly conventional and stereotyped order, found itself obliged suddenly to re-adjust its mental attitude and to accept a standpoint in violent contrast to the old-established ideas consecrated by tradition. Hence the fact that many of Galdos' plays, which were extremely successful, and which aroused the most heated discussions in Spain, passed almost unnoticed when represented abroad.

Galdos' dramatic works present a sort of cycle of psychological analyses : there is a connection through them all.

For example, " Los Condenados," produced in 1894, resumed and concluded the problems presented in " Realidad " (1892).

A Cycle of Psychological Analyses.

In the same way " Alma y Vida " (1902) is the natural conclusion of " Voluntad " (1895). The finest of all Galdos' plays, " El Abuelo," which had a triumphant success in Madrid in the winter of 1904-1905, is a *résumé* of all that was best in the preceding works, and represents the dramatist's final *affranchisement* from the trammels of Spanish tradition, since in this play he proves that humanity can triumph even over that legendary heirloom—family honour !

The plot of this play is remarkable : it is simple and full of emotion ; the interest is centred in a psychological problem which makes one pause to consider whether the great primeval impulses of humanity are not, after all, of the first importance.

An outline of the plot of this play may be given in a few words. An old count, who was the grandfather of two charming girls—Nell and Dolly,—learns that one of them is not the child of his dead son. The situation is rendered poignant by the fact that he does not know which of the girls has a right to his affections ; both are equally charming and lovable.

The painful searching of the old man to discover this family secret is depicted in a masterly manner ; the audience is kept on tip-toe with curiosity and interest. At one moment the count is convinced that his son's child is " Nell " ; then he finds himself equally sure that it must be " Dolly " ; finally, he learns that " Nell " is his true grandchild. The question then arises as to whether the honour of the family would permit him to continue to love, and show consideration for, the stranger who has no right to the protection of his roof : whose very existence is a blot upon the family honour.

The old man's decision, that love must triumph over everything, affords a beautiful lesson in humanity, and one which is admirably put forward at the conclusion of the play.

The success of this drama was quite remarkable in Spain

where the theatre generally depends for its success on striking *dénouements* or complicated intrigues.

A peculiarity of Galdos' work—which is shared by other Spanish writers, notably Valera—is that all his heroines seem to have been cast in the same mould: the same type of woman, with a strong tendency towards mysticism and a perfect passion for renunciation, appears again and again in his plays. *Isidora* in "Voluntad," *Laura* in "Alma y Vida," *Mariucha* in the play of that name, and above all, *Barbara*, represent the same emotions and the same ideals; they might one and all be said to be symbolic of Spain, with its mystic exaltations and its profound melancholy; there is an undoubted affinity between them and the enigmatic heroines of Ibsen.

Galdos' Heroines.

The play called "Barbara" is of a frankly symbolic nature: the Spanish public, indeed, demanded an explanation of its symbolism, and this explanation has not, in my opinion, yet been given, unless we are to take it that this play is symbolic of an ironic form of justice. The scene is laid in Syracuse, in 1815: *Barbara*, Countess de Termini, driven to desperation by a brutal husband, murders him. Suspicion falls upon *Leonardo de Acuña*—a hero of Wagnerian type. *Leonardo* secretly loves the countess and is loved by her; he is tried and condemned for her crime, and in despair she appeals to *Baddaloni*, the Governor of Syracuse, to obtain the release of her lover. This tyrant, who appears to have sprung directly from the Middle Ages, demands as the price of *Leonardo's* release that *Barbara* shall marry the brother of her murdered husband. After a futile struggle she accepts this marriage as the expiation of her crime, and *Leonardo* starts on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

"Barbara."

It is not surprising that the public was left in considerable doubt as to the author's intention in writing this play, which is an astounding mixture of Wagner and Shakespeare, cemented together by Galdos' own curiously complex views of life.

Benavente is a dramatist whose plays always present points of interest, but his sphere is widely different from that of Echegaray or even Galdos. He is chief in the school of writers who aim at giving their public food for thought. His plays are mainly studies of social problems, and he seems likely to found a "Teatro Benaventiano," since quite a number of the younger dramatists are following in his footsteps.

Jacinto Benavente.

Benavente's last play, "Por las Nubes," threw an interesting sidelight upon the matrimonial question; it is a tragi-comedy of lower middle-class life, and depicts, with merciless candour, the disastrous consequences of marriage without sufficient means.

The author has shown considerable courage in attacking this question, which is undoubtedly the basis of much of the unnecessary poverty and misery of the lower classes.

It is, however, very questionable whether the Spanish public is at all prepared to appreciate a series of plays of this class, as its conception of the office of the theatre is somewhat behind the times. The average Spaniard, as I have already remarked, does not care to regard the theatre as an educational force: he prefers to consider it as a means of passing an agreeable hour or two, and for this reason the pioneers of the modern drama do not in Spain always find it easy to obtain a hearing.

The "Teatro de Arte" of Madrid is of very recent foundation, and—at first sight—it would appear as though it had been organised on somewhat quixotic lines, since the avowed object of its Director is to work disinterestedly for the advancement of art in Spain, without aspiring to any other recompense than the æsthetic satisfaction of having produced beautiful works.

The Teatro de Arte and Angel Ganivet.

The "Teatro de Arte" will probably occupy in Spain very much the same position as that occupied by the "Théâtre de l'Œuvre" in Paris. It will produce plays extremely interesting from an artistic point of view, but not, necessarily,

popular, and it affords another instance of the undoubted progress of modern ideas in the Peninsula.

The "Teatro de Arte" began its career with a daring venture; it produced Angel Ganivet's mystic play, "El Escultor de su Alma"—which had always been regarded by theatrical managers as quite impossible, from a dramatic standpoint, and foredoomed to failure by reason of its complicated symbolism.

Nevertheless the production of this beautiful work aroused keen interest, and, if it was not universally understood, it was at least appreciated.

The hero of the play, *Pedro Martin*, is the personification of Ganivet himself: a being filled with infinite aspirations towards a higher and more perfect form of existence. One might easily imagine that the spirits of Calderon and Ibsen had joined together to take possession of the soul of Ganivet, so profound was his philosophy, and withal so purely Spanish. I do not think I am mistaken in saying that, within the last century, Spain has produced no finer nature than that which belonged to this unhappy poet.

The actors of the "Teatro de Arte" succeeded, to a surprising degree, in entering into the spirit of the play: the difficult rôle of *Alma* was ideally presented by Anita Martos, who is not alone one of the most beautiful girls in Madrid, but an actress of subtle talent.

Actors and Actresses.

Spain cannot be said to be rich in either actors or actresses. Indeed she is notably wanting in dramatic artists of the first rank: so much so, that the moment one mentions the serious drama to an intelligent Spaniard he invariably brings forward the names of Maria Guerrero and of her husband, Fernando Diaz de Mendoza. Maria Guerrero is so gifted that she occupies a position which is peculiarly personal; and she must necessarily have occupied a like position had she been born in a country other than Spain, for she is one of the world's great dramatic artists; she ranks with Elenora Duse and with Sarah Bernhardt.

Photo by *Franzen*

MARIA GUERRERO

One of Maria Guerrero's most brilliant successes was made in Galdos' play, " Realidad," in which play she interpreted the difficult rôle of *Augusta*. When the play was first produced the actress of whom I am now speaking was still too young to look the part, but she attacked it with so much enthusiasm and fervour that everyone was completely carried away, and her reputation as a consummate actress became completely established.

Maria Guerrero in Paris.

It was Maria Guerrero who played the rôle of the heroine in " The Duchess of Saint-Quentin "—by Galdos—when this play was first presented in Paris, but the Parisians disliked the play so much that they could hardly find a good word for the artists. At that time the plays of Perez Galdos were very little known in the French capital, and because they were not understood they were not appreciated. Later on, however, " Electra " enjoyed a huge success, but this was partly due to the fact that the Parisians thought it was written for the purpose of belittling the Catholic Religion and of holding priests up to ridicule. Nothing was further from the intention of Galdos than this, but the French public joined the Spaniards in insisting on this reading of the work, and the result was a sweeping success—in both countries!

Maria Guerrero is a very attractive-looking woman, and she possesses a wonderful speaking voice. Not the " voice of gold," which used to be the most potent weapon in Bernhardt's armoury, but a liquid, exquisitely sympathetic voice which can with ease suggest tears. Fernando Diaz de Mendoza is an accomplished actor, and both he and his gifted wife take infinite pains to stage their pieces with exceeding care and accuracy. It used not to be the custom, in the theatres of Spain, to spend large sums of money on the staging of a piece, but since the Guerrero-Mendoza era began a regular reformation has taken place, especially in Madrid, and now the prominent managers see the necessity of falling into line with London and with Paris in this most important matter.

Amongst the younger Spanish actresses none is more charming than Matilde Moreno. This artist is possessed of a very interesting personality. She is—in temperament—an extraordinary mixture of a joyous child and a serious woman whose outlook on life is almost manlike! Exceptionally well educated, she is well acquainted with the literature of many countries besides her own, and her happiest moments are passed in her splendidly-stocked library.

Matilde Moreno.

It was this actress who made, to a great extent, the success of "Por las Nubes," by Benavente, of which I spoke earlier in this chapter, and she has been associated with many of the successes of Galdos: notably "Electra" and "Alma y Vida."

As an actress Matilde Moreno is universally admired: as a woman she is greatly beloved. Amongst her cherished possessions is a certain album of the "confession" order, in which very famous personages have recorded their thoughts and opinions of the young actress. In this album may be found the signatures of Juan Valera, Perez Galdos, Menéndez y Pelayo, Nuñez de Arce, Salvador Rueda, and many, many others. Here we find the very last poem ever written by the poet Campoamor, which, as it possesses unique interest, I give in the original—

Es el amor un galán
que ni hambre ni locura quiere,
pues le mata el mucho pan
y con poco pan se muere.

CAMPOAMOR.

In the same book the famous writer, the Condesa de Pardo Bazan, has written a few lines which are entirely characteristic. The Condesa is, by nature, frank—almost to a fault, and she has entitled her little contribution to Matilde Moreno's album, "Un rasgo de franqueza," which, in colloquial English, means something like "a little bit of my mind"! On this occasion, however, this "little bit" embodied some very flattering and graceful sentiments!

CHAPTER V

THE PRESS

THERE are few countries in which The Press plays a more important rôle than in Spain. There *everyone* reads the newspapers and, in the south, a great many persons read very little else. Hence the immense influence, for good or evil, of the Spanish Press. And it must be recorded that it is, for the greater part, very dignified and interesting: also, it is often very amusing, as Spanish journalists are past-masters in the art of making remarks which may be guileless or—very much otherwise!

The Newspaper.

They are fond of telling clever little stories which to ordinary readers seem nothing more than excellent "copy," but which are veritable parables to the initiated. And thus it happens that the Spanish newspapers are often most entertaining reading, for those who understand their inner meaning.

There are in Spain no large newspapers, as "large" is understood in England, but nearly all the journals of Madrid and of the important provinces are well and clearly printed. From the point of view of popularity no newspaper in Spain, at this moment, can vie with *La Correspondencia de España*. This journal has had quite an eventful history and one which may be said to be unique. It was founded by the Marqués de Santa Ana, one of the shrewdest of men and an indefatigable worker. In its early days it used to be said of the *Correspondencia* that it had no editor, no paid writers, and no regular correspondents; that it was supplied with news by clever individuals who seemed to be all eyes and ears, and who got together, in the shortest space of time, information on every possible subject, which information was printed in the paper just as it came, without any consideration as to

suitability or order. It has even been said that it not infrequently happened, in those days, that the *Correspondencia* made statements in one column which it flatly contradicted in another! All this is probably exaggeration, but it is certain that the *Correspondencia de España* heralded a new era in the newspaper world of Madrid and from the very first it took possession of popular taste.

Its present director and proprietor, Senor Romeo, has altered the paper considerably since he came into office, but it still gives paragraphs of news from all parts of the world and on every conceivable subject. The *Correspondencia* is not supposed to have any determined politics, but to be the organ of logical common sense. It publishes articles bearing the names of some of the most brilliant journalists in Spain—Ramiro de Maeztu at their head—and it may almost be said to be the Organ of To-morrow, so up-to-date is it in every respect.

The three principal newspapers of Madrid, setting aside the *Correspondencia*, are *El Liberal*, *El Heraldo*, and *El Imparcial*. These three papers are run by a powerful "Trust," and each in its own way sets forth advanced views.

El Heraldo de Madrid is the leading organ of the democratic party. It counts upon its regular staff many of the most brilliant of the younger section of Spanish writers. The *Heraldo* makes a feature of stirring articles on educational questions, and many of these have been signed by well-known professors and by other persons interested in a subject which is just now in possession of the soul of Spain.

The Organ of the Democratic Party.

The theatrical criticisms of this newspaper are, as a rule, admirable, very just, and written in a tone which combines serious criticism with a certain vein of humour which is very attractive. Echegaray contributes articles to the *Heraldo*, from time to time, and so does José Benavente.

On political subjects Don José Canalejas—ex-president of the Congress of Deputies—contributes brilliant, if rather

scathing, articles: Don Luis Bonafoux also signs articles on political subjects in this paper.

The art critic of the *Heraldo* is looked on as a giant amongst his fellows; certainly he is possessed of a very ready pen. Everything written by Saint Aubin is of interest, but he has been gifted, generously, with the essentially Spanish quality of being able to say very clever and pointed things in the most innocent possible manner. All artists like to have their works reviewed by Saint Aubin, but sometimes they feel a little nervous about possible results.

El Imparcial is a Liberal organ, which was founded by Don Eduardo Gasset y Artime, who was a Minister in the Moret administration. It is a remarkably well-edited paper which publishes serious and thoughtful articles, but unfortunately it is credited by a large number of Spaniards with a desire to make of Spain what Waldeck Rousseau and Combes have made of France.

It could not truly be said that *El Imparcial* is an enemy of religion, but it seems to show leanings in that direction; and the same may be said of *El Liberal*, which is published daily in Madrid, Barcelona, Bilbao, Murcia, and Sevilla.

The leading Conservative organ is *La Época*, which was founded by Escobar, who was afterwards created Marqués de Valdeiglesias in recompense for important services rendered to the cause of the Restoration. The first Marqués was a man of notable ability, and under his direction this journal took a leading position in the Press of Madrid, but in recent days it has fallen out of line, and though most of the important householders still subscribe to it, they do so more from habit than from special interest. At the same time, it must be conceded that the social news of *La Época* is excellently chosen. The *Diario Universal*, a Liberal organ of pronounced views, is the property of a young and very interesting man—the Conde de Romanones.

There can be no doubt that Spain will have to reckon with

the Conde de Romanones sooner or later—and probably *sooner!* He is a Liberal ex-Minister, and it is loudly whispered that he will one day be the chief of his party. He is a man of untiring energy and enterprise, and already he has, by successful speculations, greatly augmented the very considerable fortune left him by his father.

A Potent Personality.

The Carlist Party does not now loom large on the horizon of Spain, but in the northern Provinces it is still possessed of power, and of this party *El Correo Español* is the leading organ.

El Siglo Futuro also puts forward Carlist views, but this journal has lost much of its influence owing to the ultra-advanced and unorthodox views of its founder and, afterwards, of his son.

In the Republican Press there is *El Pais* and *El Motin*, the latter paper being edited by Nakins, who was imprisoned for having hidden and protected the wretched man who threw the bomb at the time of the King's marriage.

A very popular little journal, belonging to the proprietors of *Blanco y Negro*, is *A.B.C.* This journal is quite independent in its tone: it professes no particular politics or sympathies, but deals with all the current events of the day in a sensible and impartial spirit. The "Powers that Be"—of the moment—have no influence on the policy of *A.B.C.*, which strives to represent the real interests of the country and people. *A.B.C.* is not unlike the *Daily Graphic* of London, in many respects, but it is not so fully illustrated; it numbers amongst its contributors many of the best known writers of Spain, such as the Condesa de Pardo Bazan, Salvador Rueda, Manuel Bueno, and others.

The proprietors of *A.B.C.* also own a weekly review called *Actualidades*, and a most amusing and satirical illustrated weekly called *Gedéon*—a remarkably cleverly written journal which systematically attacks the Government, no matter what it may be. They also own, as I have already said, *Blanco y*

"Blanco y Negro."

Negro, which is a real art journal and beautifully produced. *Blanco y Negro* is the oldest and best known art journal published in Spain. It is remarkably well printed and contains, each week, at least two really fine reproductions, in colour, of paintings—in oils, pastels or water-colours ; besides these it has numerous black and white illustrations, stories by the best authors, interesting articles, etc.

A new feature of *Blanco y Negro*, and it is one which is finding great favour in the eyes of its subscribers, is the weekly reproduction of some famous picture of the *Museo del Prado*, this picture coming out in colour and forming a double sheet of the paper. With each of these pictures a biography of the painter is given and further examples of his work are produced in black and white. This is an excellent feature, as it gives foreigners an opportunity of learning something of the lives and most famous works of the great Spanish painters : and this in a specially interesting way.

Many leading artists—writers, painters, and poets—contribute regularly to *Blanco y Negro ;* amongst others Mariano Benlliure, José Moreno Carbonero, José Garcia Ramos and Emilio Sala, José Echegaray, Ruben Dario, the Condesa de Pardo Bazan, etc., etc.

One of the most interesting and valuable papers published in Spain is the illustrated weekly, the *Nuevo Mundo*. This journal, founded and directed by Don José del Perojo, is very serious in tone, in so far that it boldly attacks all the problems which are closely connected with the welfare of the country.

"El Nuevo Mundo."

For example, in the pressingly important matter of National Education the *Nuevo Mundo* has done a really great work. Don José del Perojo is not only an enthusiast on this subject : he is also an authority. He has published a remarkable work entitled *Ensayos sobre Educaçion*, and on the days of the 18th and 19th of last December he pronounced, in the Chamber of Deputies, important discourses on the subject of National Education in Spain.

More than this, the Director of the *Nuevo Mundo* conceived the excellent plan of inviting opinions on the subject of education problems from notable persons in all parts of Spain, and many of these opinions and ideas have been published from time to time in his journal.

And all other matters connected with the welfare of Spain are treated, in the *Nuevo Mundo*, in the same serious and careful manner: an impartial view is taken and personal ideas are made to give place to suggestions likely to benefit the country. All the important and interesting subjects of the day are well reported in the journal of which I am now speaking.

The *Nuevo Mundo* "London Letter" is in the hands of Don Ramiro de Maeztu, and amongst its other regular contributors are such able journalists as "Roger," whose *Cronicas Catalanas* are invaluable to all those interested in Cataluña and its struggles, Alejandro Miquis—the founder of the "Teatro del Arte," "Andrenio," Eduardo Zamacois, and many others.

The Bull-fight Press.

Of course there are in Spain a number of newspapers devoted to matters connected with the bull-fight. Some of these papers are illustrated, and almost all of them are well and amusingly written. The bull-fight gives Spanish journalists an excellent opportunity for bringing forward their talent—and it is a remarkable one—for saying satirical things in a seemingly innocent manner!

I have heard *toreros* say that the *Fiesta Nacional* is, of the illustrated taurine journals, the best, but I should personally give my vote in favour of *Sol y Sombra*, which is edited by Don Ginés Carrion, in Madrid. The various articles in this paper, which appears weekly, are well written and its general tone is one of fairness. Some years ago it possessed amongst its most notable contributors Don Pascual Millan, who was one of the greatest authorities on the bull-fight Spain has ever known. This writer, whose death was universally

Photo by *Whiteley, Ltd.*

RAMIRO DE MAEZTU

lamented, was a steadfast upholder of the methods of *toreros* of the old school, and he not infrequently delivered himself of diatribes on the subject of the *Corridas* of to-day.

Newspaper kiosks are not numerous in Madrid—as they are in Paris,—but on glancing casually at the papers shown in those which do exist one is at once struck by the immense difference in tone and general appearance of the smaller journals of Spain and of France.

Illustrated Journals.

It certainly is no exaggeration to say that the illustrated papers openly displayed in the kiosks of Paris are a disgrace to the French nation. There can be no necessity for such a display of blatant indecency, and it has long been a matter of surprise to intelligent foreigners, that a nation so intelligent and *spirituelle* as the French should continue to accept such a state of affairs.

Happily, in Spain one sees nothing of this kind. The smaller illustrated journals are amusing and often very satirical, but they are neither gross nor indecent. In Madrid—as in London—ordinary persons can walk out with their families without having their eyes offended by the newspapers displayed in the streets.

Reforms of various kinds have recently been set on foot in connection with certain sections of the Spanish Press. It has been felt that, in some directions, it is inadequate for modern requirements.

Reporting.

For instance, a notable movement is being made by Señor Romeo, the Director of the *Correspondecia de España*, in the matter of Parliamentary reporting. He has initiated a movement in favour of a better system of reproducing the speeches made during the Sessions of the *Cortes*. This reform is most urgently needed, as frequent complaints have been made of the inefficient and curtailed reports which appear in the daily papers.

According to Señor Romeo the best way to improve matters

would be to institute a staff of competent journalists, paid by the *Cortes*, who would make an exact report of all the speeches, which would then be published in an official journal.

It is certain that the present reports leave much to be desired; the majority of the papers publish most imperfect accounts of the discourses of the country's representatives. There have even been cases of boycotting; certain orators have been completely ignored. Others have been horrified by seeing their speeches utilized for the manufacture of a humorous article by some lively young reporter!

Naturally the difficulty of this reporting must be taken into consideration. Each Session lasts several hours: generally four, sometimes six—when a Budget is under discussion. And one or two journalists from each paper have to report the whole Session.

They are required to make a succinct *résumé* to fill one or two columns of their paper, and as the speech and the making of the *résumé* run parallel, it will be readily seen that the difficulties of condensation are very great.

To make a good report a journalist would require a special preparation in politics and in parliamentary history, an indefatigable power of concentration, and a specially agile pen. Evidently all these qualities could not be expected from a reporter earning from 25 to 30 dollars a month.

Besides this, the modern Spanish papers are never large, and they have to contain innumerable short paragraphs on diverse subjects, many of which are of greater general interest than the parliamentary reports, which become more and more abridged. The proposition of Señor Romeo, to found an official journal for these reports, seems the only satisfactory solution to the difficulty.

The average Spaniard, though a keen politician, is not invariably interested in the Parliamentary Sessions. He likes to see them fully reported when some question of burning interest is being discussed, but otherwise he prefers that his

daily newspaper should contain many paragraphs of ordinary news.

It is a difficult and critical task for an editor to decide just which speech should be reported in full and which should be curtailed; and "cuts"—however cleverly they may be arranged—are often very unjust to serious speakers, for an inadequate if not false idea of the general intention is conveyed.

CHAPTER VI

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

It is customary, when treating of "Sports" in Spain, to rush forward the bull-fight. And this is comprehensible because, though it is absurd to take for granted that it is the only sport dear to the hearts of the Spaniards, it is certainly *the* sport of the people. In Spain the upper classes enjoy very much the same sports as those enjoyed by people in the same position in England and in France. The men—headed by the King—are enthusiastic and skilled polo players. They—again headed by the King—are excellent all-round sportsmen. Horse-racing does not play a very important rôle in Spain, but men and women alike are really good lawn-tennis players.

Sports.

And then in Spain, though not in the guise of a national sport, as in the Basque provinces, they have that most splendid of all games—*Pelota*. It is difficult to understand why *pelota* has never taken a serious place in the affections of Englishmen, for it is as exciting as it is picturesque and difficult. In watching a well-played match of *pelota* one's attention never for an instant wavers: it is rivetted on the players and on the flying ball from the first second to the last. In the Basque provinces—French as well as Spanish—*pelota* and dancing form the two amusements of the younger generation, and the Basque *pelota* players are marvellously dexterous. Chiquito de Cambo is the great champion of the Basque country, but Ayestaran and Munita are Spaniards, and almost equally clever; and then there are very many other notable players who have made their mark in Madrid, in Barcelona and in various parts of Navarre.

Pelota.

It has been said that *pelota* closely resembles the Italian game *pallone*, but personally I see very little resemblance. *Pallone* is played across a net, or at any rate across a stretched cord, and the right hand is covered with a heavy wooden glove, studded with wooden teeth and bound with iron.

Pelota, on the other hand, is played between two high walls, these walls being about 220 feet apart, and the right hand of the player is covered with a most graceful half-moon shaped *chistera*, made of fine basket work. At one end of the *chistera* there is a sort of leather glove through which the fingers are passed and straps are then tightly fastened round the wrist. Skilful players can twist these *chisteras* about in the most extraordinary way: the right hand only is covered, but with a quick movement of the body and a turn of the wrist every corner of the court can be guarded.

I cannot describe the game in technical terms, but, roughly speaking, a match is played by six players, three on either side. The ball is "served" by striking it against the high wall bounding one end of the court and striking it in such a way that it rebounds back amongst the players, within a certain area. One of the opposite party drives it back and so on. It is easy to understand that everything depends on just *how* the ball is taken. To the ordinary onlooker all the strokes seem very much the same: the impact of ball—which weighs about four ounces—and *chistera* always seems terrific, and yet sometimes the ball returns so softly that it barely covers the required line, and sometimes it comes back with such force that it hits the opposite wall!

A favourite stroke of Chiquito de Cambo drives the ball with most amazing force against the wall, then lifts it high in the air, and then causes it to fall straight, within an inch or two of the second wall, behind. Another clever stroke is one which seems ferocious but which carries the ball so softly that everyone is taken by surprise.

In the Basque provinces it is the custom to have someone to *sing*—in Basque—the score from time to time.

The Bull-fight.

I am conscious that the manner in which I intend to deal with the bull-fight will draw down upon me a good deal of criticism, and that probably of an adverse character, but I do not intend to be dismayed. I shall speak the truth—nothing more, but nothing less—as I understand it. It is always necessary to clear the decks before going into action, and so I start by bringing forward a certain grievance connected with foreign writers on the bull-fight—and by foreign I mean other than Spanish. These writers very frequently not only describe that which they do not see, but follow on by making deductions from that which they do not understand.

I have in my mind at this moment a detailed account of a bull-fight written by a well-known author in which the very entry of the *cuadrillas*—which never, in any circumstances, alters—is inaccurately set forth, from first to last. The *picadores* are described as entering with their "lances"—this writer's vivid imagination even seeing the sunlight flash on the polished steel!

The *picadores never* carry their pikes when entering with the *cuadrillas*.

Then the *banderilleros* were described as entering, bearing in their hands their "darts"—quite in the style of the entry in the last act of *Carmen*, at Covent Garden!

The *banderilleros never* carry *banderillas* when taking part in the *entrada*—except on the stage.

I have picked out two inaccuracies from very many, and they are not really important; nevertheless, they help to prove the truth of my assertion that those who cannot accurately describe that at which they are looking, and that which never changes, have no possible right to make deductions from a scene which they do not understand.

The writer in question found himself very much excited by what he called "the blood lust" of the multitude, and even went so far as to state that the people present at that most wonderful bull-fight were bitterly disappointed to find that

one of their favourite *espadas* was not actually killed before their eyes instead of being merely badly hurt.

A Spanish *bronca*—in vulgar parlance, a row—is a difficult affair for a foreigner to understand; especially a *bronca* in a bull ring. And it is a very serious matter when writers—and there have been many who have done this—interpret such *broncas* by the light of their own feelings. To write of what one does not understand is foolish, but not necessarily harmful; but to make deductions from what one does not understand, when such deductions present a great people in a false and abominable light, is quite another matter. In the case to which I have just alluded, the description of the bull-fight formed part of a story, and for that reason it is not necessary to take it too seriously, as a considerable amount of licence is permitted to novelists; but again and again, seriously and with intention, writers have insisted that because the average Spaniard takes delight in the bull-fight he must therefore be grossly cruel by nature. And this does not follow. He takes delight in the bull-fight because he understands it, in every detail. Because it is in his blood to know and appreciate every point gained or lost. Because he is all the time making comparisons—with regard to the bulls, with regard to the *toreros*, with regard to the management of the *plaza*, with regard—and this very especially—to the operations of the President. The cruel incidents—and they *are* cruel—are to him merely incidents; they are not pleasant, but they are necessary, and "blood lust" does not prompt him when he applauds a good *vara*, even though the excellence of this same *vara* may have tempted the bull to bury his horns in the sides of an unfortunate horse.

Point of View of the Spaniard.

Everything depends on the point of view: of individuals as of nations. The average Englishman goes to the bull-fight expecting to see cruelties, and these he sees—and little else. The average Spaniard goes to the bull-fight to see—if possible—first-rate fighting bulls confronted with first-rate *toreros*;

and if providence be in a kindly mood he ventures to hope that a first-rate President may be thrown in!

I know many Spaniards who deplore the cruelty to the horses and who will be truly glad if—as seems more than likely—changes can be made which will do away, to some extent, with this blot on an otherwise magnificent sport. But even with things as they now are, "blood lust" has nothing whatever to do with the call for "*mas caballos*"—more horses—which has so often been quoted in proof of Spanish cruelty.

It is not unnatural that foreign writers should imagine that this cry means that the people in the *tendidos* want to see more blood spilt, because these writers—as I have already said—rarely understand even the rudiments of the science of the bull-fight.

The cry of "*mas caballos*" really indicates that the bull in the arena is a good fighter, for it is by his attitude towards the *vara*—or pike—that a bull is judged, and this from his early youth.

The Tienta.

It is necessary for the *ganadero*—an owner of cattle—to test his young bulls while they are still running wild in the great fields, so that he may know which of them will be sufficiently brave to make a *début* in a first-class *plaza*. And this test is made with the *garrocha*, or pike. If the young bull has the required spirit he will return to the charge after having received a *vara*; if he shows fear his chances of appearing in public, in a first-class *plaza*, are at an end. This testing of the young bulls is called a *tienta*.

From this little explanation it will be seen that if a bull has received a number of *varas* in the ring and if he is still inclined to charge the *picadores*—who are the horsemen—he must be a first-class animal: hence the cries of admiration which accompany the call for "*mas caballos*."

This explanation does not make the matter any pleasanter for the horses, but it indicates the true feeling of the Spaniards.

And before leaving this introduction to the often-discussed subject of the *suerte de varas*, the first of the three *suertes* connected with the killing of each bull, I must draw attention to the fact that some of the most beautiful and finished work of the *espadas* is accomplished at this epoch. And here again, in connection with this work, the English and Spanish view points clash. When the bull has gored an unfortunate horse the eyes and imagination of the former are rivetted on the struggling animal. At the same moment the Spaniard is closely watching every movement of the cloak, manipulated by the *espada*, which is deftly drawing off the bull and enabling the *picador* to regain his feet or his saddle. To those who understand the science of the bull-fight there is nothing more interesting than this particular play, which is frequently very elegant and adorned, of the cloak. On the skill and quickness of the *espada* depends the safety of the *picador*, for the latter as often as not falls right under the horns of the bull.

And while speaking of the *picadores* it may be as well to record some of the qualities which they *ought* to possess. They ought to be perfect horsemen; they ought to have a profound knowledge of bulls; they ought to have quick eyes, amazing courage, and herculean strength.

I have used a great many "oughts" because the *picadores* of the present day, unfortunately, are often lacking in many of these qualities. Given a really good *picador*, mounted on a strong horse, a number of *varas* might be given without the bull having a chance of wounding the horse, even once.

A Famous Picador.

I have seen Agujetas—the last of the old line of *picadores*—pike all his bulls at a *corrida* without allowing his horses to be seriously injured. He had strength and knowledge which enabled him to push off the bull instead of allowing the latter to roll over the horse, as is so often seen at the present day. And now that I have set forth a grievance which seems to

me to be sufficiently serious, let us take a general view of a *corrida de toros*, from its alpha to its omega.

And because Andalusia is the home of the fighting bulls, of the most famous *toreros*—past and present—and of enthusiastic *aficionados*, let us take the Easter *corrida* at Sevilla as our example.

The Easter Bull-fight at Sevilla.

At Sevilla, on the day preceding a *corrida*, the great fields of Tablada loom large in the minds of *aficionados*, for there, carefully enclosed, may be seen the fighting bulls destined for the morrow's show. It is a delightful drive to Tablada, through *Las Delicias*—the " Row " of Sevilla—and across a long road which leads right into the fields.

" Bombita " at Tablada.

All sorts and conditions of persons are to be seen on every side, and at Tablada the *toreros* appear in a costume which is at once characteristic and picturesque. For example, " Bombita "—who in private life is Ricardo Torres—might be seen in a tight-fitting suit of navy blue cloth; the trousers skin tight over the upper part of the legs and rather loose from the knees down. The jacket would be of the " Eton " shape and decorated with braids and frogs in front, and there would be a very neat little frilled shirt, with a low collar and a narrow tie. Large diamond studs would be worn, and probably several handsome diamond rings. The crowning point of a costume such as this is the *cordobés*, or flat-brimmed felt hat, which in the street is invariably worn by everyone connected with the bull-fight, and also by many southern Spaniards who are admirers of the national sport. These hats are shaped like an Englishman's straw hat, but the crown is rather higher and the brim considerably wider. The *cordobés* is always made of felt, and it is to be seen in several different colours: in black, brown, grey, and pearl. A good many of the older *toreros* in Sevilla wear these hats of a dark shade of grey with the addition of a *black* cloth band round the crown. This is very *taurine* but undoubtedly ugly!

The Encierro.

An interesting little spectacle—though it costs the onlooker a night's rest—is the *encierro*. At dead of night, when the streets are clear, the bulls, surrounded by their *cabestros*—oxen with large bells hanging to their necks—are rushed along the road to the *plaza*. They are conducted by men on horseback and the beasts are made to travel at top speed.

It is necessary to realise that nothing can be done with the fighting bulls without the aid of their own special *cabestros*. These great animals they know and are accustomed to, and these they will follow—as a rule. But the *cabestros* of one *ganaderia* could not conduct the bulls belonging to another. I remember, two years ago, at Sevilla, some awkwardness arising out of this peculiarity. There was a gala *corrida*, at which six picked bulls, chosen from different *ganaderias*, made their appearance. And it was necessary to have six separate *encierros*, at different hours of the night, otherwise bulls and *cabestros* would have quickly become entangled in most furious warfare.

And then there is yet another little ceremony before the moment comes for the *plaza* to open its doors.

On the morning of the *corrida* the *apartado* takes place; or in other words, the placing of the fighting bulls in their separate *toriles*, ready for the afternoon. The *toreros* attend this ceremony and so do many *aficionados*.

The Plaza de Toros.

The Plaza de Toros at Sevilla is one of the most picturesque in Spain. It is very wide and low, and, when full to overflowing for the Easter *corrida*, it presents an appearance of brilliant colour not easily forgotten. The photograph here entitled, "Entry of the Cuadrillas," does not show the *plaza* at Sevilla; it is a view of the *plaza* at Pampeluna, and I specially chose it as in this *plaza* Pablo Sarasate, year after year, enjoyed a great triumph. Sarasate was a native of Pampeluna and never failed to visit his old home at the time of the *fiestas*, each year. In this photograph the *cuadrillas* are saluting the *palco* of the

President, and it was in this *palco*, or box, that the magnificent violinist, who was so dear to all our hearts, used to occupy the place of honour.

There should be noticed the distinct line dividing the part of the *plaza* which is in shadow from that which is in full sunlight. From this will be realised the necessity of having places in the *sombra* side! And this difference between sunshine and shadow in the *plaza de toros* has supplied a name for the best known *taurine* newspaper in Spain—*Sol y Sombra*. The seats at the *sol* side belong specially to the people as they are cheaper than those on the *sombra* side.

Spanish Women at the Bull-fight.

For *los toros* the Spanish women, especially in Sevilla, wear white mantillas over their hair and shoulders and quantities of flowers. They also exhibit their gorgeous *mantones de Manila*, which I shall fully describe a little later on, when speaking on the subject of dancing. They do not wear these *mantones*, but bring them for the purpose of spreading them out over the front of their *palcos*, or boxes. These exquisite shawls are very decorative, and they are richly embroidered in a thousand and one different colours. The effect is rarely lovely when a group of pretty women, in white lace mantillas, with crimson carnations pressing forward curls of dark hair at one side, lean their shapely arms on the *mantones de Manila*, which have been thrown carelessly over the front rail of the *palco*. And when, a little later on, some favourite *espada* sends his superb embroidered satin cloak to this *palco* or that, to be taken care of, a double effect is obtained, for custom dictates that such a *capa* must be spread out over the front of the box, so that its gold embroideries may mingle with the silken fringes of the *manton* underneath.

The entry of the President, whose *palco* is next to that of the King, is the signal for the performance to begin, and it is necessary to pause, just for a moment, to consider the duties and power of this personage.

In *taurine* circles there are two sets of individuals who are

Photo by *Lacoste*

PLAZA DE TOROS, MADRID

nearly always said to be in the wrong: the *picadores* and the presidents! Of the *picadors* I have already said enough, but, in all fairness, it must be admitted that the position of president at a *corrida* of importance is not an altogether agreeable one. In the first place, it is the President who decides the exact moment at which each *suerte* must come to an end. It is he who decides the number of *varas* that each bull requires, and the moment when he has had enough of the *suerte de banderillas*, etc. And from the President's decision there is no escape.

At first sight his office may seem simple enough, but it is not so in reality, for he has to deal with a variety of different elements. The *ganadero*, naturally, wishes justice done to his bulls, and he has his own ideas as to the desirable length of each *suerte*. The *toreros* have their reputations—not to mention their lives—to consider, and, again naturally, they have *their* ideas on the same subject. And last—but not by any means least—the ideas of 12,000 or 14,000 *aficionados* have to be heard, if not considered; for Spaniards have fine carrying voices, and the most delightful occupation in life is to "*torear* from the *tendidos!*"

The entry of the *cuadrillas* has often been described, and a very fair idea of the spectacle can be gained from a close inspection of the photo here given. The *alguaciles*, who wear velvet cloaks and feathered hats, come first, on horseback. Then the *espadas*—followed in line by their *banderilleros*—and then the *picadores*, on horseback. Each one salutes the President: the *alguaciles* receive the key of the bull's *toril*, which is thrown down to them from the President's box, and disappear: the *toreros* exchange their gorgeous satin *capas* for others of more ordinary material, and take up positions to await the arrival of the bull.

The Entry of the Cuadrillas.

And here I think it will be interesting to say a few words about the costumes worn by the *toreros*, for it is impossible to imagine any more beautiful or becoming dress.

The costume of the *espadas* closely resembles that of the *banderilleros*, but it is, as a rule, very much richer and more expensive. These costumes consist of three garments: the short jacket—or *chaquetilla*: the waistcoat—or *chaleco*, and the knickerbockers—or *taleguillas*.

On looking at the portrait of Machaquito it will be found easy to follow this description.

All these three garments are made of rich satin, or silk, in beautiful shades of rose-pink, turquoise, violet, tabac, emerald, pearl-grey, white, etc., and they are exquisitely embroidered in gold or silver. The best *traje de luces* are made in Madrid at a cost of 1,000 pesetas—£40—or more.

The Costumes of the Toreros.

And then there is the superb *capote de paseo*, a large round cape worn on entering and leaving the arena, also made of satin and heavily embroidered in gold; frequently little jewels are introduced amongst the embroideries of these *capotes*, and their average cost is another 1,000 pesetas. The *torero's* hat—or *montera*—is a picturesque arrangement of black velvet and chenil, which costs about £4, and as there is also a wide waistband of silk—the *faja*—which measures at least four yards, the entire cost of a costume worn in the arena cannot come to much less than £100. I give these figures because the word tawdry has sometimes been applied to the *torero's* dress, and it is inapplicable.

When everyone is in his place and when the President gives the signal, the door of the *toril* is opened and the first bull rushes into the arena. And from this moment the whole attention of the *toreros*, especially of the *espadas*, is directed on the animal. What may be his temper, his character, his peculiarities? For the difference between bulls is amazing.

Just to take a few examples of different aptitudes: the bull which has entered the ring may be *boyante*, which means that he will be brilliant and easy to *torear*. Or he may be *de sentido*, which means that he will be cunning, what the *toreros* call "*un bicho de cuidao*." Or he may be *bravucon*, which means

Photo by *Ingand*

ENTRY OF THE CUADRILLAS

that he will attack willingly but without resolution, and also that he will attack the *man* rather than the cloak.

There are very many other differences of character, but we must pass on to differences of eyesight—a point of enormous importance. Many bulls have defective eyesight, and these animals are called *burriciegos :* amongst such bulls as these there are many classes. Bulls that see well at a short distance : bulls that see well at a long distance : bulls with uneven sight —one eye good and the other defective, etc., etc.

An intuitive knowledge of bulls is one of the most valuable gifts the gods can bestow on a *torero*. Rafael Guerra possessed it to an extraordinary degree. It used to be said that the moment Guerra saw a bull entering the arena he knew pretty well everything there was to be known about it.

The Miura Bulls.

At the risk of delaying too long at the very beginning of the *corrida* I should like to say a few words on the subject of a very famous breed of bulls, whose peculiarities have recently set the taurine circles of Spain by the ears. And these are the bulls belonging to the *ganaderia* of Don Eduardo Miura of Sevilla. So peculiar is the temper of the *miuras* that " trusts " have been brought into existence because of them, and the newspapers have been full of the *pros* and *cons* of the case. With these " trusts " we are not here concerned, but the temper of the *miuras* is worthy of study. They are individualists of an exaggerated order ! Each bull seems possessed of a strong personal character. He may be splendidly brave, or cranky beyond words, or sullen or frankly devilish. And it is because of the individuality of these particular bulls that the *aficionados* always speak of a *miura corrida* with excitement and delight, even though the *miura corridas* are rarely specially brilliant. They are interesting to those who understand the game because ordinary tactics are of little use, and even the most experienced *torero* cannot hope to know what a *miura* may take it into his head to do at any moment and in any circumstances.

I have already spoken of the *suerte de varas*, the first of the three *suertes* necessary for the killing of each bull, but I have not described it exactly. This *suerte*, which is interesting to the Spaniard because of the great demands it makes on the *toreros*, is invariably offensive to foreign eyes: and it could not be otherwise.

The *picadores*—generally three—mounted on wretched horses, are placed at regular points round the arena and each one in turn comes forward and does all in his power to induce the bull to attack him. The man gets his long pike firmly into position under his arm and, leaning forward, taunts the bull. When the animal charges, the *picador* pikes him in the shoulder and—*when he can*—pushes the animal off. What really happens, nine times in ten, is that the bull gores the horse and throws it down, the *picador* frequently getting a most dangerous fall. At this moment the *espada* skilfully draws off the bull with his cloak, and the *picador* is lifted to his legs and, if the horse is not too badly injured, into his saddle.

The "Suerte de Varas"

The cruelty of this *suerte* is, in some bull rings, greatly diminished by the fact that the horses are instantly killed when they are badly injured. And most emphatically there ought to be a law commanding this to be done—always. With the *puntilla*, or short dagger, the horse can be put out of pain in a moment, and there is no acceptable reason why a little money should be saved at the expense of a wounded animal.

As I have already said, a good *picador can* do much to shield his horse; but, unhappily, nowadays good *picadores* are few and far between.

When the President thinks that enough *varas* have been given—three is an ordinary number—he waves his handkerchief and a bugle plays the *cambio de suertes*. The *picadores* leave the ring and the moment has come for the *suerte de banderillas*, the most graceful and attractive part of the whole

performance. In this *suerte* the *espadas* take no part: they stand, or sit, at the barriers and wait for the final scene.

The *banderillas*, which are handed in over the barriers when required, are wooden sticks of about 65 centimetres in length, covered with lengths of coloured paper, and having at one end an enlarged fish-hook.

These wooden sticks have to be placed, perfectly symmetrically, in pairs and as close together as possible on the shoulders of the bull.

The *suerte de banderillas* is one of great difficulty and of exceeding grace. The bull is in swift motion, and the man is obliged to approach very close. There are many different methods of planting the *banderillas*. *Al cuarteo* is the most usual, although it is only possible when the bull is specially brave, and the *quiebro* is the most difficult.

The "Suerte de Banderillas."

To *banderillear al cuarteo* the man stands at a certain distance in front of the bull and calls the animal's attention. As soon as the bull has seen him they both start running, the bull in a straight line and the man in a semicircle. At the moment of meeting, the bull lowers his head to toss, and the *banderillas* are firmly planted.

In the *quiebro*—which was invented by the great Gordito—the man stands perfectly still, his feet together, sometimes on a handkerchief: he attracts the attention of the bull by bending forward on one side and when the furious animal rushes in this direction he quickly stands upright and plants the *banderillas* as the animal passes. Other usual methods of planting the *banderillas* are *la media vuelta*, *al recorte*, and *defrente*.

In connection with the *suerte de banderillas* it is clear to me that one important change ought to be made. *Banderillas de fuego* ought *never* to be used. These *banderillas* have a sort of firework arrangement attached to them, and they are used sometimes when a bull is completely *manso*, or cowardly. That is to say, when he has refused to charge the *picadores*.

These *banderillas* may fairly be said to be relics of barbarism, but it is not necessary to attack them on the grounds of cruelty, for it is perfectly evident that they are useless and unfair. Unfair to the bull, to the *toreros*, to the manager of the *plaza*, and to the audience.

In going to a bull-fight one pays to see good fighting bulls. Now *banderillas de fuego* never yet made a good fighting bull of a *toro manso*. They turn him into an evil-tempered beast, savage or sullen according to his nature. And such an animal is a great source of danger to the *toreros*, besides being a most unpleasant spectacle for the onlookers.

In my opinion if a bull turns out to be *manso*—sufficiently so to call for *banderillas de fuego*—he should be conducted out of the ring by the *cabestros* and another bull substituted—at the expense of the *ganadero*. It would be hard on the latter, certainly, but obviously he is the only person who has any way of knowing the qualities of a bull which he himself has bred.

The Suerte de Matar.

When the arena is cleared for the final scene, the *suerte de matar*, the *espada* stands underneath the *palco* of the King or President, and makes a little speech in which he dedicates his bull. The final words of this chapter will give an idea of this classic dedication! He then throws his *montera* over the barriers, and slowly advances, *muleta* and sword in hand, towards the animal. The *muleta* is a large piece of red cloth folded in two and draped over a stick; it is practically a large red flag. The *muleta* is used to concentrate the attention of the bull on the *espada*, and various "passes" are intended to bring the animal into proper conditions for the death-stroke.

To the unaccustomed eye the passes of the *muleta* all seem very much alike. But in reality *very* much depends on just how these "passes" are made. It is for the *espada*, who by this time ought to know his bull, to decide whether little or much of the red cloth is to be presented to the bull: whether the *muleta* is to be withdrawn under his head or over his horns; whether it is to be withdrawn quickly or slowly. Each "pass"

has some particular effect on the animal, and if the right ones be not chosen the *estocada*, or final stroke of the sword, will not be a brilliant one.

The first and simplest of these movements of the *muleta* is the *pase natural*. The most complicated and dangerous is the *pase de pecho*. In all the passes of the *muleta* the *torero* ought to stand very close to the bull and as motionless as possible.

If, unfortunately, he should show an inclination to draw back or to move aside, a thousand voices remind him of the fact that "dancing" is out of place in the bull ring!

At the moment when the *espada* considers the bull in a favourable position for the *estocada*, nothing remains for him except to give the death-blow—and to give it correctly. And here lies the difficulty!

For it is not merely a case of killing the bull; it is absolutely necessary that it should be killed according to rule. Of all the *estocadas*—and there are many—the most difficult is the *recibiendo*. The man stands perfectly motionless, holding the sword on a level with the shoulders of the bull: he attracts the animal with the *muleta*, with the left hand, and allows it to run on the sword.

The extreme difficulty of this *estocada* can easily be understood, and it is a curious fact that the *torero* of the present day who, almost alone, excels in it is a young *sevillano* named Martin Vasquez. This *torero*, who has only lately entered the arena, is a native of Alcala, a picturesque village outside Sevilla, and he is considered one of the best of the younger generation.

Of all the *toreros* now before the public the two most popular are Bombita and Machaquito, both quite young and both remarkably clever at their profession.

Two Toreros.

Bombita, who has a small and rather mischievous face, has been called "the smiling *torero*," and very recently, in an interview recorded in a Parisian newspaper, he stated that he himself attributed his popularity to his "camomile and perpetual smile"! He declares that he drinks a glass of camomile tea before each

corrida, and that he finds it has a most soothing effect on his nerves!

But Bombita's popularity does not depend on his smile, nor even on his camomile! Not only is he a complete master of his profession, but he is the best of good comrades and a tireless worker. When Bombita is in the bull ring he is always at work and he has aptly been called "*Providencia en traje de luces*," for again and again the lives of his companions have been saved by his skilled "passes" of the cloak. His elder brother Emilio was a famous *torero*, and now his younger brother Manolo is rapidly coming to the front.

Machaquito looks little more than a boy, and yet he is one of the two most notable *toreros* of the present day. He is remarkably expert in all the branches of his profession, but in the *suerte de matar* he stands pre-eminent. His *estocadas* are frequently magisterial.

Machaquito.

Machaquito is married to a rarely lovely girl, one of whose parents is English, and he has a beautiful home at Cordova.

With the retirement of Antonio Fuentes the bull rings of Spain lost a picturesque figure. Fuentes is a remarkably attractive looking man, with a svelt figure and a classic head. He is an arbiter of elegance in matters of dress, and travels *en prince* in one of his big automobiles.

The retirement of a well-known *torero* is quite an event in *taurine* circles, and to a man who has long lived in an atmosphere of adulation the moment of cutting off the *coleta* must be a bitter one. I have alluded to this *coleta* in another part of the chapter, but it may interest my readers to know that it is a small plait of hair, grown on the back of the head, rather high up. It is a sign by which bull-fighters may always be known, and when once it is cut off their public career is at an end.

And now, having given some idea of what the bull-fight means to the Spaniards, I should like, for a few moments, to review one or two salient points connected with it.

Photo by *Molina*

MACHAQUITO

To begin with, let it be accepted that it is cruel. *Very* cruel. This is the bare truth. But is not all sport cruel in which animals are harried, and hunted, and wounded and killed? Not necessarily *so* cruel as the bull-fight, you will probably say—and with reason—but these things ought not to be looked at from the point of view of a human creature's feelings, but from the actual sufferings of individual animals.

Is the Sport Cruel?

At this moment, however, I am not considering the matter from a humanitarian point of view at all. I am simply saying to myself and to you: "What would happen in Spain if the bull-fight were done away with?" And to arrive at anything like an adequate answer to this question we must look plain facts straight in the face.

First of all, we must accept the fact that a vast majority of the Spanish people are dependent on the bull-fight for amusement. All through the spring and summer seasons the huge *plazas de toros* in every town and city of Spain are constantly filled with thousands and thousands of persons who know every turn of the game, who understand and love the bull-fight far better than the average American understands base-ball or the average Englishman cricket or football. And these enormous crowds can spend two or three hours in a bull ring, on the hottest day of summer—and summer in Spain—without drinking anything but water. The amount of water drunk in a *plaza de toros* during a bull-fight has to be seen to be believed. Here and there a man may be seen carrying round a tray which contains glasses of light beer, but "*Agua, quien quiere agua,*" is the cry heard on every side.

I think if the apostle of temperance of my own country came back to this world and attended a bull-fight he would find more cause for thankfulness than for reproach, for the national sport of Spain does not encourage, or lead to, drunkenness, or rioting, or rowdyism.

Absence of Drunkenness and Rowdyism.

And then there is another fact which must be faced. The bull-fight is one of the very few sports which do not encourage, or lead to, gambling.

Neither does it encourage, or give birth to, the immoral practices which surround horse-racing. It is brutal, but it is " on the square " ; in connection with the bull-fight " pulling " is unknown ; no one has ever accused anyone of " dosing " either a bull or a *torero.*

It is cruel, but it is honest, and—notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary—it does not harm the people of Spain. It is easy to *write* of a crowd " inflamed by blood lust," but in real life this crowd is the most orderly, good-natured thing you could possibly imagine ; even the most remarkable *corridas* do not cause drunkenness or rioting.

I set forth these facts because I believe them to be irrefutable, and I present them for the consideration of all those persons who seem inclined—in connection with Spain—to allow a desire for things modern and " civilized " to act as an anæsthetic on their better judgment.

It will never, I think, be possible to do away with the bull-fight, but if it were possible what could, adequately, take its place ?

I have remarked more than once that visitors to Spain frequently find it a country of disappointments. And this, because what is to be found there is not always what has been expected. And it often happens that special disappointment surrounds the dances and dancers of Spain, in the opinion of casual onlookers. I think very many persons expect, on crossing the Pyrénées, to find wonderful women of the Otero and Tortajada type on every side. I am not quite sure, on looking back, that I did not expect something of this kind myself. I *know* I was a wee bit disappointed with the dancing—at first !

Dancing in in Spain.

It is difficult for English, French, and American people to realise the width of the gulf which divides the dancing of

Spain from that of most other countries: nevertheless, this gulf exists and cannot easily be bridged over.

In the three great countries I have just mentioned, and in others besides, dancing is an Art. It is acquired with more or less difficulty, and it is practised almost exclusively in artificial surroundings: in theatres and in ball-rooms.

But in Spain dancing is an expression of Nature!

It is as natural for the people to dance—and by "people" I mean the masses—as it is for them to talk. And their dancing, when seen in absolutely natural surroundings, expresses their feelings of the moment. There is no more Art about it than there is Art in walking or talking. Everyone has to learn how to put one foot before the other, and how to express articulate words, but no one describes ordinary talking or walking as an "art." And so it is an absolutely natural expression of personal impulse and desire.

The Charm of Spanish Dancing.

Of course there *is* Art, and of an elaborate kind, connected with Spanish dances, for many of them are marvels of intricacy and difficulty. There are a thousand and one different steps and poses which have to be most carefully studied, and it is almost as difficult to play the *castanets* well as it is to play the piano: but all this does not alter the case.

It is difficult for a child to learn to speak, and at first he can only manage very little words and short sentences, but it is natural to him to make the effort, and he does it unconsciously. And it is as natural to the Spaniard of the people to express himself in dancing as in spoken words.

And it is because dancing in Spain—generally speaking—is an expression of Nature and not merely of Art that disappointment is sometimes experienced by strangers. We, of Great Britain, France, and America, are accustomed to artificial amusements, more especially where dancing is concerned.

For example, we go to a handsome theatre, where the lighting is arranged with elaborate care, and where the stage is "set" with a florid scene representing "life in Andalusia." *Toreros* in wonderful attire are lounging about. *Majas, á la Goya,* are displaying superb *mantones de Manila.* The scene is pulsing with vivid colour and bewildering life. And then some gorgeous butterfly pushes her way arrogantly to the front, her breasts and arms covered with diamonds worth a King's ransom!

The "Spanish Dance" in other Countries.

And this superb creature dances a *Tango* or the *Soleares* or some other well-known Spanish dance. She is Spanish, and the dance is entirely Spanish, but I do not know where in Spain itself you could find a similar *ensemble,* for the Spaniards are so accustomed to dancing that, unless for the benefit of strangers, they do not encourage elaborate exhibitions of it in their theatres. And so it not infrequently happens that visitors to Andalusia express their feelings in some such words as: "But *this* is not half 'so Spanish' as dances I have seen in London, or Paris, or New York!"

For the type "very Spanish"—outside Spain—is represented by some lovely exotic feminine thing, with fierce dark eyes and heavy hair, which refuses to remain confined — a wonderful creature who habitually goes through life with hands on hips, a cigarette between her red lips, and a swagger which would put to shame the proverbial gait of the *toreros.* And the "very Spanish" type, as understood of foreigners, has in real life many attractive representatives, only these are rarely to be encountered in Spain!

In Paris this type blossoms and fruits to perfection, for when Parisian Art is wedded to exotic Nature a sufficiently alluring result is assured.

I often think of Ibsen's plays in connection with genuine Spanish dancing. Plays and dances alike represent phases of Nature, pure and simple, and it remains to be seen if

the onlooker will, or can, appreciate them. To a mind which has been fed on artifices, Nature—at first—often seems unnatural. The aftermath depends on individual tendencies. There are those who, once having learned to appreciate Ibsen, can never again tolerate ordinary dramatic methods, and in the same way there are those who find that, when once the dances of Spain have taken possession of the imagination, all others seem more or less artificial and of secondary importance.

Extreme Naturalness of Spanish Dancing.

In some respects the dances of Spain are akin to the Greek dances of long-ago days. The Spaniards of to-day, like the Greeks of yesterday, express their most intimate feelings in the dance. Nothing is sufficiently sacred to be avoided.

And always it must be remembered that the dances and dancers of southern Spain have been famous for centuries and centuries past. Two thousand years ago the wealthy Romans used to send to Gades—Cadiz of to-day—for their best dancing-girls, and Mr. Ellis mentions, in this connection, that "the famous statue of the so-called Venus Callipyge, representing a woman who turns her head round as she bends backward, is not, as the name and pose might suggest, a representation of self-admiration, but undoubtedly the image of a Cadiz dancer in a characteristic movement of a Spanish dance."

Roughly speaking, I should feel inclined to divide the dancing of Andalusia into four sections: the dances of the Señoritas, for—as I shall explain a little later on—the society girls of Sevilla dance the *Sevillanas*, etc., as a matter of course; the dances of the people; the dances of the Café Chantant; and the dances of the gipsies. And in considering, in connection with these four sections, the dance always associated with Sevilla—*Las Sevillanas*—we unconsciously arrive at something like a solution of the secret of Spanish dancing.

Varieties of Dancing.

Everyone dances *Las Sevillanas!* In Sevilla, in a ball-room,

it occupies a place on the programme similar to that of the valse or two-step in London or Paris. And very beautifully some of the pretty señoritas dance: with dainty, if slightly rigid, gestures and with ultra correct steps. And they express themselves absolutely in the dance. They are *jeunes filles:* happy, light-hearted, innocently coquettish, and discreet. They have not, except in rare circumstances, been taught dancing by a professional, for to the Spanish mother this idea savours of the theatre. The mothers teach the daughters and the elder sisters teach the younger. And in these circumstances *Las Sevillanas* seems an ideal dance for the young girl.

But the same dance interpreted by the people, in some fragrant garden, under the light of a southern moon, is a vastly different thing. Unconsciously its virile fascination mounts to the brain, and the pulses throb in rhythm with the clashing *castanets* and twanging guitars. In every movement of these supple bodies there is subtle temptation, and the imperious stamp of the foot, in certain figures, accentuates the call of passion. One feels, for a moment, as if one were a little *too* near Nature!

And then in the Café Chantant the same dance, or one of like description, takes still another aspect. Here again you find virile life and insistent suggestion, but it all seems very sordid after the scene in the moonlit garden. The question of pounds, shillings, and pence seems to have entered in and brushed off the bloom of Nature.

Gipsy Dancers.

As to the gipsy dances—here we pass into another world. For the gipsies of Spain, as of Russia and of Hungary, are creatures apart from the rest of the world. They are an extraordinary people, these wanderers and outlaws. One part of Sevilla —the Triana quarter—is filled with them, and, with a few exceptions, they possess no attractions for the eyes. And yet, when I think of the delightful experiences I have enjoyed in Andalusia, I find my thoughts entangled in the fascinations

of a green-eyed gipsy woman, whose dark skin was covered with small-pox pits, and whose smile was mysterious as that of a sphinx.

The evening I saw her dance she wore a slightly trained skirt of pale green *batiste* and a *manton de Manila* of ivory silk gorgeously embroidered in crimson and dull green. Her dead black hair was drawn away from her forehead and dressed high on the top of her head, and just behind the left ear she wore a dark red rose.

So far as features were concerned, she was almost an ugly woman, but her green eyes gleamed under a fringe of black lashes and her figure was absolutely perfect. Tall and full, with tapering limbs and tiny feet.

It was the first gipsy dance I had ever seen, and the preparations seemed very interesting. Two men—both gipsies—seated themselves on chairs and one of them commenced to twang a guitar: fiercely and with amazing spirit.

Then the other began to sing, or rather to chant, with a strong nasal accent, and the girl of the green eyes slowly moved forward and began to dance. And while she danced all those present kept up a constant and rythmic clapping of the hands.

The *Tango* may be danced in many different ways, but always it is a dance of the whole body. Every limb, almost it seems every muscle, takes active part. I have seen the *Tango* danced wildly, with furious abandon and with grotesque actions which faintly recall the cake-walk, but I have never since seen anything like that *Tango* of the green-eyed gipsy of Triana!

It was a marvel of subtle and baffling fascination. She danced so slowly that almost it seemed as though she felt too bored to make an effort, but each movement of the hips and waist and shapely limbs was eloquence itself. And as these subtle movements followed each other in quick succession the green eyes flickered as though to say:

A Beautiful Rendering of the "Tango."

"I am only at play, but if it happened that I were in earnest . . . !" And when at last she sat down there was very little applause: none, except from the strangers present. It had not been a "performance," only a little indication of what a woman can say, without speaking!

Liszt has left us some wonderful descriptions of gipsy dances in Hungary, but a curiously emotional word-picture, in the same *genre*, has been recorded by Dumas. I have not space to give more than a few sentences of this description, but they will indicate the general idea: "All this while her limbs, which I had imagined to be in a state of collapse, had assumed the suppleness and strength of a gazelle. Her eyes, which had seemed so heavy with sleep, were now fully awake and flashing fire; her lips, which at first she appeared scarce able to open, were now raised at the corners, exposing to view, like rims of pearls, two magnificent rows of teeth. The butterfly was transformed into a woman, and the woman into a raving Bacchante. Then, as if he himself were carried away by the strains of the guitar, the man jumped up and touched her on the shoulder with his lips ——. Then commenced a dance which represented a combination of the Pyrrhic of Greece, the Jaleo of Spain, and the Chica of America. It was both a flight and a provocation—a struggle in which the woman kept escaping like a snake and the man ever pursuing like a tiger. All the time the music was increasing in volume while the other two women beat the ground with their feet and clapped their hands like cymbals."

Dances of Different Provinces.

A very interesting and remarkable feature of Spanish dancing is the marked difference in the movements of the body practised in various provinces. In Andalusia *all* the limbs and *all* the muscles seem to take part in the dance, but as you travel towards the north a change takes place. In Aragon, for example, where the *jota* is universally danced, the legs and arms take the giant's share of the work, and the trunk of the body is, practically, motionless. And further

north still you find, in the Basque provinces, the whole stress of work thrown on the legs: the arms and body remaining absolutely motionless. The Basque dances—many of them—recall the dances of my own country, Ireland. There is the same tireless activity of the legs; the same dainty action of the feet, and exactly the same position of the arms, hanging straight and loose at either side of the body.

After the delicious dances of Andalusia, the *jota* is the most notable dance of Spain. It is, perhaps, more curious than attractive, but the music is exquisite, and when, at given moments, a singer joins in for a few bars, the effect is magical.

The *jota* is a peculiarly aggressive dance; the man and woman, who face each other, seem determined to outdo each other in the matter of elaborate and difficult steps, but not even the faintest suggestion of *amour* enters in. Someone has, *un*poetically, likened the Basque dancers to "fleas on hot bricks," and in watching the *jota* this description forces its way to the front. The little side kicks are very suggestive of a desire of keeping the feet from the ground!

La Tortajada.

Of the many Spanish dancers who have made for themselves European reputations my personal taste leads me to single out Tortajada. For she is not only one of the most beautiful of women, but also she is a delightful dancer and an admirable personality. La Tortajada is a native of Granada, and is devoted to her birthplace and to her country. A true daughter of the Sun, she looks forward with delight to her yearly visit to the ancient stronghold of the Moors, and it is her fixed intention to spend her days there, when the triumphs of the stage have become wearisome, and when her inclinations indicate that the moment has come for "cutting off the *coleta*," or, in other words, retiring into private life.

At Granada, Tortajada has built for herself an ideally beautiful nest, in an old palace which was at one time occupied by Ferdinand of Aragon and Queen Isabella, and it is in this nest that she spends her holidays each year. She and her

husband are happy as love-birds, and the life of this really lovely woman is, in private as in public, one long triumph. I have seen Tortajada in many circumstances, and in many gorgeous costumes, but I have never seen her look more beautiful than one morning at the Alhambra—in London, *not* Granada—when she came on the stage to rehearse. She was wearing a severely plain tailor-made costume of brown cloth and a simple brown straw hat which harmonised deliciously with the rich gold-brown tints of her hair. As she walked down the great stage the orchestra rose, to a man, as though to greet Royalty, and I shall never forget the peal of delighted laughter which broke from her lips as she greeted each one, individually. Behind the scenes at the Alhambra, Tortajada was an idol, and everyone, down to the scene shifters, had some story to tell of her kindness.

This dancer has carried the fascinations of southern Spain all over the world. She has danced before a company of 3,000 Zulus. She has danced before the chiefs of the Sioux Indians! She has danced before all the crowned heads of Europe, and has had ovations in all the big cities of America. She has even been presented to His Holiness the Pope, and has received compliments on her career from her compatriot, Cardinal Merry del Val.

In the person of La Tortajada the traditions of Spain are safe. She is a daughter of Andalusia, from the tip of her stately head to the point of her dainty little feet. Full of sparkling life and of subtle charm: natural and yet exotic as a gorgeous bird of paradise!

Nothing could be more graceful than the *mantones de Manila* which are so much worn by the Spanish dancers. And these *mantones* are also worn by Spanish women in varied positions of life, but in certain circumstances only. The *manton de Manila* is an immense shawl, made of China silk or of silk crêpe. It is heavily fringed and richly embroidered; sometimes the embroideries—carried out in varied coloured silks—are in an

The Manton de Manila.

all-over floral design, and sometimes Chinese figures are introduced. This garment is carefully folded across, from corner to corner, and placed over the bust, the double point coming directly in front. The ends are crossed at the back, discreetly tightened, so that the bust and hips may be outlined, and then thrown over the shoulders and fastened with a single pin at either side. Arranged in this manner the shawl gives the most exquisite effects, for in dancing its wearer makes the long fringes sway graciously, and the figure, which is displayed as much as concealed, seems alive with poetic and subtle charm.

All Spanish women possess a *manton de Manila;* some possess very many of them, in varied designs, sizes and colours. A young dancer whose acquaintance I made in Sevilla was the happy owner of ten of these shawls, and each one was worth from 800 to 1,000 pesetas!

In other circumstances than for dancing these shawls are used in different ways. I have already spoken of them in connection with the bull-fight, and they are also to be seen, and in generous quantities, at the Férias which are held in various parts of Spain in the spring and summer seasons. Of the *manton* at the Féria I shall have occasion to speak in my chapter on "Fiestas," but here, while I remember it, I must mention that, two years ago, Queen Amélie of Portugal wore a gorgeous *manton de Manila* wrapped round her shoulders as she drove in *Las Delicias* after the Easter bull-fight.

Another picturesque dress worn by Spanish dancers is the *madroñera,* which is a sort of tunic made of chenil, in silk or in a mixture of wool and cotton. The *madroñera* is generally seen in black, and it is worn over a satin skirt short enough to display the ankles. It is accompanied by a small *bolero,* also made of chenil balls, and, as a rule, with this costume, the hair is dressed low, with a quantity of flowers at the back, behind the ear, and a big tortoise-shell comb jutting out at an extraordinary angle. Yet another variation of this dress may

The Chenil Madroñera.

be seen in the photo facing page 136, in which Don José Otero is represented dancing with one of his pupils. Here you see the *bolero* jacket of plush and the neat frilled shirt front, which recalls those worn by the *toreros*. The jacket is cut in " Eton " shape, and there is a smart little waistcoat. In this particular photograph you can judge of how decorative the Spanish *castanets* can be. The bunch of ribbons is very important-looking, and in this case chenil tassels are mingling with the lengths of brilliant silk.

José Otero—of Sevilla.

One of the finest dancers of Andalusia—and incomparably the best teacher—is José Otero y Aranda of Sevilla. In these ultra-modern days even Andalusia seems in danger of losing—though happily the process will be slow—some of its fascinating personality, but Otero is a true son of the soil : a *sevillano* of the old school, and one whom everyone admires and loves. Last year, when Queen Victoria of Spain visited Sevilla for, I think, the first time, a series of *fêtes* were arranged in her honour and for her pleasure, and in the arrangement of these *fêtes* José Otero played a prominent part. The Queen had expressed a desire to witness Andalusian dancing in natural surroundings, and these dances were arranged by " Maestro," for so we always call Don José, and were executed by him and by his pupils. It was an entertainment in honour of the Queen, and it was given in the famous Casa de Pilatos by the Duque de Medinaceli.

The Casa de Pilatos is one of the show places of Sevilla. It is supposed to have been built in imitation of the House of Pilate in Jerusalem, and it dates back to the sixteenth century. The *patio*, or court, of this house, is exceptionally fine, and it is in one corner of this *patio* that the gaily caparisoned horses shown in the picture are standing. The girl seated behind the man on the foremost horse is Brigida, one of Otero's pupils and an accomplished dancer.

In Andalusia all the lower windows of the houses are barred, right up to the top ; and many of the upper windows also.

Photo by *Mendiboure*

A "MANTON DE MANILA"

And it is through these bars that a courtship is conducted. In the picture, "Pelando la Pava," an old sixteenth-century window is shown, but the bars of windows in ordinary houses are not arranged on such generous lines. They are quite close together and none but a tiny Spanish hand *could* squeeze through to receive a lover's kiss. This romantic, if inconvenient, method of courtship holds good in Andalusia of to-day, and such scenes as that in the picture may be seen in Sevilla every evening, and in almost every street.

In the spring season José Otero arranges exhibitions of Spanish dancing in the Salon Oriente, and here can be seen, in perfection, the *Bolero de Madrid* and the classic *La Malagueña y el Torero;* the *Jaleo de Jerez*, the *Soleares*, *Las Sevillanas*, and many other dances.

Visitors to Sevilla find these exhibitions a great boon, because it is no easy thing for strangers to see really good dancing, in perfectly pleasant surroundings.

Almost everyone who has written about Spain has described some special circumstances in which he, or she, has seen superlatively good Spanish dancing. Mr. Havelock Ellis speaks with enthusiasm of the Chinitas at Malaga, where, "One went upstairs to a charming old-world haunt, a scene as from a seventeenth-century Dutch picture, in which on the tiniest of stages and in the presence of an intensely serious and entirely national audience—while guardian mothers and aunts of the performers sat solemnly around—some of the most accomplished dancers of Spain danced, in their beautiful Manila shawls, never-ending cycles of characteristically Spanish dances."

A Memorable Evening.

Quite recently Monsieur René Maizeroy—a Parisian of Parisians and an enthusiast on the subject of Spain—described his ideal Spanish dance which he witnessed, "*Sous une treille de roses, dans un jardin, au temps des Croix-de-Mai, avec comme luminaire quatre lanternes de papier jaune, les astres du ciel et la clair de lune,*" *etc., etc.*

And I, also, on looking back to the glorious days of my first spring in Sevilla, can pick out one special and unforgettable evening, in which I witnessed perfect dancing in absolutely natural surroundings.

It was on the evening of the feast of San José, at a little saint's-day party given by Don José Otero, at his house in the Calle San Vicente. It was an informal gathering: a few favourite pupils and one or two intimate friends. And as we sat together in the big salon where "Maestro" gives his lessons we seemed like a family party, watching Otero's little boys playing "Toro," and encouraging with an animated "*Olé*"—"*Olé*," the little golden-haired Pepito, when he gravely and dexterously executed some well-known pass of the cloak!

The "Fiesta de San José."

And, in thinking of that evening, I remember my feelings of consternation when a tray containing brimming glasses of some particularly insidious Spanish wine—golden in hue and rich to the taste—was handed round. Being by habit a teetotaler, I took the little wine-glass with considerable misgivings: misgivings which grew and flourished when, later on, I realised that the hospitable tray was destined to approach me very frequently. Happily, custom does not demand that, on such occasions, more than a sip be taken each time, and so, with the aid of delicious cakes and many sweetmeats, I managed to retain control of my lower limbs, even if—and this is possible—my tongue borrowed courage and attacked the Spanish language with needless energy!

And later on, when our delightful hostess, Doña Cecilia, had taken little Pepito on her knee and soothed him to sleep, someone began to play *Las Sevillanas*, and Lolita—loveliest of girls and most perfect of dancers—invited "Maestro" to dance with her. And then began a series of dances which I shall never forget—the girls trying, each one in turn, to outshine the other, and to compose new adornments in honour of the feast of San José; and "Maestro," in a desire to repay

Photo by *Beauchy*

JOSÉ OTERO AND A PUPIL

all these delicious compliments, dancing as he never danced before, or—I believe—since.

Brigida was there, and she danced a wonderful *Bolero* with Otero's nephew. Gloria—one of the most beautiful women in Andalusia—was there, and so was a handsome dancer who has since made for herself a name in Paris. Everyone was in the best of spirits, and when my travelling companion was induced to stand up and take part in a *copla* of the *Sevillanas*, the encouraging clap of hands and clash of *castanets* grew wilder than ever, for all present wanted the little *Irlandesa* to make a success!

It was a memorable evening, and on looking back on it, and in thinking of all the kindness and affection I experienced in Sevilla, I dedicate this chapter to "Maestro," and, in approved style, express my feelings—

> Brindo por Andalusia, la Tierra de Maria Santísima:
> por "Maestro" y por su simpatica familia.

CHAPTER VII

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

In thinking over the Spanish musicians who have occupied an important place in the world in modern days the name of Manuel Garcia at once suggests itself: for though he was an international celebrity, he was *very* Spanish—in character as in appearance.

Don Manuel Garcia.

Manuel Patricio Rodriguez Garcia was born in the year 1805, and opinions are divided as to the exact birthplace. Some say that it was Madrid, but I think those who name Zafra are more correct. In his admirable book, "Garcia the Centenarian and his Times," Mr. Sterling Mackinlay recalls some interesting facts in connection with the year of Don Manuel's birth. He says: "What of the musical world in 1805? Beethoven had not yet completed his thirty-seventh year, Schubert was a boy of eight, Auber, Bishop, Charles Burney — who had been born in 1726 — Callcott, Cherubini, Dibdin, Halévy, 'Papa' Haydn, Meyerbeer, Paganini, Rossini, Spohr, Weber, these were all living, and many of them had yet to become famous. As for Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms, they were not even born: while Gounod, Wagner, and Verdi were mere schoolboys when Garcia was a full-blown operatic baritone."

Friends of Garcia.

It is impossible to imagine any more stirring "times" than those of Don Manuel Garcia. He was the intimate friend and comrade of all the great musicians whose names are held as sacred in our homes of to-day. He was the son of one of the finest tenors Spain has ever possessed, and the brother of the glorious Malibran and of Pauline Viardot-Garcia. Georges Sand he knew well, and he used to take pleasure in describing

an episode of the French Revolution of 1848, when Georges Sand was seen standing on the top of a barricade, surrounded by excited students, and when she called down to her musician friend: "*N'est-ce pas que c'est magnifique? N'est-ce pas que c'est beau?*"

And in this revolution Garcia took his place on the barricades side by side with Jean François Millet, and was—about the same period—the friend of Corot, Rousseau, Delaroche, Rosa Bonheur, and very many other "immortals."

As a professor of singing, Manuel Garcia held, from first to last, an absolutely unique position. No other man has ever had such successes, and most surely no other man has ever had such a brilliant band of pupils. Jenny Lind, Malibran, Mathilde Marchesi, Santley, Antoinette Sterling, Johanna Wagner—this latter a niece of Richard Wagner and an accomplished artist.

Wagner's Appreciation of Manuel Garcia.

In connection with Don Manuel's friendship with the Wagner family, it is important to remember that, when arrangements were being made for the first Bayreuth Festival, Richard Wagner wrote and asked the Spanish musician to undertake the training of the singers. Garcia was unable to accept this offer, but the fact that it was made throws a light on Wagner's supposed ideas as to the Italian method!

It is also interesting and instructive to realise that this eminent Spaniard practically *commanded* the musical world of the past fifty years—so far as singers were concerned—for not only did he instruct a large number of notable artists himself, but his pupils carried on his work in various countries:

Mathilde Marchesi.

in Paris Mathilde Marchesi gathered in pupils from all corners of the globe, and, in Berlin and Frankfort, Julius Stockhausen—one of Garcia's favourite pupils—was considered the most eminent professor of his day; Stockhausen was the master of Van Rooy and of George Henschel.

There have been, of recent years, many discussions on the

vexed question of "voice *production*"—a phrase which was Don Manuel's pet aversion: many theories have been set forth, but when weighing the *pros* and *cons* of these, it is well to remember that the greatest professor of singing of the nineteenth century believed in, and always adhered to, the "Bel Canto" method which has been handed down from the famous *maestro* Porpora.

I have said that Don Manuel detested the phrase "voice production," and for this dislike he was always ready to give his reasons. Mr. Mackinlay describes the following little speech, delivered to a pupil who had unwittingly used the forbidden words: "*Mon Dieu!* How can you *produce* a voice? Can you show it to me and say, 'Here it is. Examine it'? Can you pour it out like molten lead into the sand? *Non!* There is no such thing as 'voice production.' Perhaps you mean voice *emission*. You do? *Eh bien!* Then say so, please."

Of Señor Garcia's untiring work for the advancement of music it would be superfluous to speak further, since his life belonged to the public, and its every movement was watched and chronicled, but we must pause for a moment to consider his invention of the laryngoscope.

I have said that all through his long life Manuel Garcia was a true Spaniard, in nature as well as by birth, and the manner in which he made his great discovery was—to those who understand the Spanish character—very characteristic. He had a great wish to attain a certain end, and he set about obtaining it in a simple and practical way. And this "end" was not to make a scientific discovery: it was to see his glottis! In attaining the desired "end," he made a scientific discovery which has benefited the whole world, but the motive power, which I hold to be essentially Spanish, was something quite simple and practical.

I do not think the average Spaniard is possessed of a scientific mind, but he is very ready to make use of such science as may help him to attain a desired end: and this end is almost invariably a practical one.

With regard to the discovery which led to the invention of the laryngoscope I cannot do better than quote again from Mr. Sterling Mackinlay's book. After having spoken of the great musician's overpowering desire to see a healthy glottis in the very act of singing, for he felt that in this way he could discover many things closely connected with the art of voice emission, Mr. Mackinlay continues: "Suddenly the idea came to him—'Why should I not *try* to see it?' How must this be done? Why obviously by some means of reflection. Then, like a flash, he seemed to see the two mirrors of the laryngoscope in their respective positions as though actually before his eyes." Further on we learn that the musician placed a long-handled dentist's glass in position against his uvula, and then examined it by the aid of a hand-mirror. "By good fortune he hit upon the proper angle at the very first attempt. There before his eyes appeared the glottis, wide open, and so fully exposed that he could see a portion of the trachea. So dumbfounded was he that he sat down aghast for several minutes." Six months after this primitive discovery Don Manuel submitted his paper on "Physiological Observations on the Human Voice" to the Royal Society of London. In this paper he set down the scientific thesis of his discovery in language which would have done credit to expert anatomists and physiologists.

Birth of the Laryngoscope.

It is rather a curious fact that I am writing these words on the 104th anniversary of the day on which Manuel Garcia was born—on the 17th of March! For the birthday of this eminent Spaniard is the special "Day" of St. Patrick, the Patron Saint of my country!

And on the famous birthday in the year 1905—when the wonderful old man entered what Professor Fränkel described as "the second century of his immortality"—he looked every inch a Spaniard when the Marquis de Villalobar visited him for the purpose of delivering a special message of congratulation from

The Centenary.

King Alfonso XIII. In the course of this visit the Marquis said: "I have been honoured by his Majesty the King, Don Alfonso XIII, with his august representation to congratulate you on the day of your centenary, and in the presence of the learned men who have assembled in this great metropolis for its celebration. In obeying the King's command, in which the Government and the Spanish people join, I honour myself, investing you, in the name of his Majesty and your motherland, with the Royal Order of Alfonso XII, as a high reward to your merits and the services rendered to mankind through your science and your labour," etc., etc.

The Valera Type.

In the chapter on Literature, and elsewhere in this book, I have alluded to what has been called "the Valera woman": that peculiarly attractive type which modern Spaniards have, more or less, condemned as un-Spanish. And I have called this type the "eternal woman," and pointed out that in many respects she was, in my opinion, quite Spanish! In this connection it is interesting to recall some of the leading characteristics of one of the most notable singers Spain has ever possessed—Maria Garcia, who became world-famous under the title of Malibran!

This extraordinary woman's charm and versatility were very remarkable: she was not alone a great singer, but she was also a great linguist, an accomplished artist, and an inimitable mimic. She was full of vivid life, and a description of her, given by one who knew her well, strongly suggests the "Valera type."

"Maria Malibran"—this writer says—"would dress like a man and drive the coach from place to place; and when she arrived, brown with the sun and dust of Italy, would sometimes jump into the sea. Then she would go straight to the Opera, and, having sung 'Amina,' 'Norma,' or 'The Maid of Artois,' as we shall perhaps never hear them sung again, return home to write or sing comic songs. At cock-crow

she was out galloping her horse off its legs before a rehearsal in the morning, a concert in the afternoon, and the Opera at night!"

Such was the untiring energy of this notable Spanish woman, who, unhappily, died at the early age of twenty-eight.

Sarasate.

In a chapter devoted to the music and musicians of Spain it is necessary to give a place of prominence to a violinist who is now, alas! no longer with us. Pablo Martin Meliton de Sarasate was the greatest of artists and the most charming of men. He spent much of his life in wandering up and down Europe, and everywhere he went he was *fêted* and adored, but to the last he remained a Spaniard of the Spaniards: in temperament, in taste, in thought and in action.

The yearly visits of Sarasate to his native town, Pampeluna, were occasions of general rejoicing. He was received with Royal honours, and, as I hinted in another chapter, his appearance in a *palco* at the *Plaza de Toros* was the signal of a triumphant welcome from thousands of eager voices, which gave the violin king more real pleasure than did the European ovations to which he was so well accustomed.

At a very early age Pablo de Sarasate showed extraordinary talent for music: when a little boy of six years he played, and with much success, at a concert at Coruña, in Galicia, and at the age of twelve he entered the Paris Conservatoire and became the favourite pupil of Delphin Alard.

When he was a romantic-looking youth of about eighteen Sarasate paid his first visit to England and played at the old St. James's Hall. After that quite a long time elapsed before he was again heard in London, but when, I think in 1874, he played at one of the Philharmonic Society's Concerts he made a veritable sensation.

I have heard persons who were present at that concert describe the extraordinary appearance of the Spanish musician: his great mass of dark hair framing his pale face and his wild dark eyes exercising a subtle fascination over the delighted audience.

It was at this period that the name of Sarasate became closely associated with the Finale of the Mendelssohn Concerto, and the war which raged round his rendering of this terrific piece of music never really abated. To the last, strict musicians declared that the violinist sacrificed art to effect, and that he made it impossible for the wood-wind instruments to give the difficult passages of the Finale proper execution; in fact, that the impulsive Spaniard took the Finale at such lightning speed that he, and he alone, was "in at the death!"

The Mendelssohn Concerto.

For many years Pablo de Sarasate was always accompanied, at his concerts, by that admirable pianist, Madame Berthe Marx, but in the year 1906 he appeared at the Bechstein Hall in conjunction with his compatriot Carlos Sobrino, and many critics were of opinion that the accompaniments of Señor Sobrino were beyond praise.

Of this fascinating musician's rendering of the *jota Aragonesa* no one could speak without seeming exaggeration: it was an extraordinary performance, and it stirred the emotions of French and English audiences quite as much as those of Spain. The last time I heard Sarasate play the *jota* was at an afternoon concert in Paris, and it was seven o'clock before we left the building! Again and again the musician was recalled, and the enthusiasts were only induced to cease applauding by the announcement that he had driven back to his hotel!

Amongst the many distinctions showered upon Sarasate by the rulers of Europe were the "Grand Cross of the Order of Isabella the Catholic"; the Legion of Honour; the Red Eagle of Russia, etc.

The most important composer in Spain at the present day is Tomas Breton, and it is interesting to realise that he, like Pietro Mascagni, was the son of a baker. From his infancy Breton showed an extraordinary love and talent for music, and at eight years of age he began to study music seriously; he

Tomas Breton.

quickly mastered the rudiments of the violin, and when only ten years of age he was a member of an orchestra in Salamanca, in which city he was born.

At this early age Breton had no knowledge of harmony, but this did not keep him from beginning to compose music, and his exceeding precocity attracted the attention of leading artists, who urged his mother to send him to Madrid to pursue his studies. For some time the want of money kept Tomas Breton's parents from doing all they wished for their wonderful son, but, finally, they managed to make their way to Madrid, and there, at the age of fifteen, the boy obtained the position of first violin in an important theatre.

At this stage of his career numerous persons insisted that it was absolutely necessary for the young musician to go through a course of serious studies for the purpose of passing into the Conservatorio.

This idea of spending several years in preliminary study did not commend itself to Breton. Instead, he procured a copy of Eslava's "Escuela de Composicion," studied it for five months—*alone*—and then presented himself for admission, and was at once received into the Conservatorio!

In 1872 he and Chapi carried off the honours, and Breton's reputation, as a serious musician, was firmly established.

"Los Amantes de Teruel."

The name of Tomas Breton is known all through the length and breadth of Spain in connection with the Opera—"Los Amantes de Teruel,"—which is so universally popular that it is always brought forward as a stop-gap when any other opera fails to gain favour with the public. A curious fact connected with this opera is, that when it was first produced it was an absolute failure; no one had a good word to say for it, and it would have completely disappeared from view had not the Queen Regent—who admired the music—taken the matter firmly in hand. The Queen—who has always been a most sympathetic patron of music of the best order—had some of the leading numbers from "Los Amantes de Teruel" given in

the Palace, and gradually the tide turned in favour of Breton. In the year 1889 the opera was produced, with triumphant results, at the *Teatro Real*, and ever since then it has held the Spanish stage continuously.

The Catalans were, from the first, enthusiastic admirers of Breton's great gifts, and he received so much encouragement from friends in Barcelona that he became filled with the idea of writing a Catalan opera. This he eventually did—taking as a theme the legend of " Juan Garin," which title he gave to the opera. This work was produced in Barcelona with a success which has never been equalled in that city.

Amongst the many remarkable musical works of this artist may be cited " La Verbena de la Paloma " and " La Dolores." Breton has composed several popular *zarzuelas*, and many orchestral pieces.

Of recent years no one has done more for orchestral music in Spain than Señor Arbos. This clever musician is a native of Galicia, and his father and grandfather were military bandmasters; from his earliest childhood he showed a marked talent for music and while still only a little boy gained various prizes at the Conservatoire of Madrid.

E. Fernandez Arbos.

Through the influence of his master, Monasterio, the eminent violinist, Fernandez Arbos was brought under the direct notice of the Spanish Royal Family, and was also able to pursue his studies abroad.

At the Brussels Conservatoire he studied under Vieuxtemps, but on hearing Joachim play he became so infatuated by the style of that great artist that he went straight to Berlin and placed himself under his direction. While still continuing his studies Señor Arbos filled the post of leader of the Berlin Philharmonic Society, and a little later on he made a concert tour in France, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, and Poland.

He was then invited to fill the post of Professor of the Violin at the Hamburg Conservatoire, but shortly after settling in Hamburg he was asked by the Queen of Spain to

Photo by *"Nuevo Mundo"*

"PELANDO LA PAVA"

return to Madrid and to take up the position of principal professor of the violin in the Conservatoire of that capital.

Chamber Music in Madrid.

It may fairly be said that it was Señor Arbos who made really fine chamber music popular in Spain. He threw himself heart and soul into the work, and founded a society for the practice of the compositions of classical writers. At that period orchestral music, of a first-rate quality, was little known in Spain, and the work done by the musician of whom I am now speaking has had a very wide influence: in the provinces as well as in Madrid.

Somewhere about the year 1891 Señor Arbos had a great success in London, playing at some concerts given by Albeniz—the eminent Spanish pianist and composer, whose death has been recently announced—and afterwards at one of the popular concerts, at which he played Bach's double concerto with Joachim.

Fernandez Arbos is a man of many talents: a really fine violinist, he is also a first-rate orchestral leader and—perhaps best of all—an incomparable teacher.

His wide experience at five different Conservatoires has been invaluable to his pupils, and he has succeeded in imbuing many of them with his own enthusiasm for classical music. Of his compositions—and they are many—his trios for the piano and strings are the best known, but he has also written an interesting and amusing comic opera, "El Centro de la Tierra," which was produced in 1895.

Arbos was for a short time leader and soloist to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but finally decided to accept the post of permanent conductor of the Madrid Symphony Orchestra. This Orchestra has been brought, under his guidance, to a high state of efficiency, and during the season important works by Bach, Tschaikowsky, and Brahms are given.

Under the direction of this musician, the compositions of Débussy, César Franck, Sibelius, Rimsky-Korsakoff, etc.,

have been introduced to the Spanish public : it is interesting to realise that, in connection with the concerts given by the Madrid Symphony Orchestra, the popular vote was given in favour of Bach. The works of this grand old master found far more favour with the Spaniards than those of any modern composer.

It has been rather the fashion, of late years, to say that the Spaniards are no longer a really musical nation, and—on the surface—this seems true, but Wagner is regarded in Spain almost as a household god, and I remember an occasion, in Madrid, when a large audience found sufficient enthusiasm to *encore* the Tannhaüser Overture at the very end of a concert which had lasted *four hours !*

I have already mentioned, in another chapter, that in the summer Señor Arbos conducts the classic concerts at the Casino of San Sebastian ; he also finds time to pay frequent visits to London, and to conduct, from time to time, the London Symphony Orchestra.

This musician, who is very well known in Madrid society, is a young naval officer of exceptional talent. He is devoted to his profession, and in pursuing it with enthusiasm he finds but little time, comparatively, for the study of music ; nevertheless, he has already published some remarkable compositions for stringed instruments, at least two fine symphonies and several operas.

Manrique de Lara.

He is at present occupied in finishing an important opera entitled " Rodrigo de Vivar," and this work he himself regards as his best.

Don Manrique is a vehement enthusiast of the Wagnerian principles, which he considers to be ideal, since they afford unrivalled methods for the expression of modern art.

In an interesting letter which I received recently from him, Don Manrique expressed unbounded admiration for the genius of the Maestro Chapi—of whom he was the *only* pupil. Since the receipt of that letter the news of Chapi's death has

filled the musical world with grief, for he was a universal favourite; but a few days before his death, he had been receiving congratulations from his numerous friends and acquaintances on the success of his opera, "Margarita la Tornera," which had just set all Madrid talking.

In speaking of his beloved maestro, Don Manrique said: "He is undoubtedly *the* great artistic figure of the present day in Spain. The enormous quantity of his works has not in any way interfered with the quality, which is always excellent."

An all-round Artist.

Besides being a skilled musician, Manrique de Lara is well known in the literary world. He contributes art criticisms to *El Imparcial, La Epoca, El Heraldo,* and other papers. He is also musical critic for *El Mundo.* In the American war he volunteered and had the good fortune to command the quick-firing battery on the *Pelayo.*

A Notable Pianist— José Guervos.

There are at the present day quite a number of notable pianists in Spain; indeed, I think that, taking the Spanish executants as a whole, the pianists easily take first place in the race for fame. Some of these masters of the piano have elected to live, almost entirely, out of their own country, but José Guervos is a notable exception to this rule.

He is a son of Andalusia, having been born in Granada in the year 1870, and his career has been an extraordinarily successful one. This is not to be wondered at when we realise that he comes of musical people, on both sides: his father and mother were skilled musicians, and so were his grandparents, and so on.

After having commenced his serious studies with his father, Guervos entered the Conservatorio of Madrid in 1886, and in 1888 obtained first prize for the piano. In 1892 he began to teach and was made professor of the piano at the Conservatorio, a post which he still fills. In 1895 he founded a society of Chamber Music, with the famous 'cellist Pablo Casals, and

in the same year he made a prolonged tour with Sarasate, through Spain, Portugal, and France.

This musician has composed a great number of works: for the piano, for the organ, and for orchestra. He has also composed many rarely lovely songs. Some of the most successful compositions of this artist are some short pieces for the piano called "Pensamientos" and his famous "Rimas de Becquer," for a single voice with orchestral accompaniment. Becquer was an extraordinary poet of the past century whose *rimas* were very celebrated, and Señor Guervos has surrounded them with music which is as effective as it is original.

Compositions of Guervos.

In the year 1900 Señor Guervos was invited by the Queen Regent to give lessons to the late Princess of the Asturias and to the Infanta Maria Teresa—sisters of the King. Since then he has been made Court Pianist of Spain, and in this capacity he arranges all the musical entertainments—and they are many—which take place in the Palace.

The compositions of José Guervos are distinctly Spanish in flavour: they seem to reflect the love which the musician cherishes for the golden south—for Andalusia, his native province.

I do not think that it is generally known that really splendid work is being carried on at the Conservatorio of Madrid; each year the successful pupils grow more and more numerous, and the course of teaching leaves nothing to be desired. At the Conservatorio there are fifty-eight professors, and these are divided under two headings: *numerarios* for superior instruction, and *supernumerarios* for elementary instruction. The pupils number between 4,000 and 5,000, and the course includes all the branches taken up by the Conservatoire of Paris. Very special attention is paid to instruction in harmony, counter-bass, declamation, solfeggio, etc., etc.

The Conservatorio of Madrid.

The greatest 'cellist of the present day, in Spain, is Pablo Casals. He is still quite a young man, but his tone and

execution are superb, and many critics place him on a line with the foremost European masters of the 'cello of our day. Unfortunately, Casals is naturally of a nervous temperament, and for this reason his execution is, at times, uneven; but, on the other hand, this very nervousness adds great charm to his playing, for it keeps him strung up and his hearers benefit by what must be to him real suffering. Casals is a Catalan, and is one of the many Spanish artists who pass the greater part of their time in Paris.

Pablo Casals.

Miguel Llobet is a notable guitarist. He was a favourite pupil of Tarrega—the greatest master of the guitar Spain has known during the past fifty years—and, like his illustrious maestro, he is able to make the guitar speak. It was in Paris that I first had the pleasure of making this musician's acquaintance, and I confess to a feeling of intense surprise when I heard him softly playing the opening notes of one of Chopin's most exquisite Nocturnes. I had never thought of associating the guitar with serious music, but in the hands of Miguel Llobet it gave us Bach and Mendelssohn, Chopin and Beethoven. This sounds incredible, but then the guitar is an instrument capable of wonderful things—in thoroughly skilled hands. Towards the end of the evening we pressed the artist to give us something "really Spanish," and he played—in memorable style—a *jota* composed by Tarrega himself. A glorious piece of music, full of brilliant life: music which expressed in delicious sounds what the pictures of Zuloaga express in colour.

Miguel Llobet.

I spoke, at the commencement of my chapter on Plays and Players, of the great popularity, in Spain, of the *zarzuela*. I felt bound to include it in that chapter because it occupies the stage of the majority of Spanish theatres, especially in the provinces, but the king of *zarzuela* writers is entirely a musician. Joaquin Valverde was born in Badajoz in the year 1846. While still a little boy he played the flute in a regimental band at

Joaquin Valverde.

Valencia, and at this period he was put to teach the solfeggio to the recruits! Later on he made his way to Madrid, and at once obtained a position in a theatre orchestra; not very long afterwards he became conductor of the orchestra of the *Teatro Español.*

Sometime in the year 1894 Valverde gave his attention to composition, and since that time he has produced—with unfailing success—more than 200 instrumental works, a number of pieces for the piano and for military bands, and innumerable *zarzuelas*, these latter being the compositions with which his name is always associated. Some of his most popular *zarzuelas* were written in collaboration with Don Federico Chueca, the inimitable musician whose death was announced a few months ago.

Perhaps the best known of Valverde's works may be said to be "La Gran Via," a *zarzuela* which has been played in almost every capital of Europe, and which has had great success in America. "Cadiz" and "Caramelo" are also fine specimens of Valverde's work, and these were also written in collaboration with Chueca.

Valverde Fils.

Valverde *fils*, who resides in Paris, is an extraordinary musician. Composition seems as easy to him as ordinary letter-writing to the average individual. He sits down to the piano and plays a few notes; if the idea he has in his mind pleases him he adds other notes, and then others and others; finally, he goes to a table and writes the whole thing down from memory: a piece or a song—which will surely prove a popular success—having been composed in twenty or thirty minutes.

The younger Valverde has a wonderful memory: he *never* forgets anything he has composed and can, at any time, run right through his *zarzuelas* from beginning to end, without notes. I always remember, with pleasure, having heard this musician sing—some of his own compositions. He has so little voice that he assured us that we could not hear him at all unless we stood close to the piano! But voice was not

required when such an admirable artist was giving expression to the children of his brain ; his *method* of singing—or rather of speaking to a piano accompaniment—was quite fascinating, and all those present on that occasion felt themselves fortunate.

A Great Music Publisher.

Few men have done more for music in Spain than has Don Luis Dotésio, who is not only the greatest publisher of music in Spain, but almost the only one. If such a thing as " chance " exists, it may be said that it was a matter of pure chance that Don Luis took up the business of publishing music ! All his tastes ran in the direction of chemistry, and he was devoting his attention to the analysis of minerals when " chance " threw him into the company of Don Luis Piazza of Sevilla—a noted maker of pianos. Piazza—in the course of an ordinary conversation —suggested that his friend should try and sell a piano for him, in Bilbao. Señor Dotésio consented, and succeeded so well with his self-imposed task that many other pianos passed through his hands, and to-day he holds the unique position of sole representative—in Spain—of all the great piano manufacturers in the world, including the famous *Maison Erard* of Paris.

It was also by " chance " that Don Luis Dotésio went into the music-publishing business ; he first published a piece at the request of a friend, and going from one step to another he is to-day the only really important music-publisher in Spain. By degrees he has acquired the sole rights of publication of the works of nearly all the best Spanish composers, and he has establishments in Madrid, Santander, Bilbao, and in Paris—as well as various branch establishments in the provinces.

An Untiring Worker.

Señor Dotésio possesses many qualities which explain his continued successes : he is an absolutely tireless worker and a keen man of business, while presenting the appearance of a man who dearly loves to take things quietly. His manner is admirable, in friendship as in business, and his word is better than another man's oath.

I have many delightful memories of the friendship which I have enjoyed with Señor Dotésio and with his family. He has a quaint way of saying unexpected things, in a very quiet manner, and his sense of humour is sleepless!

It is quite possible that it is to this sense of humour that Señor Dotésio owes something of his success, for it is an open secret that musicians are not the easiest persons in the world to manage, and it is certain that *he* has managed to keep on the best of terms with them all!

CHAPTER VIII

SPAIN OF TO-MORROW

THIS chapter, which I have called Spain of To-morrow, is dedicated to the memory of one of the finest personalities possessed by Spain in the nineteenth century.

Angel Ganivet. Angel Ganivet was still a young man when he died in the year 1899; nevertheless, he had, in his short life, done much for his country, for his poetic, and yet practical ideals awakened enthusiasm in the souls of many of his compatriots and he quickly came to be proclaimed "the prophet of a movement of spiritual renaissance in Spain." Ganivet, who was a distinguished scholar, belonged to the Spanish Consular Service, and it was at Helsingfors that the wonderful little book which affords subject matter for this chapter was written. I do not think that "Idearium Español" is well known, if known at all, outside Spain, but it contains very many splendid thoughts, and it gives a student of Spain and her people food for serious reflection.

In giving quotations from Ganivet's "Idearium" I have been assisted by the general arrangement of the book itself, which is written in paragraphs. I have not attempted to do more than give a free translation of the words, keeping as close to the *sense* as possible, because it would be quite out of my power to convey any adequate idea of the beauty of the language or of the style. Ganivet—like all well-educated Spaniards—was a master of words and expressed himself in the purest of pure Castilian.

Within the past eight or ten years a number of Spanish writers have published books in which the *débâcle* of Spain has been freely discussed. Some of these writers have taken an exceedingly pessimistic view of the situation while others

have been too frankly optimistic. Ganivet was neither an optimist nor a pessimist: he was a poet and an idealist, who was capable of being very practical. He was a true patriot, and he was not afraid to look the situation full in the face.

Here are some quotations from "Idearium Español"—

"When one examines the ideal constitution of Spain the most profound moral, and in a way, religious element which one finds in it, serving as a cement, is stoicism: not the brutal and heroic stoicism of Cato, nor the serene and majestic stoicism of Marcus Aurelius, nor the rigid and extreme stoicism of Epictetus, but the natural and human stoicism of Seneca.

The Doctrine of Seneca.

"Seneca is not a son of Spain by chance: he is a Spaniard in essence. He is not an Andaluz, because when he was born the Vandals had not come to Spain, and if he had been born later—perhaps in the Middle Ages—he would have belonged to Castile, not Andalusia. All the doctrine of Seneca is condensed into this teaching: Do not let yourself be conquered by anything foreign to your spirit: think, in the midst of the accidents of life, that you have within you a mother-force: something strong and indestructible, like a fine diamond, around which gyrate the mean actions of our everyday life. And, whatever may be the events which befall you—those which we call prosperous or those which we call adverse, or even those which seem to injure us by their contact,—maintain yourself so firmly and proudly that at least you may always say of yourself that you are a man.

"This is Spanish: and it is so Spanish that Seneca had not to invent it because he found it invented already: he had only to take it and to give it a perennial form, working as true men of genius work."

* * * * * *

"A people cannot—and if it could it ought not to—live without glory, but glory may be conquered by many different

means. Glory demonstrates itself in various forms. There is the ideal glory: the most noble form, to which one arrives by the force of intelligence. There is the glory of the struggle for the triumph of the ideals of one people against those of another people. There is the glory of fierce combat for material domination. There is the sadder glory of mutual annihilation in interior struggles. Spain has known all these forms of glory and for a long time has tasted abundantly of the sad glory: we live in perpetual Civil War.

Necessity for an Intellectual Renaissance.

"Our temperament, excited and enfeebled by endless periods of strife, cannot easily succeed in transforming itself, in finding a pacific means of expression, or in manifesting itself by signs more human than those of arms.

"It is indispensable that our nation should be forced to recover itself rationally, and to do this a new spiritual life must be infused into individuals, and by them transmitted into the city and into the State.

"We have seen that our political organization does not depend on exterior forces: there is no outside influence which induces us to adopt this or that form of government. The only useful indication which we can deduct from the examination of our interior interests is that we ought to fortify the organization which we have to-day and acquire a very intense intellectual force, because our historic rôle obliges us to transform our field of action from the material to the spiritual.

"Spain was the first European nation made great by the policy of expansion and of conquest: she has been the first to fall from such greatness, and it is necessary for her now to work for a political and social restoration of a completely new order: her position is distinct from that of any other European nation, and she ought not to imitate any of them: on the contrary, she ought herself to initiate a new course of procedure, accommodated to events also new in history.

"Neither French ideas, nor English nor German can be of use to us, because we—although inferior with regard to

political influence—are superior and more advanced as regards the state in which our natural evolution finds itself. By the fact of losing her dominating force—and all nations have to lose this—Spain has entered into a new phase of her historic life, and she has to see what direction is marked out for her by her present interests and by her traditions."

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"The political problem which Spain has to resolve has no exact precedent in history. A nation which has founded numerous nationalities is obliged, after a long period of decadence, to reconstitute herself as a political force, animated by new sentiments of expansion. What form must this second evolution take in order to unite itself with the first and not to break the historic unity to which both ought to be subordinate? Because here the unity is not an artifice but a fact: the artifice would be to cut short the tradition and to pretend to begin a new life, as if we were a new people, freshly created.

A Political Problem.

"There are many means open to Spain by which she might take a different course of action than that indicated by her history: but a breaking with the past would be a violation of natural laws: a cowardly abandonment of our duties: a sacrifice of the real to the imaginary.

"No new exterior action could lead us to restore the material greatness of Spain: to re-conquer the high rank which she had. Our new undertakings would be like the pretentions of some old *roué* who, instead of resignedly consecrating himself to the memory of his noble youth and romances, started in search of new artificial affections which would be parodies, ridiculous when not repugnant, of the beautiful scenes of sentimental life.

"On the other hand, if, by force of our intelligence, we should arrive at reconstituting a family union of all the *Hispanic* peoples, and at infusing into them the cult of our ideals, we should be fulfilling a great historic mission, and we should give

life to a creation great, original, and new in history. And in fulfilling this mission we should not be working for the benefit of an idea, generous, but without practical utility, but we should be working for our own interests: for interests more transcendental than the conquest of some leagues of territory.

"Given the fact that we have exhausted our forces of material expansion, to-day we must change our tactics and bring to light forces which can never be exhausted—the forces of the intelligence which exist latent in Spain and which can, when developed, raise us to great creations which, satisfying our aspirations for a noble and glorious life, shall serve us materially."

* * * * * *

A Spiritual Diagnosis.

"If I were consulted as a spiritual doctor, to formulate the diagnosis of the malady from which the Spaniards suffer—because there exists a malady, and it is one difficult to cure—I should say that the malady might be designated by the name of *no-querer*" (lack of will-power), "or, in more scientific terms, by the Greek word 'aboulia,' which signifies the same thing—'extinction, or serious weakness, of the will.' And I would sustain my opinion, if it were necessary, by references to famous authorities since, from Esquirol and Maudsley to Ribot and Pierre Janet, a long series of psychologists have studied this disease, in which is revealed, perhaps more clearly than in any other, the influence of mental perturbation upon the organic functions.

"There is an ordinary form of 'aboulia' which we all know and at times suffer from. Who has not from time to time been invaded by a perplexity of spirit born of weakness, or of the inertia consequent on prolonged inaction, in which the will, for want of a dominating idea to move it, vacillates between opposing ideas which counterbalance each other, or dominated by an abstract idea incapable of realisation, remains irresolute, without knowing what to do and without

the power to determine to do anything? When such a transient situation becomes chronic it constitutes 'aboulia,' the outward sign of which is the repugnance of the will to dictate free action.

"In the sufferer from 'aboulia' there is a beginning of movement which shows that the will is not absolutely extinct, but this movement is feeble and rarely arrives at accomplishing anything."

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"The intellectual symptoms of 'aboulia' are various. The attention is enfeebled, more especially when the object which attracts it is new or strange: the understanding appears to be petrified, and it is incapable of assimilating new ideas: it is only active in reviving the memory of past events. But if it arrives at acquiring a new idea it falls, for the want of other ideas to counterbalance it, from debility into exaltation: it falls into the 'fixed idea,' to which it is dragged by a violent impulse."

"Aboulia."

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"Our ancient and melancholy continental policy is absolutely exhausted, dead and buried. Apart from commercial and neighbourly relations nothing exists which obliges Spain to mix herself up with European matters. We have a natural frontier, very clearly defined, and our territorial policy is one of voluntary retirement which, if it were not in itself as logical as it is, would have to be accepted for reasons of decorum.

Spain and European Politics.

"When an eminent actor observes that his faculties are beginning to weaken and decay, by the inevitable action of Time, there is no noble and decent solution for him except that of retirement: he should not permit himself to be degraded by the acceptance of secondary rôles which will lead to the final and humiliating part of first or second servant, whose intervention is reduced to the announcement of the sacramental words—'Madame is served!'

"Spain has been in Europe a great tragic actor, and she cannot accept as a gracious concession the rôle of 'Great Power,' which some politicians, as restless as they are ignorant, think should suffice to endow us with a strength which we do not as yet possess.

"In this matter I think our standard of conduct ought to be so rigid that it would refuse to complicate itself with continental affairs, even though such action might appear necessary for the support of home policy: because, however great might be the benefits obtained, they would never compensate us for the pernicious consequences which would necessarily have to be derived from political action contrary to the essence of our territory."

* * * * * *

"A restoration of the entire life of Spain cannot have any other starting point than the concentration of all our energies within our own territory. We must close, with locks, bolts and bars, all the gates by which the Spanish spirit could escape from Spain to spread itself over the four points of the horizon—points from which Spaniards seem to imagine that salvation has to come. And on each of our gates we should *not* put the Dantesque legend which reads: '*Lasciate ogni speranza,*' but rather this other inscription, more consoling, more profoundly human, imitated from Saint Augustine: '*Noli foras ire: in interiore Hispania habitat veritas.*'"

Necessity for Looking Within.

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"From all that I have previously said it may be inferred that it is absurd to claim that our nation can recover its lost health by means of exterior action: if in the little that we do to-day our feebleness is revealed, what would occur if we tried to move more rapidly? The restoration of our forces demands a prudent management, a slow and gradual

Origin of Spanish Decadence.

advance, and an absolute subordination of action to intelligence.

"In order that our action should be useful and productive calm thought must precede action, and in order to think it is necessary in the first place to have a head. This important organ has been wanting to us for a long time, and we must create it, at whatever cost.

"I am not of those who ask for a genius, invested with the powers of Dictator. A genius would be an artificial head which would presently leave us in a worse state than we are in at present. The origin of our decadence and present prostration may be found in our excessive action: in the fact that we have achieved enormous undertakings which were out of proportion to our strength. A new Dictator at the head of affairs would use us like blind forces, and when he disappeared the intelligent force would vanish with him and we should be again submerged without having advanced a step in the work of re-establishing our power, which ought to reside in all the individuals of the nation and to be founded upon the combined action of individual forces."

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"The terms 'warlike spirit' and 'military spirit' are often made interchangeable, nevertheless there are few terms more distinctly opposed to each other than these. At the first glance it will be seen that the warlike spirit is spontaneous and the military spirit cultivated: that one resides in the man and the other in the society: that one is a force against organization and the other a force of organization. A man armed to the teeth proclaims his weakness; when not, his cowardice; a man who fights without arms gives one to understand that he has absolute confidence in his valour. A country which has perfect confidence in its own strength disdains militarism, while a nation which does not feel itself secure puts all its faith in the barracks.

Warlike Spirit versus Military Spirit.

" Spain is essentially, because such is demanded by the spirit of its territory, a warlike, but not a military, nation. Open the history of Spain, at whatever point you will, you will see constantly the same thing: a people struggling without organization.

" In the Roman period we know that Numancia preferred to perish rather than yield; but we do not know who acted as a head, and we are almost sure that there was no head; we look for armies and we only find irregular troops, and the figure which stands out in prominence is not that of a regular chief, or king, but that of Viriato—a *guerrillero*. In the re-conquest, among kings, wise men and saints, the national figure is the Cid, a wandering king, a *guerrillero* who worked on his own account.

" Later on, when those who fought sought the assistance of religion, they were not content with invoking Divine aid, but they transformed *Santiago* into a warrior: not into a general, but into a simple cavalry soldier.

" And this is not the exclusive work of religion, of hatred for the infidels, since in our century, against the French Christians, Aragon transformed the *Virgen del Pilar* into a captain of the Aragonese troops."

* * * * * *

" The Golden Age of Spanish Art, admirable as it was, only dictates what it *might* have been, if, on the termination of the re-conquest we had concentrated our forces and had applied them to giving form to our own ideals. The energy accumulated in our struggle against the Arabs was not only a warlike energy, as many believe; it was also a spiritual energy. If historic fatality had not put us on the downward slope we should, in proportion to the transformation into action of our national force, have been able to maintain ourselves enclosed in our territory, in a more intense and a more intimate life, and we should have made of our nation a Christian Greece."

Retrospection.

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"I have faith in the spiritual future of Spain, and in this I am, perhaps, exaggeratedly optimistic. Our material aggrandisement will never lead us to obscure the past. Our intellectual renaissance will convert the Golden Age of our arts into a herald of that future Golden Age which I believe lies before us. Because in our works we shall have a force to-day unknown: a noble and pure force which lives latent in our nation. This mysterious force has always been within us, and although up to the present it has not shown itself, it accompanies us and watches over us. To-day it is disconnected and feeble: to-morrow it will blossom forth and produce light and heat—even electricity and magnetism."

A Final Word.

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"As firmly as I believe that in the matter of material domination many European peoples are superior to us, so firmly do I believe that for ideal creation no nation has such natural aptitudes as ours.

"Our spirit appears coarse because it has been roughened by brutal struggles; it appears weak because it has been nourished on ridiculous ideas, copied without discernment. It appears wanting in originality because it has lost its audacity and its faith in its own ideas: because it has looked from without for that which it already possessed—within.

"We must make a collective Act of Contrition.

"We must cultivate and feed upon our own resources, although the effort may cost us much, for in this way we shall have spiritual bread for ourselves and for our family, which at present goes begging about the world, and our material conquests may even be fruitful because in our second-birth we shall find a number of kindred peoples whom we can mark with the stamp of our spirit."

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I have only been able to give a few disconnected paragraphs from the wonderful little "Idearium Español" of Angel

Ganivet, but I hope that these may serve as landmarks for those who care to study the Spanish Problem seriously.

I do not claim that everything written by Ganivet deserves to be accepted as inspired work, but it seems to me certain that he has probed deeply into a wound, the existence of which no one is prepared to deny.

In the paragraph which I have headed "Origin of Spanish Decadence," the heart of the matter is disclosed. Spain has suffered from the faults of her qualities. She has always been the land of great individuals; she has always produced powerful leaders who dominated peoples and circumstances by sheer strength of individual will.

There is that in the Spanish nature which, when aroused, is capable of carrying all before it: an indomitable, if often blind, force which cannot be denied. Again and again this has shown itself, and Angel Ganivet spoke but the simple truth when he said that few things were more fatal than "enormous achievements, out of proportion to the national strength."

"Idearium Español" was published just before the Cuban War, two years before the sad death of its gifted author.

CHAPTER IX

CHURCHES AND MONUMENTS

It has been said that all lovers of Spain find themselves the prey of mixed emotions on visiting Granada! This is a sweeping assertion and not a little misleading, but it is probable that its roots have been cherished by the waters of truth, for Granada, at first sight, seems to fall very short of the wonderful Moorish capital of our imagination: that romantic city which remained the stronghold of the Caliphs for two centuries and a half after the triumph of the Christians in Cordova, in Sevilla, and in Toledo.

The Alhambra.

Let those who will testify to the contrary, Granada of the present day is a City of the Dead. The Alhambra is the vast and unrivalled Valhalla of the Moorish kings!

Modern life in the ancient capital is a parasitic growth: but with this modern life we are not concerned.

In the Hall of the Ambassadors, in the exquisite Court of Lions, in the fragrant gardens of the Generalife, we find—if we but look for them—the spirits of Mohammed V, who, in the Court of Myrtles, is eulogised in such glowing words as these: "Thou givest safety from the breeze to the blades of grass, and inspirest terror in the very stars of Heaven. When the shining stars quiver, it is through dread of thee, and when the grass of the field bends down it is to give thee thanks"; of Aisha, the wife of Abu'l-Has-an, whose happiness was wrecked by the charms of the beautiful Spanish slave Zorayah—the "Morning Star"; of Boabdil, the luckless son of Aisha, who, in the year 1491, was forced to deliver up the keys of the Alhambra to Ferdinand of Aragon, and of whose life story an Arab historian has written—

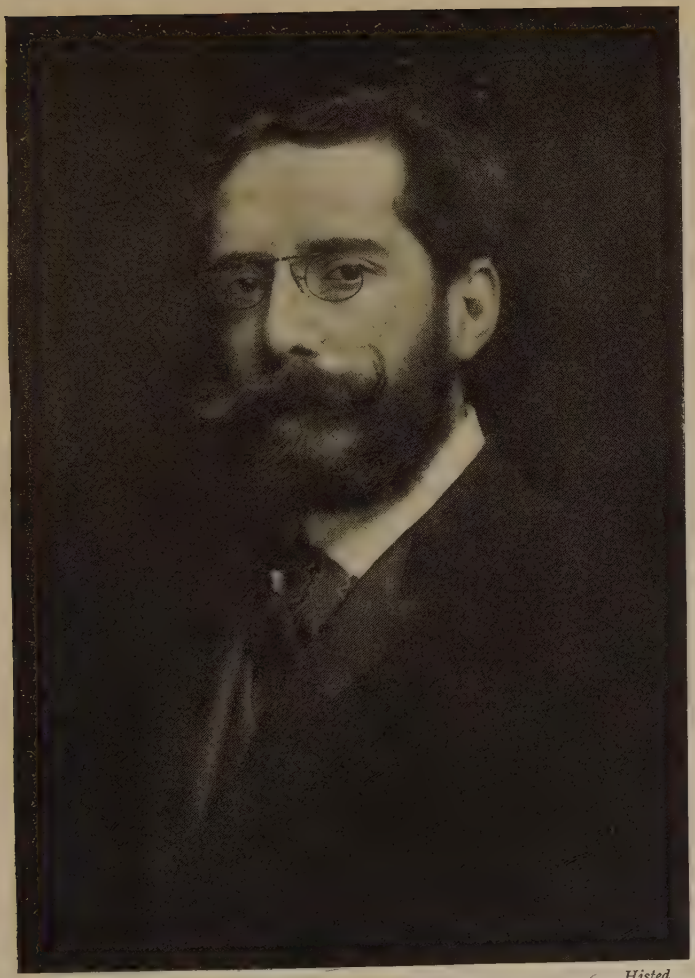

Photo by *Histed*

FERNANDEZ ARBOS

" Blessed be Allah, who exalteth and abaseth the kings of the earth according to his divine will, in the fulfilment of which consists that eternal justice which regulates all human affairs."

Countless other restless spirits, who in past days bore great names, people the Alhambra and take their pleasure on the matchless Vega, and it is into this society of invisible kings and nobles that we must enter if we are to appreciate and understand Granada.

I have often wished to offer my services as guide to persons visiting Granada for the first time: so much, so *very* much, depends on first impressions, and in so many cases these are absolutely and hopelessly wrong!

To obtain the best from the best it should be so arranged that this pilgrimage to the " Glory of the Kings " should begin in the afternoon of a hot day in late spring. And the first hours in Granada ought, if possible, to be spent in the Generalife—the magnificent summer palace of the Moorish kings.

Here, more markedly than in any other part of Andalusia, we find an atmosphere purely Moorish: palace, courts, gardens, and architecture alike recall the glories of the past, and it does not require a very vivid imagination to people with stately forms the great avenue of sombre cypress trees through which we approach the palace. The wealth of glorious flowers and foliage in the garden court comes as a revelation: jessamines, myrtles, orange blossoms, and a hundred other sweet-smelling flowers grow on all sides in luxuriant abundance, and the walls are literally covered with pale yellow roses.

I once heard a writer, an inveterate traveller, say that in all the world only three things had failed to disappoint him: the Taj Mahal, the Mosque at Cordova, and the Generalife!

And then, just before sunset, make a visit to San Miguel el Alto, from which a splendid view is obtained. The Alhambra, with its red walls and tiled roofs, and its base of vivid green:

the wonderful, silent, Vega, which spreads itself out like a great carpet of young green under the shadow of the "Mountains of the Moon."

And then, later on, the nightingales will serenade you from their home in the forest of elms which, so it is said, were planted by the Duke of Wellington. And with the moonlight and the nightingales the glamour of Granada will enter into possession of its kingdom!

Of the Alhambra much has been written and said, but its subtle charms have not yet been exhausted. Individual minds find individual points of special interest, but I think that if it were put to the vote it would be found that to true lovers of Andalusia the Court of Lions in the "Red Palace" heads the list of favourites. And yet it is quite small, this world-famous court: smaller than the Court of Myrtles close by. In the centre is the Lion Fountain, with its twelve Byzantine beasts crouching in stiff poses: lions with round and flattened heads and semicircular ears, with looped up manes and solid, square legs. And from the mouth of each beast there comes a great spout of clear water!

And surrounding the Lion Fountain there is a delicious arcade supported by delicate columns, and these columns are covered with a network of fine lace, cut into the stone.

When you stand under the arcades of the Court of Lions and feast your eyes on the gleaming tiles and mosaics—a bewildering scheme of azure and ivory, your thoughts unconsciously go back to Boabdil the luckless, and you understand that he was justified in saying, "Woe is me. When was sorrow ever equal to mine?" as he turned and looked upon his lost Alhambra—for the last time.

The best known feature of the Alhambra is the Hall of the Ambassadors, at the base of the Tower of Comares. Here the Moorish love of splendour of colour and elaborate design is most perfectly realised.

It is a lofty room with alcoves on three sides and the walls are covered with the richest ornamentations it is possible to

imagine. Each of the nine alcoves shows a different scheme of decoration, the designs being of exceeding intricacy and delicate as the finest embroidery. It is asserted that 150 different designs may be found on the walls of this unique Hall of Ambassadors. The roof is made of larch wood, and is intricately carved and inset with ivory and mother-of-pearl.

So gorgeous is the colouring in this room that it is a relief to pass out into the Court of Myrtles, where the pavement is of marble and where a long pool of clear water gleams silver against its frame of myrtle hedges. Between the Hall of the Ambassadors and the Patio de la Alberca, or Court of Myrtles, lies the Sala de la Barca, the atrium of the Tower of Comares. Everywhere in the Alhambra inscriptions are to be found, but of those over the arches of the recesses in the Sala de la Barca one is specially worthy of mention, for it is delightfully poetic.

" He who comes to me, tortured by thirst, will find water, pure and fresh, sweet and unmixed. I am like the rainbow, when it shines, and the sun is my lord."

The Mosque of Cordova.

The Mosque of Cordova is called " The Wonder of Spain," and with reason. It is so wonderful that mere words are unequal to the task of describing it : it must be felt to be realised. It is an immense building, covering as much ground as St. Peter's at Rome, and it was built—so we are told by learned men—without a plan. More than this, its architects were Arabs who—again I bow before the knowledge of the learned —understood nothing of architectural laws. By men who were " utterly deficient in constructive ingenuity " !

It frequently happens in Spain, especially in the south, that the doings of the ancients attract attention to the doings of the moderns, and in Cordova—on passing from the Court of Oranges into the Mosque, with its 860 columns and its nineteen exquisite aisles—the temptation comes to invoke the spirit of Allah and to murmur, " I wonder ? "

In the interior of the Mosque the original roof was of delicately-carved larch wood, enriched with gorgeous incrustations in vermillion and gold: from this roof 300 chandeliers—showing about 8,000 lamps—were suspended. The Koran was kept in a pulpit of ivory and rare woods, incrusted with precious stones. In the year 1713 the superb roof of the Mosque had to be repaired throughout, and at that period the cross-vaulting, at present seen, was introduced. In all Mosques the chief point of interest and of supreme beauty is the Mihrab, or prayer-niche, which is always placed in the direction of Mecca.

In the Mosque of Cordova there were originally three Mihrabs, but of these the first has entirely disappeared. The second Mihrab, which was constructed by Abderrahmân II about the year 835, has a glorious roof of shell, cut from a single block, which contrasts most effectively with the roof of the vestibule just outside, which is enriched with mosaics in vivid shades of vermillion and emerald and sapphire and gold.

The third Mihrab is regarded as the gem of the whole building. It was erected by Al-Hâkim about the year 965, and for the decoration of this Holy of Holies the then Greek Emperor of Constantinople sent a vast number of skilled workmen to Cordova, with 400 cwts. of mosaic tesseræ. Al-Hâkim at the same time erected a new Maksûra, which was the railed platform reserved for the Caliph and his court.

In wandering through the Mosque—and it does not reveal its most precious charms to those who only devote a few hours to its contemplation—special points are frequently reached from which new and rare beauties are discovered. For example, in the extreme south of the building in the Segunda Ampliacion of Al-Hâkim II, there is a wonderful view of the mosaics: the soft but brilliant light glints on the pavement of purest marble and touches gently the gold lettering of the Arab inscriptions on their background of deepest, most Heavenly blue.

I drew attention a little time ago to the fact that the Mosque

Photo by *Anderson, Rome*

THE ALHAMBRA

at Cordova was built " without plan " and by persons " deficient in constructive ingenuity," and it is impossible to avoid reflecting on these facts when contemplating the great Renaissance Choir which was erected by the Christians in the very midst of this enchanting building.

It was in the reign of the Emperor Charles V, just about the time of the Reformation, that this choir was built, and so great a wave of indignation did it create in Cordova that it is on record that the Town Council threatened with death all those who took part in the work. However, these threats were of no avail, and in the very heart of the Mosque, which was one of the wonders of the world, the Renaissance Choir was built.

In later days even the Emperor himself repented of what he had permitted to be done, and visiting the Mosque he exclaimed: " Why was I not told of the wonder of this building? You have built what you or any others could have erected anywhere, but you have destroyed something that was unique in the whole world."

Of the many points of interest connected with the ancient Mezquita—or Mosque—of the Arabs, none is more enthralling than the study of how and why this " Wonder of the World " arrived at its fulness of beauty and grace. It represents a great work of love, and of fervent reverence, for, as Khalif succeeded Khalif, each one added some new and rare beauty to the holy place. One overlaid the myriads of columns with purest gold: another sent for the best Byzantine artists to enrich the walls with mosaics: yet another decorated the walls and entrance gates. One of the most famous of the Khalifs added a large and specially beautiful minaret which was crowned with apples of gold and silver. Each ruler gave of the best he could procure to add to the glory of Allah and of the sanctuary of the Koran.

Cordova itself is one of the most interesting cities of Spain. In the long ago days it was called " The Bride of Andalusia," and even to the present day it retains much of its fresh and gentle charm; it is a curiously silent city.

Beautifully situated—far more beautifully than Sevilla—on a gentle incline, the city at first sight suggests an amphitheatre: it is spread out on a semicircular hill and below is the silver streak of the Guadalquiver.

Cordova is still essentially a Moorish city. Viewed from the tower of the Cathedral, the tiled roofs of the lime-washed houses show burnt amber against the sapphire sky. A burning southern sun showers melted gold on the Bridge of Calahorra, and on the masses of thick-spreading olives; here and there great palm trees are silhouetted against the sky. A City of Sleep—a City of Memories. A city in which it is worth while to pause and think of the past. Of the days when the Visigothic King Leovigild took the town from the Byzantines and in 571 made it an episcopal see. Of the days when Cordova, as capital of the Caliphate, became one of the wealthiest cities of Europe and a centre of learning. Of the gorgeous days of its greatest grandeur and prosperity in the reigns of Abderrahmân II and Abderrahmân III, from the year 822 to 961. And then, as a contrast, to contemplate, for a moment, Cordova in later days, under the sway of the Christians, when—to quote a well-known writer—"The magnificent buildings, the marvels of which are celebrated by Arabic writers with Oriental hyperbole, fell into ruin: the irrigation-works were neglected, and the once exuberantly fertile campiña became a barren steppe."

It is not far from Cordova to Sevilla: only about three hours and a half in the train. And it is certain that all those who read these pages *must* see Sevilla—for the first time—in the spring season. I claim this as a reward for any moment of pleasure or of profit I may have been able to give them! For in the spring season Sevilla is in full beauty. Fresh, fragrant, and brilliantly gay as a young beauty in the first glories of a successful début.

Sevilla.

I am aware that many writers on Spain are of opinion that southern cities are only at their best in the full blaze of

Photo by *Anderson, Rome*

MOSQUE AT CORDOVA

midsummer, but with this idea I am not in accord. January, February, March, April, May, and then again October, November, and December, are all good months in which to travel in Andalusia, but of these months April must most surely be awarded first place.

Sevilla is, amongst Andalusian cities, a thing apart. If it were entirely a woman instead of being merely emblematic of the feminine sex every Spaniard would describe it as—"*Muy simpática! Muy española!*"

And higher words of praise than these no Spaniard can speak. With infinite delight I could fill many pages with descriptions of a spot which, to me, is full of enchantment, but this chapter is devoted to "Churches and Monuments," and of these alone I must treat: happily Sevilla is specially rich in both one and the other.

The Cathedral of Sevilla.

The Cathedral of Sevilla is almost the largest Gothic church in Christendom. Its total area is 124,000 sq. ft., as compared with St. Paul's in London, 84,000; Milan Cathedral, 90,000, and St. Peter's at Rome, 162,000. It was in the year 1401 that the Cathedral of Sevilla was first planned, and it was designed by foreign architects—German, it is supposed. In general arrangement it differs considerably from the large churches of England and France, for the choir is almost in the centre of the church and the *capilla mayor*, in which is the High Altar, is slightly to the east. And then the choir and *capilla mayor* are enclosed in a massive construction, so that we find a church within a church.

In its decoration the Cathedral is very Spanish; that is to say, it is rich in the beautiful carved woodwork and magnificent iron screens for which Spain has always been famous. The leading note of the cathedral is noble simplicity and quiet magnificence, and the light which enters through the seventy-five stained-glass windows is delightfully subdued: too subdued to permit of a good view of the art treasures of the side chapels. It is, however, quite possible to see and

appreciate the beauty of the sculptured "Christ on the Cross," by Montañes, in the Sacristia de los Calices, and, on a clear day, the wonderful "St. Anthony's Vision of the Holy Child," which is one of Murillo's masterpieces: this picture hangs on the wall of the Capilla del Bautisterio.

The magnificence of the treasure carefully guarded in the Sacristia Mayor of the Cathedral must be seen to be realised: it does not fall very short, in value, of the treasure of St. Peter's! The vestments alone are a marvellous sight: 200 copes laden with priceless embroideries; chasubles dating from the fourteenth century to the present day, each one a notable specimen of the embroideress's art: golden caskets, monstrances studded with precious stones, the silver Custodia of Juan de Arphe which is ten feet high, and the great silver altar, etc., etc.

One of the most interesting parts of the Cathedral is the Capilla de los Reyes which is enclosed by a remarkably fine screen. In this chapel there is the silver coffin containing the body of San Fernando—Ferdinand III who finally drove the Moors out of Sevilla. The body is in an extraordinary state of preservation, and each year on May 14th and 31st, August 22nd and November 23rd, this body is exhibited to the public while the troops march past and salute it.

I have witnessed many ceremonies in Sevilla Cathedral, but none more impressive than this homage to the long dead hero. The blast of trumpets as the troops line up in front of the coffin seems like the final call for the dead to arise!

Also in this Capilla we find, at the back of the High Altar, the famous figure of the Virgen de los Reyes, to whom the ladies of Sevilla, in 1905, presented crowns valued at £30,000.

There is a romantic and mysterious story connected with this figure; it was said that on the day that the keys of Sevilla were delivered up into the hands of King Fernando he had a dream, and in this dream he saw a figure of the Blessed Virgin, of great beauty and unlike anything he had ever before seen. To this figure he attributed his victory over

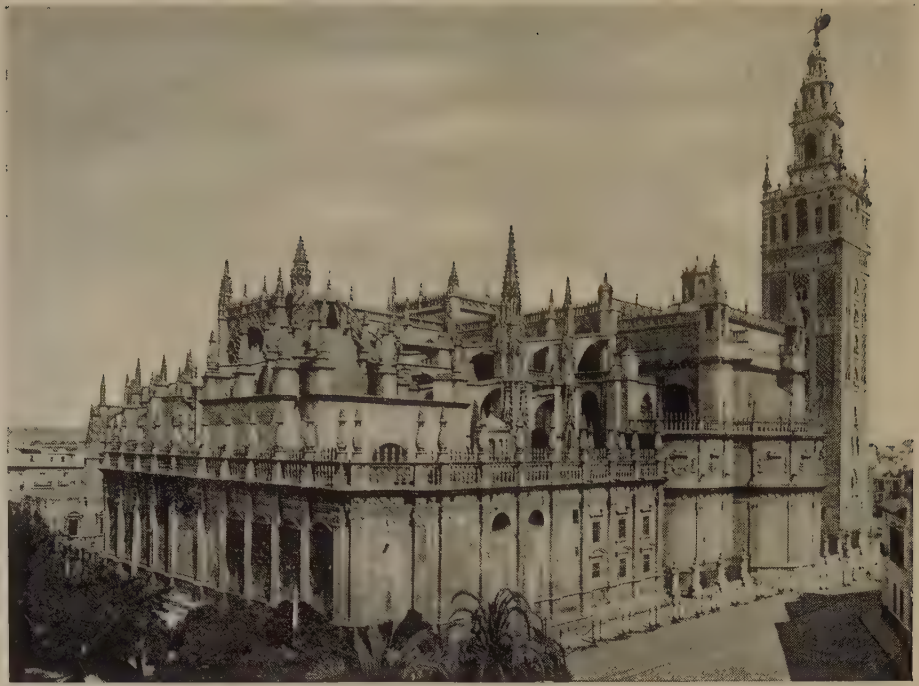

Photo. by *Anderson, Rome*

CATHEDRAL AT SEVILLA

the Moors. So deeply impressed was the King that he determined to have an image made in the exact likeness of the virgin of his dream. He gave the order, with minute explanations, to the foremost sculptor of the day, but was completely dissatisfied with the result. The disappointment and dismay of the sculptor over his failure was very great, and he decided that he was unworthy such a task. Just then a wonderful statue was one morning discovered in his studio, and so great was its mysterious beauty that he hastened to show it to the King. On seeing it San Fernando was overcome with joy: "This," he declared, "is the Virgin of the Kings of Sevilla"!

Ever afterwards this statue was considered miraculous, but the heads of the Church at the present day cast considerable doubts on the story and attribute the statue to Montañes, the seventeenth-century Sevillan sculptor, who was the greatest master of polychrome carving Spain has ever known.

The Giralda.

The Giralda is the oldest and most beautiful building in Sevilla; it is also one of the most unspoilt gems of Moorish work left in Spain. It takes its name from the bronze figure representing Faith with which it is capped; this figure is thirteen feet high and immensely heavy, nevertheless it turns this way or that with the lightest gust of wind; in Spanish "girar" means "to turn," hence the name which has so frequently afforded subject matter for the light-hearted *guasones* of Andalusia.

Originally the Giralda was the prayer-tower of the principal Moorish mosque, and it was erected as long back as 1184. It is 305 feet high, but so slender and graceful is its outline that its height is not realised, even when the ascent to the belfry is made. And how strangely fascinating are those great bells—"el Cantor," "la Gorda," "San Miguel," and the rest. They have all been christened with holy oil, and it is as good Christians that they speak forth, with no uncertain sound, through the still air which hovers over the flat roofs and green squares and giant palm trees of the White City.

They are not like sweet English bells—these brazen guardians of "Faith"; their clang and clamour is terrific, and their dissonances charm or horrify the ears, according to individual temperament, but they make you feel that you are most surely in Andalusia. In the pulsing heart of Spain!

The view from the first gallery is superb. All Sevilla stretches itself out on the plain beneath. Immediately below is the great Cathedral, with its Court of Oranges, and close by the gardens of the Alcazar and the Palacio Arzobispal. On the other side, close by the banks of the Guadalquiver, is the Plaza de Toros: low and wide, and one of the most picturesque bull rings in Spain. And, again, turning round and looking past the Alcazar, the Parque and Las Delicias—the fashionable drive of the *sevillanas*—and the Prado de San Sebastian.

Standing there in the bell gallery of the Giralda one realises at once how very Moorish Sevilla has remained, even to the present day. The masses of white houses, which in reality are not pure white but are washed with palest shades of pink and blue and grey and saffron, seem thrown together in careless confusion, and the winding, narrow streets look like single dark threads outlining an Oriental design.

On the flat roofs women are watering their carnations, for on these flat roofs, which are so remarkable a feature of Andalusian cities, are grown most of the brilliant carnations which are so much worn by the women.

The scent of orange blossoms steals upwards on the cool evening air and for a moment there is peace. But suddenly the bells again begin to speak, and so terrific is the clamour and vibration that one unconsciously moves swiftly towards the stone steps which lead downwards. And in the easy descent one gladly succumbs to the temptation to linger on each little landing, or section—of which there are thirty-five. Each view is more beautiful than that which goes before, and by the time the ground is reached Sevilla will have revealed many of her most potent charms.

Before describing the Church of the Caridad—which contains an extraordinary collection of pictures—I wish to say a few words, which may be accepted as authentic, about the often-discussed knight who, in 1661, built the Hospital of the Caridad at his own expense. Of Don Miguel de Mañara much has been said and much written. And of these sayings and writings the greater part are incorrect, while others are grossly libellous.

The Caridad.

It has been asserted again and again that the original of the famous, and infamous, "Don Juan Tenorio" was the founder of the Caridad. French writers especially have enlarged on this idea, and not very long ago a leading article appeared in one of the most important of the Parisian papers in which the libel was repeated in detail; the personal character of Don Miguel Mañara being represented in a decidedly unpleasant light.

Now the bare facts of the case are these. Don Miguel Mañara was a mere child, little more than a baby, when Tirso de Molino wrote his Burlador de Sevilla, upon which the legends of Don Juan are founded. He had not, and could not have had, anything whatever to do with the play or with the legend. More than this, the founder of the Caridad, though not a canonized saint, was never, at any time of his life, a sinner—in the ordinary acceptation of the word. It is on record that he was rather vain and fond of gaiety in his early youth, but nothing more than this. If space permitted I could give many authentic facts connected with the life of Don Miguel, for I have heard much about him from one of my most valued friends—Dr. José Avilés, who is himself a brother of the Caridad and a well-known *littérateur*. Dr. Avilés has taken infinite trouble to get together an absolutely authentic account of the life of Don Miguel Mañara, and has published a very interesting book on the subject.

In the Church of the Caridad six of Murillo's best pictures are to be found. The great Sevillan painter was an intimate friend of Don Miguel Mañara, and he was also a member of

the Caridad ; it is, therefore, easy to understand that he gave of his best to this special church. Of these six pictures, " La Sed " (" The Thirst "), is perhaps the finest ; it represents Moses standing beside a rock from which limpid waters are gushing while the parched crowd presses forward to drink, and it is a masterly composition.

On the right and left of the west entrance to the church two extraordinary and terrible paintings by Juan Valdés Leal—the Cordobés painter—are hung. The realism of these pictures can only be described as ghastly, but of their power there can be no doubt. In " The Triumph of Death," which represents the dead bodies of a Bishop and of a Knight of Calatrava—the order to which Don Miguel Mañara originally belonged—death and decay are depicted in such a gruesome manner that Murillo's often-quoted remark, " Leal, you make me hold my nose," is easily understood.

It is a far cry from Sevilla to Toledo, but as we have now finished with Andalusia—so far as this chapter is concerned—we must take some of the most notable churches and monuments of Spain at random.

Cathedral of Toledo.

The history of Toledo Cathedral, or rather of the ground upon which it stands, is a strangely romantic one. So long ago as the year 587 it was occupied by a Christian temple which was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin by King Reccared, who had renounced Arianism, and who was the first Catholic king of Spain. Then in 711 and 712, when the last of the Visigothic kings had been defeated and slain by the Moors, the temple was converted into a mosque. This mosque the Moors were permitted to retain when Alfonso VI captured Toledo in 1085, but a little later the Christians, under the guidance of Queen Constance, took possession of the building. Still later, San Fernando had the old church rased to the ground, and in the year 1227 the foundation stone of the present cathedral was laid.

In general style the Cathedral of Toledo is early-Gothic, but there are many features which recall the Renaissance and

Photo by *Beaucky*

THE GIRALDA, SEVILLA

baroque periods. It is very vast and grand—giving an impression of extraordinary size and of sumptuous beauty. The stained-glass windows—of which there are a great number —are of rare beauty, and this is specially true of the gorgeous rose-windows in the transepts.

The choir, which occupies, as in so many Spanish cathedrals, the centre of the church, is perhaps the most beautiful part of the building. Here is to be found the archiepiscopal throne which has columns of jasper, each column being crowned with a capital of purest white marble. And here, too, are the choir-stalls of Alonso Berruguete, who was the pupil of Michael Angelo. Berruguete's work is to be found in many of the churches of Spain, and from the specimens of his art, which are still in perfect preservation, it is interesting to follow his wanderings in foreign lands and to guess at the various influences which possessed him from time to time. He was a painter, a sculptor and a gifted wood-carver, and his alabaster statuettes in the choir of the Cathedral at Toledo are exquisite specimens of old-world art.

This Cathedral is said to be one of the richest in Christendom; the treasure, which is to be found in the Capilla de San Juan, is almost priceless. One of the most remarkable items of the "treasure" is the wardrobe of the Virgen del Sagrario, whose image, covered with jewels, stands in the Capilla de la Virgen del Sagrario, within the Cathedral.

Of the splendour of this wardrobe it is difficult to speak without seeming exaggeration. There is a different robe for every day of the year, and many of these are weighed down with jewels and gold and silver embroideries. Another world-famous treasure of Toledo is the silver Custodia of Enrique de Arphe, which measures ten feet in height and weighs 378 pounds. The Custodia is enriched with 260 silver-gilt statuettes, and it enshrines a monstrance which was made from the first gold brought by Christopher Columbus from America. Enrique de Arphe was the head of a Spanish family of artists who were famous in the sixteenth century for their silver work.

Custodias by one or the other of the Arphe family are to be found in Sevilla, Cordova, Santiago, Valladolid, and many other places: a valuable work on the principles of the cinquecento style was written in 1585, by a grandson of the great Enrique.

Toledo itself is a distinctly Moorish city: the narrow, tortuous streets have remained very much as they were when the Moors left them; all the houses seem planned on the same design, built round an inner court, or *patio*, but in Toledo these *patios* are not, more or less, open to public gaze as in Sevilla. All the houses seem terribly sombre, almost as though their inhabitants were daily prepared for a siege. An austere city and full of savage splendour: not a city in which one would choose to pass a careless holiday!

Although Segovia is within easy distance of Madrid—two hours and three quarters by train—ordinary travellers rarely visit it. It is the happy hunting-ground of the few who are interested in the genuine Roman remains which are to be found here and there in Spain. And yet Segovia is very full of interest, quite outside its splendid Roman Aqueduct, for it is almost as rich in antiquities as Toledo, which city it somewhat resembles.

Segovia, like Toledo, is situated on a rocky incline, but the two modest streams which border it, on either side, can bear no comparison with the majestic Tagus; and then Segovio is as Romanesque and mediæval as Toledo is Moorish. To appreciate the Romanesque architecture of Segovia it is very necessary to study something of the city's history; to understand that for a very long period it was a sort of punching-ball for Moors and Christians alike. The Christians had their strongholds in the Asturias and in Burgos on the northern side, while the Moors were in possession of Toledo; between the contending armies lay Segovia, and sometimes the city was in the hands of one party, and sometimes of the other. It was natural that in such circumstances the progress of Segovia was slow and uncertain; in fact, she did not burst

into rich blossom until the reign of Alfonso the Wise, in the thirteenth century.

The Roman Aqueduct, attributed to Trajan, is a wonderfully picturesque structure, and this and the Walls of Tarragona form the most interesting Roman remains to be found in Spain. The aqueduct was built without cement or mortar, and the granite blocks remain firm in the places even to this day. The portion of the aqueduct which spans the Valley of the Eresma is 2,700 feet in length, and, in parts, very high ; it has 119 arches, and it is fed by a stream from the Sierra de Fuenfría.

The Cathedral at Segovia was opened in the year 1558, but it was not really finished for a long time after that ; in fact, it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that it was consecrated as a whole. It was designed by the architect Juan Gil de Ontañón, who is also responsible for the New Cathedral at Salamanca, and in style it has been aptly described as " decadent Gothic."

The Cathedral of Segovia.

The Cathedral of Salamanca, designed at very much the same time as that of Segovia, is rather in the Renaissance style, but in many respects Segovia is Gothic ; the cloisters, for example, are purely Gothic, and so are the truly magnificent stained-glass windows.

A very interesting church in Segovia is that of Vera Cruz, which was erected by the Templars in the year 1208 in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This church, which is twelve sided, has a square tower of curious design, and close by it is the monastery which was founded by San Juan de la Cruz, the disciple of Santa Teresa. Within the church, upon the altar, stands the marble receptacle which holds the body of the dead saint. It seems strange, but it is nevertheless true, that the influence of San Juan de la Cruz as a writer grows stronger and stronger as time passes. He, more surely than any other man, was entranced with the beauties of the Songs of Solomon, and many of his writings recall the rich

imageries of those mystic poems. It has been said, with what truth I know not, that Coventry Patmore has, in his "Unknown Eros," attempted to transfer the methods of San Juan de la Cruz to English poetry.

It would be almost impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that between Segovia and Tarragona. The former silent, mysterious, and sleeping; the latter full of life and of commercial activity! Beautifully situated on the borders of the Mediterranean, Tarragona is, and always has been, a flourishing centre of the wine trade: in the long ago days of Martial and Pliny its wines were said to rival in flavour the famous Falernian vintage.

Roman Walls of Tarragona.

For ordinary travellers the Roman walls form the chief object of interest in this town, and since they enclose the highest part of Tarragona, they are exceedingly imposing. On three sides they are preserved almost without a break, for a distance of about two miles, but it is unfortunate that their height varies considerably. In some places the walls are thirty-three feet high, and in others not more than ten or twelve: this great variation detracts not a little from the general effect.

These curious old walls were built before the Second Punic War, 218 B.C., at which period the town was captured by Scipio, who selected it as the Roman headquarters in Spain, in opposition to New Carthage. In 26 B.C. Augustus made Tarragona—or Tarraco, as it was then called—the capital of the whole province, and he erected many magnificent buildings. In later days, in the Christian period, Tarragona became the See of an Archbishop, and at the present day the Archbishop of this city shares with that of Toledo the title of Primate of Spain.

The Cathedral at Tarragona is situated on the site of the old Roman temple which was erected about the year 26 B.C., in honour of "Divus Augustus"—the Emperor Augustus having greatly enriched and beautified the town: this temple afterwards became the head-quarters of the cult of the Goddess Roma, and later

The Cathedral of Tarragona.

Photo by *Lacoste*

THE RETABLO (OVIEDO)

on it was restored by Hadrian. The Cathedral as it now stands dates back to the twelfth century, and it is a brilliant example of the late Romanesque style.

In speaking of this Cathedral Mr. Havelock Ellis, whose works on Spain are precious above rubies, says: "From its earliest to its latest period, Tarragona Cathedral, inside and outside, and especially in the wonderful cloisters—by far the most interesting cloisters in existence belonging to so early a date—is a revel of Catalan sculpture, Romanesque and Gothic; sculpture that is solemn or beautiful or fanciful or trivial, always vigorous, always the native outcome of the boldly fertile and realistic Catalan mind. There has always been an aptitude for sculpture here: in the Museo Arqueologico near the Cathedral there are delightful fragments of Roman and later date, while some of the latest pieces in the Roman manner, though florid, are in a bold and happily decorative style. Here, in the Cathedral, the sculptor's work, though not always happy, always shows a fine sculptural feeling; sometimes it is exquisite, sometimes merely trivial, as in the marble butterflies and spiders of the retablo; sometimes it is broadly humorous, as in the scene in the cloisters, where we see a solemn procession of rats joyfully bearing on a bier a demurely supine cat who, a little farther, is again seen vigorously alive and seizing one of the unfortunate bearers while the rest are put to flight—'the most insignificant sculpture in the Cathedral, but perhaps the most interesting,' the sacristan observes smilingly."

From Tarragona to Santiago Compostela is a very long journey, right across northern Spain, from the shores of the Mediterranean to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean—or very nearly, for Santiago is not quite near the coast. Formerly Santiago was the capital of Galicia, that wild and most interesting province of which I have occasion to speak at some length in my chapter on Literature.

Santiago.

Although Santiago is no longer the capital city of its

province, it remains, and must ever remain, profoundly interesting, for each year it attracts such a vast number of pilgrims that the Spaniards always speak of the " Milky Way " as " El Camino de Santiago " (the road to Santiago). And the object of these numberless pilgrimages is the resting-place of the remains of " James—the son of Zebedee," the friend and disciple of our Lord.

Tradition says that St. James himself preached the Gospel in Spain : this was accepted as a fact in the third and fourth centuries, and further it is recorded that the remains of the Apostle, after he had been beheaded in Judea, were brought to Spain. In a vision the place in which these remains had been laid was revealed to Bishop Theodomir of Iria, in the ninth century, and it is to this shrine that pilgrims, numerous as the stars of the Milky Way, journey year by year. The Pilgrimage to Santiago ranks in importance with those to St. Peter's and to the Holy Land.

The Cathedral at Santiago is a very handsome monument which dates from the year 1100. The ground plan is in the exact shape of a cross, and almost in the centre is the choir. One of the curiosities of the church is a huge censer—over six feet high—which is swung from side to side by an iron chain. The Capilla Mayor, at the head of the cross, stands immediately over the grave of St. James, and in a niche above the altar, which is made of silver, there is a seated figure of the saint : this figure is richly adorned with gold, silver, and precious stones.

Some idea of the importance of Santiago, from the pilgrim's point of view, may be gained by realising that it contains thirty-six religious fraternities, forty-six ecclesiastical edifices, 288 altars, and 114 bells.

There are certain names which never fail to surround themselves with an atmosphere of romance, and foremost amongst these is that of Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar ; the Spanish Campeador (champion), The Cid ! The title Cid comes from the Arabic Sidi or Said, meaning lord.

Burgos—The Home of the Cid.

At Burgos the site of the house in which this redoubtable champion was born is still to be seen ; three stone monuments, erected on the road to the cemetery and bearing the arms of Castile, indicate the exact spot, and in the chapel of the Casa Consistorial, the bones of The Cid, with those of his wife Ximena, are preserved.

It is supposed that the famous Poema del Cid belongs to the twelfth century, since, roughly speaking, Castilian literature dates back to that period, but it is believed that the earlier *cantares* in honour of the Campeador were lost. The "Poema" has a double theme: in the first place, it exploits the brave and wonderful deeds of the Campeador, and in the second it treats of the marriage of his daughters. Many of the deeds ascribed to The Cid have been strenuously denied him, but it is very certain that he was a dashing freebooter, who possessed the admiration, if not the love, of the people of his time. How soul-stirring is the poema may be gathered from the following extract, which describes the charge of the Cid at Alcocer—

With bucklers braced before their breasts, with lances pointed low,
With stooping crests and heads bent down above the saddle-bow,
All firm of hand and high of heart they roll upon the foe.
And he that in a good hour was born, his clarion voice rings out,
And clear above the clang of arms is heard his battle-shout—
"Among them, gentlemen! Strike home for the love of charity!
The Champion of Vivar is here—Ruy Diaz—I am he!"
Then bearing where Bermuez still maintains unequal fight,
Three hundred lances down they came, their pennons flickering white:
Down go three hundred Moors to earth, a man to every blow:
And, when they wheel, three hundred more, as charging back they go.
It was a sight to see the lances rise and fall that day:
The shivering shields and riven mail, to see how thick they lay:
The pennons that went in snow-white came out a gory red:
The horses running riderless, the riders lying dead:
While Moors call on Muhammad, and "St. James!" the Christians cry.

In the Capilla del Corpus Christi of the Cathedral of Burgos the "Coffer of the Cid" is preserved. This "Coffer" the Campeador, on a certain occasion, filled with sand and pledged for 600 marks to some Burgos Jews, the latter supposing that it contained gold! It is, however, recorded that the Cid afterwards, most honestly, redeemed the pledge.

Barcelona—which has been described as "the brain and the arm of Spain"—will loom large in the last chapter of this book: the chapter entirely devoted to the Catalans and their province. But it seems most suitable that the Cathedral should join hands with its fellows. This Cathedral, like so many others in Spain, is built on a site which was occupied by a Roman temple and later by a Moorish mosque. The present structure was commenced in the year 1298, but it was not completed for more than a century after that. It is a rarely beautiful specimen of Spanish-Gothic art, and the dimness of its lighting conveys an impression of vastness which it does not in reality possess: for Barcelona Cathedral is not one of the notably large churches of Spain.

The Cathedral of Barcelona.

On entering by the Puerto Mayor the first impression given is of exceeding width, for the nave is of noble proportions. The stained windows are comparatively small, but very beautiful, and fine effects of light and shade are to be seen in the late afternoon, just before sunset. A remarkable feature of the church is the Capilla Mayor, which contains a late-Gothic retablo of the fifteenth century. Directly in front of the High Altar there is a flight of twenty-five steps which lead down to the crypt in which is the tomb of Santa Eulalia, the patron saint of the city. The alabaster shrine is decorated with reliefs illustrating scenes in the life of the saint.

The cloisters of Barcelona Cathedral are splendid specimens of Gothic work: they were planned and commenced in 1388 by Roque, but they were not finished until late in the year 1448. The inner court of these cloisters is beautifully planted with palms and medlar trees.

I have kept to the last that which is, I think, best, though it may not be correct to apply the word "best" to a subject which is unique. You cannot say that Montserrat is better than any other place, because there is nothing in the least like it. Nevertheless, I repeat—I have kept to the last that which is best!

The Montserrat.

The Montserrat—the sacred mountain of the Catalans—is a rugged, majestic, enormous mass of rock. It is 4,070 feet high, and its formation resembles a huge castle, surrounded by fortifications. The sombre slopes are terraced by alternate bands of slate sandstone, and by calcareous conglomerate, and a great fissure intersects the ridge on the south-west side.

It is absolutely awe-inspiring—this stupendous mass of rugged rock; on the south-east it is inaccessible, but on the north-east there is a narrow railroad, made by utilizing the projecting terraces. And it is by means of this curious little mountain railway that one reaches the world-famous monastery which is the shrine of "La Santa Imagen"—the wooden image of the Blessed Virgin, which is said to have been carved by St. Luke and brought to Spain by St. Peter.

Year in and year out a mighty army of pilgrims toil up the steeps of the Montserrat to present their offerings at the shrine of "La Santa Imagen." In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it is stated that the number of these pilgrims never fell short yearly of half a-million. In the present day they are not so numerous as that, but 60,000 or 70,000 persons visit the monastery each year.

In the old days the Monastery of The Montserrat was a centre of enlightenment and learning; the monks were great musicians, and many of them were skilled in the painter's and sculptor's arts. Even at the present day the fine arts are carefully studied in the mountain home of "La Santa Imagen": the monks have there a school of ecclesiastical music, the members of which sing, and very beautifully, the Salve at the hour of Oracion.

And it is impossible to leave the subject of the "Serrated Mountain" without recalling the vigil of one notable pilgrim who, early in the sixteenth century, felt suddenly inspired to dedicate his life to the service of Christ.

Ignatius of Loyola had been a brave soldier, and it was in the defence of Pampeluna, against the allied armies of the

French and Navarese, that he sustained such serious injuries that his life was despaired of. During his convalescence he had an opportunity of reading a translation of Ludolf of Saxony's " Life of Christ," and so greatly was he impressed with what he read that he determined to renounce the things of the world.

When he was able to walk, though still lame, he started on a lonely pilgrimage to the Monastery on The Montserrat, and after three days of deep contrition and submission, he stripped himself of his handsome garments—for he was the son of a nobleman and rich—and clothed himself in a rough dress of sackcloth.

In this attire he commenced his Vigil at the shrine of " La Santa Imagen," and after a long night of humble self-abasement he, in the early dawn, hung up his rapier and dagger, which were the badges of a gentleman in those days.

In the years that followed Ignatius of Loyola served his Lord and Master with his whole heart and strength, but always in the deepest humility.

So unworthy did he think himself to fill any important post that it was not until fifteen years after his Vigil that he consented to become—once more I quote from Mr. Ellis—" The first general of the best-organised and most famous army that has ever fought in the service of the Church."

Photo by *Lacoste*

MONTSERRAT

CHAPTER X

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIES

A STUDY of the sub-soil of Spain reveals wonders. In minerals the Peninsula is richer than any other country of Europe.

Minerals.

And these minerals are scattered about in a curious way. Huelva, in the extreme south, is the richest spot, producing yearly minerals to the value of 119 millions of pesetas. And next in importance comes Vizcaya, in the extreme north, with its yearly output of minerals to the value of 75 millions. And after these two fabulously rich points the figures jump up and down the map; Oviedo, in the north, produces 62 millions; Murcia, in the south, 59 millions; Cordova 56, and Jaen 47. And it remains that the indolent, pleasure-loving south possesses a far richer sub-soil than the more industrious north.

More than twenty different minerals are to be found in the mines of Spain. Amongst others, gold, silver, copper, tin, zinc, quicksilver, salt, coal, etc., etc.

I shall speak a little later on of the more important of these mines, but before going into particulars it will, I think, be interesting to take a general view of the country, from the commercial point of view.

Spain has an unrivalled sea-board and is possessed of immense tracts of land, on which almost anything and everything could be grown and in abundance, if the Spaniards of to-day understood the secrets of agriculture as did the Moors of yesterday.

The question of irrigation is a vital one in many parts of Spain, and it ought not to present insuper-

Irrigation.

able difficulties, since it is certain that what was accomplished in the past might, in certain circumstances, be accomplished in the present and in the

future. The Moors made fertile the great plains of Estremadura and Castile through their perfect knowledge of the mysteries of irrigation, and though Spain is not rich in navigable rivers, very much could be done in the present day under intelligent direction, and given sufficient capital.

On this vexed subject of irrigation the author of "Spanish Life in Town and Country"—published a few years ago—has spoken to the point: "One would expect a country with such a climate, or rather so many climates, as Spain, to make a great feature of agriculture. It can at once produce wheat of the very finest quality, wine, oil, rice, sugar, and every kind of fruit and vegetable that is known: and it ought to be able to support a large agricultural population in comfort, and export largely. Taking into account, also, the rich mineral wealth, which should make her independent of imports of this nature, it is sad to see that in past years, even so late as 1882, wheat and flour, coal and coke, iron and tools figure amongst her imports—the two first in very large proportions. Although the vast plains of Estremadura produce the finest wheat known to commerce, the quantity, owing to the want of water, is so small in relation to the acreage under cultivation, that it does not suffice for home consumption, except in very favourable years; while the utilization of the magnificent rivers, which now roll their waters uselessly to the sea, would make the land what it once was when the thrifty Moors held it—a thickly populated and flourishing grain-producing district."

And in another part of the same book this author says: "As an example of what irrigation means in the sunlit fields of Spain, an acre of irrigable land in Valencia or Murcia sells for prices varying from £150 to £400, according to its quality or its situation, while land not irrigable only fetches sums varying from £7 to £20. In Castile, land would not in any case fetch so high a price as that which has been under irrigated cultivation for centuries past; but in any district the value

of dry land is never more than a twelfth of what it is when irrigable."

As an example of what *can* be done in this connection, and in unfavourable circumstances, we have only to look at many parts of Cataluña.

The Catalans have overcome, in an extraordinary way, the difficulties presented by the want of irrigation and by artificial watering—on a gigantic scale—they are able to produce rich crops from most unpromising soil.

There is a Spanish proverb, which contains more than a grain of truth, to this effect: "Los Catalanes de las piedras sacan panes" ("The Catalans produce bread from stones!").

With regard to commercial prosperity it seems as though Spain were just now entering upon a golden era. Those who know and love the country feel that from the ashes of a great seeming disaster much good may arise.

Spain has lost her colonies. But then the Spaniards have never been successful as a colonizing people. In times past they grossly mismanaged their home affairs, but this mismanagement paled before the futility and injustice of the policy which they brought to bear on their dependencies outside the mother-country. Now all that is at an end, and the opportunity has come to "look within."

Within the bounds of their own beautiful country the Spaniards possess unlimited possibilities, and it only remains for them to realise these—in the best possible way. It will take time—that is certain; but things are beginning to shape well, and everything points to the certainty that the present King is deserving of the title, "Alfonso the Wise." He is in many respects imbued with English ideas—while remaining at heart a Spaniard of the Spaniards—and it is with England that Spain of the immediate future will enter into close commercial relationship.

In considering Spain from the point of view of Commerce and Industries the sub-soil claims first attention.

The quicksilver mines of Almaden are the most important

in the world. The richness of the mineral deposit may be gathered from the fact that these mines have been worked for about 2,500 years, and the income derived from them has always been an important factor in the revenues of the Spanish Crown. Cinnabar—or red sulphuret of mercury —was greatly valued by the ancient Greeks, and that the mines of Almaden were of great importance so long back as 300 B.C. is assured by contemporary Greek writers, who frequently mention the cinnabar mines of Sisapo, afterwards called by the Arabs Hins-Almudhin, from whence is derived the modern name Almaden.

The Quicksilver Mines of Almaden.

According to Pliny, the vermillion used by the Roman ladies was brought from Almaden, and it was probably the Romans who discovered the means of extracting mercury from cinnabar. The terribly poisonous attributes of mercury were at once noticed, and the workmen employed in the mines were obliged to cover their faces with a sort of mask.

Unhappily, with all our modern inventions, nothing has yet been discovered which can protect the workers in quicksilver mines from the disastrous effects of the poisoned gases, which sooner or later invade the whole system.

A visit to Almaden is on this account necessarily of a depressing nature, as one cannot help seeing that the miners lead a wretched existence, frequently terminating in an incurable disease.

The contrast between these mines and those in other parts of Spain, notably in Rio Tinto, is very striking. As I have said elsewhere in this chapter, the miners of Rio Tinto work under most favourable conditions ; they are well paid, well housed, and well looked after ; whereas in Almaden, where the men work in an atmosphere permeated with poisonous gases, they receive wages which are totally inadequate to the difficulty of their task and the danger incurred.

Numerous proposals have been made for the amelioration of the existing state of affairs, but the greatest difficulty lies

in the fact that for the past sixty or seventy years the Government has found it necessary to raise large loans on the mines in order to meet pressing financial difficulties.

In 1840 a loan was obtained from the house of Rothschild, which was renewed in 1870 and again in 1900. By these contracts the Rothschilds have entire control of the mercury produced by the mines, with the exception of a very small quantity left at the disposition of the Government.

In 1870 the loan obtained amounted to £1,696,761 sterling, at 8% interest: the Government undertaking to repay the loan in thirty yearly sums of £150,000, capital and interest: £4,500,000 in all, the mines and their productions being mortgaged for the thirty years.

Señor Moret, who was at that time Deputy for the District, raised a determined protest in the Cortes against the contract: representing that it was extremely prejudicial, both to the mines and to Spanish commerce, to put the entire output of the mineral into the hands of a foreign house, which was to control it exclusively. His protest, however, passed unheeded, and in 1900 the contract was renewed for ten years.

The exact amount of mercury obtained yearly is a little difficult to determine, since the quantity varies considerably; its value is also subject to fluctuations. The mineral after distillation is put into flasks, each containing over 34 kilograms of mercury. The value of each flask is about 250 pesetas, and, roughly speaking, about 36,000 flasks are obtained yearly. In 1900, seven and a half million pesetas' worth of mercury was produced by the mines; in some years the quantity rises to nine millions.

The mines of Almaden consist of twelve stages, or galleries. The lowest stage is 1,150 feet below the surface.

The mercury is found embedded in slate and quartz, either as red cinnabar or as virgin ore: the work of the miners, therefore, consists of boring: each man being furnished with a bore and a hammer.

Life in the Mines.

The working day at Almaden is divided into four quarters of six hours each, beginning at six o'clock in the morning. For eighteen hours the men work, in relays: they are relieved every six hours. From twelve o'clock at night until six o'clock in the morning the mines are left clear for ventilation. The greatest evil of the present system of management is that the miners have no fixed salary: their wages being determined by the amount of mineral they produce. For the ordinary miner the average amount earned scarcely ever exceeds one peseta fifty centimes—1.50—a day, and frequently it does not come to even as much as this! This is a lamentably insufficient recompense for a day's work in the terrible atmosphere of a quicksilver mine.

The average miner, after ten or fifteen years' work, is a physical wreck and hopelessly diseased. The mercury completely calcines all the bones in the system: the teeth decay: the eyes become bloodshot. In fact, the miner develops into a living flask of mercury, and when he finally receives from the Direction a pension of 75 centimes a day, he is not infrequently reduced to begging in the streets, should this sum not suffice for the support of an entire family!

The mining territory of Almaden is enclosed in a circle of about 25 kilometres radius, in the centre of which is the principal shaft, San Teodoro. There are two other shafts, called San Miguel and San Aquilino.

When the mineral is brought up from the mine it is conveyed in waggons running on rails to the distilling furnaces, where the blocks of quartz are classified, according to size, and are subjected to the various operations necessary for obtaining the mercury.

The metallurgic treatment consists in burning the mineral in order to extract the cinnabar, or sulphuret of mercury. There are at present three different types of furnaces in use: the first was installed in 1646, the second in 1887, and the third, which works continuously, was erected quite recently.

In the opinion of many engineers the later furnaces offer no marked improvement on the older system.

When the mineral has been calcined and subjected to various processes it emerges in a perfectly liquid state—a river of mercury which is then encased in flasks and sent to London. The work of the stokers is the hardest of all.

Some amelioration has recently been made in the conditions under which these men work as well as in their pay, for it was found that no one could be induced to work for hours in the fearful atmosphere of heated mercury for the purely nominal remuneration which was previously offered to the young men and boys in charge of the furnaces.

The copper mines of Rio Tinto present a very great contrast to the quicksilver mines of Almaden. At Rio Tinto everything is arranged and managed in the best possible way, especially with regard to the health and welfare of the workmen, who are, as a rule, well paid and carefully looked after.

The Copper Mines of Rio Tinto.

The mines of Rio Tinto are, perhaps, the most important copper mines in the world. They cover an enormous space —something like eight or nine square miles—and there are four separate villages for the miners, one of which is inhabited exclusively by Englishmen. Of the population of about 12,000 persons 10,000 are engaged in the mines, in one capacity or another, and there are sixty miles of railways connected with the mines alone: above ground and below. In days of old the mines of Rio Tinto were worked by the Iberians, Phœnicians and Carthaginians, and later on by the Romans, but the supply of copper seems to be absolutely inexhaustible.

Some idea of the vast extent of ground occupied by these mines may be gathered from the fact that from one end of the workings to the other is a distance of nearly eight miles—by rail!

In the eighteenth century, when these mines were leased

to a Swedish Company they were very little exploited, but they were acquired by a syndicate of London and Bremen capitalists in 1872, and ever since then they have occupied a position of very great importance. They were acquired from the Spanish Government at a cost of something like £4,000,000.

Since the Rio Tinto Mines are in the hands of foreign capitalists they cannot be described as a Spanish industry, but then they give employment to very many Spaniards, and for this reason I wish to speak of the really excellent way in which the miners are treated and the fair manner in which they—as a rule—are paid. In comparison with Almaden, Rio Tinto seems quite a little paradise.

It would be difficult to find a more perfect understanding between employers and employees than at the mines of Rio Tinto. The amount of actual work got through in each twenty-four hours is astonishing, for in these mines the work is carried on without interval day and night. The labour is so well organised that no man has more than an eight hours' day : to gain this most desirable end it has been necessary to employ an immense number of workmen.

The wages paid are in proportion to the work done, and they are, comparatively, far higher than those paid at other mining centres. From five to six pesetas a day is the average wage of the miners, and in case of illness the men are thoroughly well looked after in hospital, and while there they receive the half of their ordinary day's wages.

In case of serious accidents the company pays a suitable indemnity, and the widows of men killed in the service are cared for and placed in a position to earn their living comfortably. The children of the miners are given facilities for an excellent education : there are at Rio Tinto eight schools, for boys, girls and infants, and at these schools the education given is in every respect admirable. After thirty years' service the workmen have a right to demand a pension.

With regard to the ordinary economic life of the miners, the problem has been solved in a manner which has proved very advantageous to the population in general. Large stores are maintained by the mine owners and at these stores the prices are fixed, monthly, by a committee composed of ten or twelve workmen, elected by their companions.

There are, in the immediate vicinity of the mines, no private shops, or practically none, and thus the whole business of providing for the employees of the mines is in the hands of persons whose only object is to give the best value at the most reasonable prices. In these stores everything necessary for a comfortable life is sold at cost price: not only food, but also articles of clothing, etc. It is a notable fact that no alcoholic beverages are sold in the Rio Tinto Stores!

Prominent Spaniards, who are interested in the welfare and progress of their country, have again and again pointed out that the general management of the Rio Tinto mines is a great object lesson for Spain, for it proves that vast wealth can be accumulated without injury to the more humble workers: that, on the contrary, they can be sustained and cared for, and that their lives may be made happy and prosperous. The Rio Tinto Mining Company is not a Spanish one, but then a vast majority of the workers in the mines are Spanish!

At Bilbao there are extensive deposits of iron ore, and the town is one of the most prosperous and progressive in Spain.

Other Mining Industries.

So far back as the Middle Ages Bilbao was noted for its iron and steel manufactures, but the ironworks—chiefly for the manufacture of rails—were not systematically exploited until the middle of the nineteenth century.

At Linares, near the foot of the Sierra de Jæn, there are very important mines which furnish one-fourth of the lead needful for the world at large. Linares is situated in the midst of a wild and picturesque country and well repays a visit.

Spain has always been remarkable for its ceramic arts.

The *azuelejos*—or tiles—in the Alcazar at Sevilla and in the Alhambra and in so many other world-famous places, are too well known to require any introduction. It was the Moors who introduced the art of ceramics into Spain. In the eleventh century the Spanish Arabs fabricated enamelled pottery which displayed extraordinary metallic reflections. The range of colours at that period was rather limited, for almost all the pottery was made in shades of blue, gold, and red on a surface of pearl, yellow, or dull red.

The Ceramic Art of Spain.

The origin of metallic reflection applied to ceramics has been the subject of much discussion. Malaga and Sevilla have both laid claim to have been the home of this important invention, but experts have decided that the honour rightly belongs to Triana, which has been from time immemorial the potters' suburb of Sevilla.

In the Alcazar at Sevilla this metallic reflection can be studied closely, for the tiles in this most exquisite building are very perfect specimens of the potter's art. Looked at in certain lights delicate iris tints are to be seen, while from another point of view the same tiles reflect gleams of peacock green and pale gold.

As far back as the twelfth century we find fine examples of glazed earthenware applied to architectural decorations. In the sixteenth century the ceramic art reached its highest development, and the decorations of the *Casa de Pilatos* at Sevilla belong to this period.

In the eighteenth century began the decadence of this branch of industrial art. The craftsmen seemed then to have lost touch with the discoveries and achievements of their predecessors, and at this period the secret of the production of the wonderful metallic reflections completely disappeared. Since that day ceaseless efforts have been made by master-potters to re-discover the lost secret, but these efforts were not crowned with success until Don José Mensaque of Sevilla took the matter seriously in hand.

After continued experiments in his laboratories and workshops Don José actually revived the lost art: not alone did he re-discover the art of producing metallic reflections, but he also discovered how to produce the wonderful tones of green and blue which had made the Arab enamels so precious.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that, for hot climates, tiled walls are ideal. The Moors—who were always practical, even in their arts—fully realised this fact, and in all the most notable Moorish monuments of Andalusia the *azulejo* plays a very important rôle.

In the ceramic workshops of Triana some rarely lovely work is done on a smooth surface of ordinary clay. This process is also one of Don José Mensaque's discoveries, and he is exploiting it in a very important direction. Under his direction large and beautiful paintings can be copied in tiles, as, for example, the *Congreso de los Dioses*, a picture composed of twenty-one large tiles, which was executed in Triana for Don Eduardo Ibarra.

The excellence of Spanish wines—especially of Spanish sherry—has been admitted ever since the days of the Cæsars.

The Wine Trade of Spain.

It is not actually known at what date the wines of Jerez first became known in England, but it was probably in the thirteenth century, for there are records of trade in white wines between England and Spain in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It was, however, in the reign of Elizabeth that sherry became really popular with the English.

Jerez was originally a Roman colony, and it afterwards became a fortified city, which was held for centuries by the Moors. It was under the walls of Jerez that one of the longest battles in history was fought—the battle between the Moors, under "Tarik," and the Goths under "Don Rodrigo," which ended in the defeat of the last Visigothic king and in the occupation of Spain by the Moors: this was in the year 711.

In defining sherry it is quite fair to describe it as a wine which is peculiar to Spain and essentially Spanish: there is

no genuine wine like it produced in other countries, and this because there is no soil or similarly favoured environment, other than that in the province of Andalusia, which can produce wine of the peculiar character of sherry.

Were the vines of Jerez transplanted to other countries they would produce grapes which would fail to yield the same character of wine. And then it must be realised that the great process of fermentation is profoundly modified by external conditions. Soil, sun, and air of Jerez produce sherry and sherry alone.

Jerez—the land of the grape and the home of sherry—reminds one of a magnificent white cat: a prize animal with long and silky fur which ever basks and purrs in a glory of sunshine! For Jerez-de-la-Frontera is the whitest of white cities, and its opulence and contentment cannot be mistaken: it is obviously peopled by those who are successful and wealthy.

Jerez.

Unlike many other of the southern cities of Spain, Jerez—or Xeres—has almost always enjoyed a successful career. It has had its periods of battle and bloodshed, but these have never been very prolonged, and since the days of the "Catholic Kings" all has gone well with it.

In point of wealth Jerez is the third city in Spain, and it has a population of 52,000 inhabitants. When staying at Sevilla it is an easy matter to visit Sherry-land, for it is only about three hours by train. There are several points of interest in the town, notably the Church of San Miguel, a Gothic building which dates from the fifteenth century, but visitors find their attention chiefly centred on the *bodégas* in which the famous sherry is stored. And to these *bodégas* there seems no end: the town is filled with them and with various buildings connected with them.

The *bodéga* has been fitly described as a "sherry nursery." It is a very large overground cellar in which hundreds, and often thousands, of butts of wine are going through various stages of development. Sherry of all ages and values. For

example, in the *bodégas* of Don Pedro Domecq—the present head of the oldest established firm in Jerez—there are wines forty, sixty, one hundred, and one hundred and fifty years old. Amongst these is the sherry which has been named "Napoleon," because it was offered to the Emperor in the year 1809, and was then said to be "very old." And not far from the "Napoleon" we find the "George IV," which was the favourite sherry of that king!

The interior of a *bodéga* is kept as cool as possible, and by reason of the great thickness of the walls an even temperature is obtained all the year round. It is in the *bodégas* that the various wines are tasted and judged, and it will be well for chance visitors to remember that there is something very subtle and dangerous about the atmosphere of these overground cellars.

One is enveloped in a luscious atmosphere of vinous perfume, and in such circumstances even a strong head may easily find itself strangely excited.

As the guide pauses before a great cask, his long filler and a glass in his hand, certain words of an Immortal reverberate in one's ears—

> And lately, by the Tavern door agape,
> Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
> Bearing a Vessel on his shoulder: and
> He bid me taste of it: and 'twas—the Grape!
> The Grape that can with Logic absolute
> The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
> The subtle Alchemists that in a trice
> Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

To the visitor the tasting of these delicious wines—these Amontillados and Olorosos and Manzanillas, in their varied shades of brown and amber and gold—is but a pleasant experience, but to the expert it is a very serious matter indeed. It is in connection with tasting that the skill of the grower is chiefly centred, for it is necessary that his delicate sense of smell and taste should be constantly employed in noting the qualities his wines may be developing. But the juice of the

grape has to go through various stages before the moment for tasting arrives.

A few hours after the "must"—the unfermented grape juice—has been put into casks the phenomenon of fermentation commences to be noticed. The noise of the effervescence may be heard: the temperature rises, the colour changes, and a vinous flavour takes the place of the sugary taste of the "must."

These changes are more observable when once the tumultuous fermentation is over, and this, in the system employed at Jerez, is allowed to take place spontaneously. That is to say, without being hastened by the addition of any foreign matter. A slow fermentation is then permitted for two or three months—the time varying according to the nature and qualities of the "must," the ripeness of the fruit, and the quantity of natural sugar contained in the grapes.

The liquid becomes clear at last. Everything insoluble is precipitated and the matter which was kept floating by the fermentation forms a sediment. And at this stage the functions of the vintager end and those of the storer begin. It is not quite an easy matter for an amateur to understand the various processes: in fact, it is impossible unless explanations are—as in my case—very clearly given.

When the liquid has become clear—as above described—the first thing the storer has to do is to decant it with the utmost care. Casks suitable for this purpose are selected and filled with clear liquid. And then a new series of operations is commenced, in which the different qualities of the wine are determined.

"Must" should not remain less than five years in the cellar, for before this time has expired the wine is not considered "made." When the wine is in good condition a slow fermentation takes place, which is unperceived in action, but not in result: it is during this process that the wines themselves indicate their class by the alcoholic strength and aroma which they develop: by the discoloration which some undergo,

and by the colour which is observed in others: also by the distinct taste which each one acquires.

To watch and guide these manifestations of the wines, for a period of many years, is a task which demands great intelligence and perseverance. In some cases wines remain in the "nursery" for thirty, forty, or fifty years!

The Vineyards.

I mentioned a little time ago that the fine qualities of sherry depend very largely upon the soil in which the vines are grown: upon the sun and upon climatic environments generally. In the Jerez district there are four distinct soils, and each one is eminently suitable for the culture of vines. On the river banks there is loamy sand-soil which produces an abundance of grapes: in the immediate vicinity of Jerez the soil is also mixed largely with sand, and here quantities of grapes are produced which are converted into wines for home consumption. Then there is the soil called *barras*, which consists chiefly of sandy quartz mixed with lime and oxide of iron, and the fourth soil, chiefly found on the slopes of the low hills which surround the town, which consists of carbonate of lime and silex. It is on these slopes that the vines are grown which produce grapes suitable for the manufacture of the finest sherry. These latter precious vines are treated with extreme care, and are unceasingly watched and cherished.

Immediately after a crop of grapes has been gathered a little pit is hollowed out round the stem of each plant, so that the roots may have full benefit of the autumn rains: the vines are carefully pruned, and after the rainy season the hollows round the stems are filled up, and the soil is carefully turned over. Not a single weed is to be found in a properly cared for vineyard.

The Vintage.

At vintage time the bunches of grapes are gathered chiefly by women and a thousand persons are frequently employed at the same time at the work. The luscious bunches are then spread out on round mats to dry in the sun, and unripe—or over-ripe—grapes are carefully picked out. The "treading" of the

grapes comes next, and this is done by men who wear a peculiar make of sabot. The " press " is a primitive construction, and those of to-day are almost identical, in every respect, with the " lagars " or presses used by the ancients. They are great wooden troughs, about ten feet square, and in the centre of each trough there is a screw-press which is used when the " treading " process is finished.

About one ton of grapes serve for one pressing. The men in sabots tread the grapes in a methodical manner, row by row, and it is said that the average weight of a man is just sufficient to press out the juice without injuring the skins or branches of the grapes. After the " treading " process the juice is allowed to begin the process of fermentation as above described.

Production of the Grapes.

The quantity of " must " produced, as in all agricultural products, varies very much from year to year. The vines are influenced by the state of the climate during the months of July and August, when the berries are swelling. If the weather be moderately hot, and damp winds prevail, the grapes develop slowly and the maximum number of bunches are obtained. On the other hand, if the winds be easterly in the month of August the fruit suffers considerable damage : it shrinks and hardens and a large quantity of " must " is lost. In a good season 2,000 casks of " must "—each cask containing about 470 litres—may be obtained, and in less favourable circumstances not more than 500 casks !

Fashions in Wines.

Sherry—for some unknown reason—has been more or less out of fashion in England of recent years. And this seems a pity, since really fine sherry is, of all wines, one of the healthiest. It is an excellent tonic, and the Spanish doctors frequently give it as a restorative instead of brandy.

The present King of Spain is determined to do all he can to bring back into general favour the famous wines of his country, and on the royal yacht, the *Giralda*, wines and cognacs from Jerez are always served in preference to others.

Spanish light wines—red and white—are inexpensive and agreeable, and a little time ago a scheme was suggested for starting, in London, a number of establishments in which these wines might be sold at moderate prices.

Undoctored Spanish wines can make long journeys without the least injury, and twelve-gallon casks are largely shipped to England from Tarragona and from other ports.

In the year 1907 the following Spanish wines were exported to England—

Red wine	4,941	litres
White wine	3,148	„
Fragrant wine (Jerez) ..	449	„
Other Jerez wines	5,171	„
Malaga wines..	4,606	„
Generous wines	227	„
Mixed wine	128	„

The Orange Trade.

Valencia is always associated in our minds with oranges and with olives. Both these fruits are grown, and in quantities, in other parts of Spain, but the Valencian orange, as the Valencian olive, is world famous. Valencia itself is a very interesting town. Its history, since the days when Decimus Junius Brutus—138 B.C.—settled the captive Lusitanians there, has been very romantic and stormy.

In the year 1094, on the disruption of the Caliphats of Cordova, Valencia was made the capital of an independent kingdom which extended along the coast from Almeria to the Ebro. Under the Catholic Kings Valencia was annexed to Castile and later its espousal of the cause of the Hapsburgs, in the War of the Spanish Succession, led to the abolition of its ancient *fueros*.

At one time Valencia was one of the great centres of trade and commerce in Spain, and of late years its silk industries are again taking a place of importance and it ranks first as the land of oranges, olives, raisins, and such good things.

I am indebted to Mr. Enrique Behn, who is the owner of

extensive orange groves, for some interesting notes on the orange trade of this beautiful Province.

The crop begins about the end of October or beginning of November of each year, and finishes at the end of May or beginning of June. Each crop is divided into two seasons: the first extending from November to January, when the oranges of the south of Valencia down to Gandia are packed and shipped; the second extending from February to the end of May or beginning of June, when the oranges of the north are packed and shipped.

The cultivation of orange groves requires very special care, and of recent years the use of artificial manure has worked wonders for the soil, which has also the benefit of a singularly perfect system of irrigation.

The method of packing the Valencian oranges is somewhat different to that applied to those of Italy. In Valencia the golden fruit is simply packed in small pieces of tissue paper, in cases of 420, 714, or 1,064 oranges, according to the size of the fruit. After the oranges have been gathered from the trees they are carried direct to the warehouses and there left for several days, so that all humidity may evaporate before they are packed. It is absolutely essential that these warehouses be very large and well ventilated, otherwise the fruit would not be in good condition for packing.

For the actual packing of the fruit women are largely employed, and their first business is to assort the oranges according to size and quality. They then carefully wrap up each orange in a small piece of tissue paper, on which is stamped the name of the exporter, and after this the fruit is placed in the cases above mentioned.

The production and exportation of Spanish oranges has fluctuated a little during the past few years. The statistics are as follows—

1902/3 ..	.. 4,400,000	cases
1903/4 ..	.. 4,200,000	,,
1904/5 ..	.. 3,300,000	,,
1907/8 ..	.. 4,800,000	,,

Of the above mentioned quantities about 70% goes to England and 30% to the Continent. Besides the figures given there are about 1,000,000 cases consumed in Spain each year.

The Valencian port is the most important, so far as the orange trade is concerned, but this fruit is also shipped at Gandia, Burriana, and Castellon.

The olive is greatly valued in Spain, and is put to all sorts of uses. Besides the immense quantity of olive oil extracted from the fruit, for home use and for exportation, the preserved olive appears on every Spanish table as an *hors d'œuvre*, and it is eaten not only at the beginning of the meal, but between the courses. Some of the finest preserved olives are stuffed with red *pimientos*, the stone being removed and the *pimiento* being inserted in its place. The taste is delicious and the harmony of colour presented by the green olive and the scarlet *pimiento* is a feast for the eyes.

The Olives and Olive Oil of Spain.

Olive oil is largely used as a cosmetic in the south of Spain. It is highly beneficial to the skin, and it is claimed that its continued use produces the golden-tinted complexion of the Andalusian beauties.

The fruit is picked early in the year, never before January, since the Spanish refrain says :—

Si coges la aceituna antes de Enero,
dejaras el aceite en el madero.

The picking begins after the first rainfall of the year. By that time the fruit is ripe, and in the best condition for producing fine olive oil. The process of picking is long and tedious, since each olive has to be removed separately and with care, so that the young shoots may not be injured, for it is these which will produce next year's crop. In former times it was customary to knock down the fruit with long hooks, but it was found that this was injurious to the trees.

The olives when picked are heaped into large baskets: some are taken to the grinding mill to make olive oil, and the larger and finer olives are separated for preservation.

The grinding process takes place within twenty-four hours after the picking, as the olive loses its aroma if kept too long. The grinding machine, or *molienda*, in use at present, is of the most antiquated design: it consists of a large stone turned by horse-power, which grinds the olives into pulp.

A new *molienda* is being perfected by the Marqués de Acapulco and it will doubtless take the place of the old system, which has, however, the advantage of serving its purpose admirably.

When the fruit is ground, great baskets, made of esparto grass, are filled with the pulp which is put into the press to extract the liquid.

The next processes are those of cleaning, by means of douches of tepid water, and clarifying: the liquid being left to stand some time so that the oil may rise to the surface.

The last process is that of filtration in which the oil is thoroughly purified and all extraneous matter extracted. It is then a brilliant, clear, gold colour, and is ready for bottling.

Damaskeened Work.

Spain has always been remarkable for the beauty of its damaskeened work. At the present day the three great centres for its production are Madrid, Toledo, and Eibar, but it may be said that the finest modern specimens of the art are produced in Madrid in the *ateliers* of Felipa, in the Calle Arenal.

The value of the object depends upon the richness of the design. All the objects worked on are made of pure steel, and they take the form, ordinarily, of watch-cases, cigarette cases, etc. The design is traced with a burin and filled in with a fine thread of gold: numerous instruments are used, such as a small hammer, files, and chisels, the work being extremely delicate and complicated.

When the gold design is filled in the object is passed through the fire, to tone the steel to the velvety black tint which, contrasting with the gold, is the great beauty of the work. In some of the more costly specimens the *motif* is raised in relief: heads of a cameo-like delicacy are worked in gold and

silver on the background of dull black. Two different tones of gold are frequently introduced on the same object.

Umbrella handles, photograph frames, and sets of combs for the hair are most effective objects for incrustation. One of the most beautiful specimens of this work that I have ever seen was a finely modelled vase of Arab design, with a delicate little *motif* worked in gold on a uniform ground of dull black: a single deep red rose was set in this vase, with an eye for effect that was truly Spanish.

Other Industries.

The fruit trade in the south of Spain is rapidly increasing in importance. The peculiar richness of the soil produces an abundance of luscious fruit of all sorts, and far more could be done in the agricultural line if the system of irrigation were improved. All the southern provinces produce rice, maize, sugar-cane, bananas, pine-apples, and all the tropical fruits: besides splendid tomatoes, plums, melons, and, of course, grapes.

There is a great demand for Spanish fruits in the foreign markets, as the peculiar quality of the soil produces a delicate yet rich flavour which is often lacking in the fruit grown in more temperate climates. The grapes of Valencia and Malaga, for example, have never been equalled for size and flavour.

One cannot help thinking how much more might be achieved with a soil in which anything would grow, at almost any season of the year, if it were sufficiently watered. It is almost inconceivable that plant cultivation should be so neglected as it is in the south of Spain: even in spring it is no easy matter to procure flowers in any quantity, although by going early to the market one can buy roses of extraordinary beauty and gigantic carnations, almost all of which are grown in pots on the flat roofs of the houses: from which fact it can easily be realised that in the south of Spain flowers are by no means cheap, as we—who are accustomed to buy flowers in London and Paris—understand the word!

Until within recent years the silk and wool trade of Spain

has not extended much beyond her own frontiers. The silken goods manufactured in the Peninsula have always been of the very best quality: they are made entirely of pure silk, hence their lasting qualities. The silk petticoats worn by many of the peasant women, the velvet trousers of the Aragones and the beautiful silk *madroñeras* and mantillas are all made from home-grown material, and will last for generations without wearing out.

Quantities of mulberry trees are grown in the south for the rearing of the silk-worms.

The same standard of excellence applies to the Spanish cane-sugar: in fact it may be said of the Spaniards that if they make a thing at all they make it well. The Spanish cane-sugar is absolutely pure, and although the trade has been much injured by cheap German beet-sugar, its superiority is being recognised everywhere at the present day.

As a final note to this little chapter on Spanish Commerce and Industries, I append a table of figures which will, I think, be of some interest. It gives, roughly and without particulars, a list of the Exports and Imports—of Spain—during a period of over fifty years.

An Interesting Table of Figures.

Annual Imports and Exports, Covering 50 Years

	Imports		Exports	
1853.	183,608,728	pesetas	208,955,686	pesetas
1858.	376,139,516	,,	242,839,954	,,
1863.	474,627,730	,,	304,967,774	,,
1868.	573,893,343	,,	277,485,160	,,
1873.	532,116,446	,,	588,162,112	,,
1878.	547,183,774	,,	479,878,207	,,
1883.	893,446,011	,,	719,468,414	,,
1888.	716,085,479	,,	763,104,389	,,
1893.	770,715,408	,,	709,706,877	,,
1898.	723,444,369	,,	918,943,206	,,
1899.	1,045,391,983	,,	864,367,885	,,
1903.	977,859,650	,,	945,978,417	,,
1905.	1,087,661,953	,,	993,871,315	,,
1906.	1,056,090,154	,,	937,583,811	,,

CHAPTER XI

THE SPANISH

The Spanish People.

It is a thankless task to attempt to sum up, in a few words, the characteristics of the individuals who, *en masse*, make up a great nation, but in the case of the Spaniards the handicapping of this task is regulated by feeling rather than by practical knowledge. You are born with a power of understanding the people of Spain or—you are not.

I am absolutely certain that if this power does not come from within, a gift of Nature which may or may not find an opportunity of making itself prominent, it can never be obtained: it will resist the call of the most diligent and patient study. On the other hand, if your own nature be in genuine sympathy with the atmosphere of Spain, you will quickly and easily draw into yourself many delicate little threads of sympathetic understanding which will surely creep towards you and, when taking possession of these, you will, unconsciously, send off emissaries of a like character, in return.

It is easy to understand why so many persons are disappointed on visiting Spain. They are disappointed because they rarely find just what they expect to find. And this is true of the country and people alike.

The word "Spain" has always had the power to stir the imagination and to set adrift a fleet of golden dreams. Theophile Gautier realised this, and so did Victor Hugo, and many others. But then it is unfortunately true that the golden dreams of such artists as these have, not infrequently, had disastrous effects on ordinary minds. What they have painted does not, for the greater part, really exist.

One very marked peculiarity connected with Spain is that it arouses, with unbelievable facility, the spirit of exaggeration.

The Spirit of Exaggeration.

The country is always represented as the best or the worst: the most adorable or the most detestable: the most enchanting or the most disappointing. Its women are marvels of beauty or they are "quite ordinary"—just as the spirit of exaggeration influences individual cases. And, naturally, all this is exceedingly misleading. If a traveller has fed his mind on the encomiums of a poetic enthusiast he will probably expect to find Andalusia one huge flower garden, where roses and orange blossoms may be culled on every side: where exquisite women, with languid eyes and costumes similar to those depicted on the outside of a Malaga date box, wear "gracious mantillas" every day of the week and promenade the streets, followed by a train of "toreadors": the latter in "gorgeous attire"!

Recently I read a very amusing little article in one of the leading Madrid papers *apropos* of this spirit of exaggeration—which the Spaniards themselves hold in sovereign contempt. It was a semi-serious criticism on a story of modern Spanish life, written by a brilliant Parisian; and—in passing—it may be remarked that French writers have given more highly-coloured accounts of Spain, and rather more inaccurate, than the writers of any other nation. In this story a certain society woman was described, in ordinary daily life, as wearing a gorgeous *manton de Manila*, and conducting a little *affaire de cœur* with a picador in *traje de luces!* It was a story which out of Spain would probably have been described as "very Spanish," but which, in Spain, was regarded as simply ridiculous, for neither picadors, nor matadors, nor banderilleros ever wear *traje de luces* except at a bull-fight, and neither society women nor any others wear *mantones de Manila* except at Fiestas or—on occasions—in the house, when dancing!

I confess that on visiting Sevilla for the first time, in winter, my disappointment was very great at the lack of flowers.

There, in the midst of brilliant sunshine, with soil that would grow everything and anything, and in profusion, it was quite a difficult matter to get enough flowers to decorate the dinner-table.

In London, or in Paris, roses and violets and mimosa "from the South" are to be seen at every street corner all through the coldest winters, but in Sevilla hardly anyone takes the trouble to grow them. I have often thought that a very nice, and sufficiently lucrative, little industry might be worked by a clever woman-gardener who understood how to take advantage of the possibilities of an Andalusian winter.

Possibilities of Flower Cultivation.

Before trying to describe the Spaniards as individuals, I should like to pause a moment for the purpose of pointing out one or two reasons why foreigners, especially the English and the Americans, find them hard to understand.

Taking England first, and looking at the matter from a general point of view, for in individual cases the understanding between Spain and England is quite perfect, it may be said that what—on the Continent—is known as "the English manner," is offensive to the average Spaniard. He does not understand it!

There is no more truly democratic country in the world than Spain—no exception being made in the case of America: and the spirit of democracy which pervades the country is a noble and dignified one. Englishmen, when on the Continent, adopt very often, perhaps quite unconsciously, one of two manners. They are either frankly superior or they are patronizing. And the average Spaniard will not acknowledge the superiority any more than he will accept the patronage. And then the Englishman—and, in this connection, America may join hands—sees no reason why things in Spain should not be done as "at home"!

With all my own personal love for Spain, and feeling, as I do, that the *manaña* bugbear has been done to death, I do not hesitate to say that no southern Spaniard understands, even in a vague way, the meaning of the verb "to hustle."

He does not " hustle " himself, and he will not permit anyone else to " hustle " him. If he happens to be in business he conducts that business in his own way, on his own lines, and it is worse than useless to try to bring about a change. Much better give in at once and accept the inevitable : for inevitable it is.

I should like it to be clearly understood that in this chapter, when speaking of " The Spaniards," I am thinking chiefly of Andalusia and its people. Cataluña is another affair altogether, and will be treated exhaustively in the final chapter of this book. And then the people of Madrid, the members of the Court circles, the clubmen, etc., etc., all these also belong to a different world. When trying to arrive at some just idea of the character and temperament of a people you do not, if you are wise, go to the capital city : most certainly you do not found your conclusions on the ideas and actions of Court circles, for Court circles are very much the same all over the civilized world. The same people meet, year after year, in Paris, London, Madrid, Vienna, or St. Petersburg. They are delightful and cultured, but they are cosmopolitan.

The southern Spaniard is in some respects like a wise child. He recognises instinctively, and with disconcerting rapidity, the person who is really sympathetic to him. He may be, from the school-board stand-point, illiterate, but he is an excellent judge of character. He judges instinctively—like a child—but his conclusions are rarely at fault. And then " side " is as foreign to him as is the verb " to hustle."

The Charge of Cruelty.

It has been asserted again and again that the Spaniards are, as a race, very cruel. I have already referred to this subject in the chapter, " Sports and Pastimes "—in connection with the bull-fight—but just here I should like to say that in my own wanderings in the Peninsula I have never seen any special acts of cruelty. From personal observation I am led to conclude that animals are as well treated in Spain as in most other European countries : certainly one sees in the streets of southern Italy

far more cruelty than, in the same circumstances, in southern Spain.

At the same time, it quite well may be that the southern Spaniard is in reality cruel to animals, for his nature is, in some respects, cruel, as it is self-centred. You cannot attend a theatrical performance, a concert, or a bull-fight, without realising this.

The whole attention of the individual spectator is centred on himself: on his own feelings of the moment. If he is pleased he applauds most heartily: if it chances that he is displeased he rages violently and quite as heartily. It matters not at all that the special performer is an old favourite: someone who—from the English point of view—ought to be considered because of past successes. The feeling of "let's give him a hand because he—or she—*used* to be a good 'un," is unintelligible to the average Spaniard. And for this reason he is one of the keenest and most cruel of critics. He judges of what he actually hears and sees, without care or thought of either past or future.

The Women of Spain.

As Spain is the land of the unexpected it ought not to come as a surprise to us to find that the women—especially those of the south—almost invariably dress in black, in the street. And yet it is a surprise! And, after the first shock of amazement, a delightful one; for in the narrow white streets of the Andalusian towns with overhead a flaming ball of liquid fire lying against a limitless field of deepest sapphire and in the courts and open squares giant date-palms and orange trees laden with golden fruit, the sombre garments of dull black strike a note of perfect harmony.

And let me explain that in the street—except on certain rare occasions—the *mantilla* is *never* worn. There is a vast difference between the Spanish *mantilla* and the *velo*. The former is worn on state occasions only: in black, during the Holy Week, as I have explained in my chapter on Fiestas, and in pure white or ivory at the bull-fight and, in carriages,

at the Ferias. The Spaniards are a very conservative people : they have set times for wearing certain things, and in no possible circumstances can these things be worn save at these set times. The *velo*—which is in reality a long black lace scarf—is the ordinary head-dress of the Andalusian women, in almost every class of society, for early morning wear, for shopping and for going to Mass.

While the *mantilla* has to be arranged with great care and draped over a wonderful erection composed of a high comb and a quantity of flowers, placed at one side of the head, well towards the front, the *velo* is simply thrown over the hair and lightly fastened at the breast with fancy pins or with a brooch. It is a peculiarly becoming head-dress and specially suitable for Spanish women who have their hair dressed *very* neatly. I use the words "*have* their hair dressed" with intention because the *peiñadora*, or female hairdresser, is an indispensable adjunct to daily life. In the more humble walks of Andalusian life she makes a beautiful coiffure for such a modest sum as 15 or 20 centimes (less than twopence), and for this sum she not only dresses the hair, but also brushes it most carefully. The average Spanish woman adopts a neat style of hairdressing : the coils on the top of the head are perfectly arranged but the outline is entirely free from exaggeration : in the morning, with the *velo*, quite a small tortoise-shell comb is worn on the top of the head, and this comb makes the lace scarf remain in position.

In Sevilla the little dressmakers and other women of the same class wear, winter and summer, a simple but delightful style of dress. In winter the dress itself is almost always black, and it is accompanied by a black *crêpe de chine* shawl with long fringes : this shawl is demurely drawn over the shoulders and crossed in front. In summer the same shawl is worn, but it is accompanied by a print dress, of pale blue or rose pink, and by a rose or carnation, placed at one side of the smooth hair. Women of this class rarely, if ever, wear a *velo*.

Photo by *Pavón*

A BEAUTIFUL SEVILLANA

Spanish women undoubtedly have remarkably pretty, and small, hands and feet. But then, when comparing these important points with those of French, English, and American women it must be realised that the Spanish boot- and shoe-maker is an artist worthy of all praise. Old-fashioned he may be—and is, if to be old-fashioned means a refusal to be " new " —but he understands that the small feet of a woman were given her as a special gift of Nature, and he refrains from adding three or four inches to their length. Once a woman has worn a Spanish-made boot or shoe she finds it impossible again to accept the long-toed-pointed-toed horrors now so fashionable in America and in Paris.

Politeness.

The politeness of the Spaniards is a much-discussed point. In the first place, they are frequently accused of saying very much more than they mean when they say: " *En Calle So-and-So* 13 *tiene V su casa,*" which means literally: " At Number 13 So-and-So Street you have a house " ; or, in other words, that you will be welcome when you call upon the speaker. For my own part, I cannot see that this very polite and charming little speech even borders on the untrue : it is only spoken to those who will certainly be received, if they call, and though the figure of speech is not English, it is distinctly graceful. The fashion of offering for acceptance anything admired is now dying out, but even that was merely a polite phrase which obviously had no practical meaning.

A more difficult form of politeness—or impoliteness—to deal with is the habit, in Andalusia, of expressing opinions about passers-by, in the street ; and this in a clearly audible voice. It is, from every point of view, an embarrassing habit ! The Spaniard of good society does not, of course, take part in this amusement : it is left to the ordinary man-of-the-street-corner, but as this latter personage is in the majority in all the Andalusian cities the difficulty has to be faced. In theory this habit cannot be too harshly condemned, but in practice——, well, circumstances sometimes alter cases, and

the southern Spaniard knows how to turn his phrases charmingly, when a pretty woman is concerned!

One thing certain is that foreign visitors to Sevilla, Cordova, etc., must make up their minds to accept these audible criticisms in the spirit in which the Spanish women accept them. They must pass along quietly as if, in hearing without heeding, they accepted such glowing words of praise as a natural tribute of a mere man to one of the Queens of the Earth.

I think Bizet's delicious "Carmen" has a great deal to answer for when travellers rail at the shortcomings of Spain.

The Carmen Legend.

I lay stress on the name *Bizet*, because the original Carmen of Prosper Merrimée was quite another thing. The Carmen of Bizet is a fascinating creature, born of genius in wedlock with the stage. Sometimes, when interpreted by the divine Calvé, for example, she is put before us as an *élégante* possessed of a dissolute soul and an amorous body. Sometimes she is frankly an audacious *café chantant* performer. Always, and in all forms, and because of the genius which helped to create her, she is fascinating, but rarely is she the Carmen of Prosper Merimée; for the latter was wholly and entirely a *cigarrera* of Sevilla. And the cigarette makers of Sevilla have nothing in common with the *café chantant* element.

In the tobacco factory you will find, perhaps, 6,000 women, of all sorts and conditions. Women pretty, plain, fat, coarse, brazen, comely, and—a few—quite beautiful: but while you may look in vain for even one who might, by stretching an elastic imagination, suggest the Carmen of Bizet, you will find very many who might, at the moment, have stepped right out of Merimée's picture.

The Empress Eugénie.

In speaking of Prosper Merimée and his Carmen, it is impossible to curb the thoughts which fly back to the days when Merimée was the friend and respectful admirer of the most notable Spanish woman of recent times. Of Eugenia de

Guzman y Porto, ex-Empress of the French and, even yet, one of the most beautiful of women.

When a woman becomes so world-famous as the Empress Eugénie her nationality is easily forgotten. She seems to belong to the world at large. But Granada, once the glory of the Moorish kings, once the stronghold of Boabdil the unlucky, was her birthplace, and her family, past and present, has been and still is, closely connected with various parts of Andalusia. At Granada the house in which the Empress was born can still be seen, but it is in a dilapidated state.

It was in the year 1830 that Prosper Merimée first met the Condesa de Teba y de Montijo—mother of the Empress—and from that date to the end of his life he cherished for this remarkable woman a sincere admiration and friendship. The Condesa was possessed of a very determined character, and in this connection Merimée once said to her: "*Vous m'avez habitué á croire que tout ce que vous vouliez s'accomplissait.*"

In thinking of the life of the Empress Eugénie two famous sayings, connected with Granada, rush to the front. The first, an inscription on the walls of the Alhambra, would willingly have been repeated by a thousand voices in the hours of her triumph—

Wert thou compared to the stars they would be humbled: were splendour and nobility wanting to thy dignity, thy person would give it sufficient lustre.

The second, the words of Boabdil, spoken on the spot known as *El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro*—

When was sorrow ever equal to mine?

The Empress was a notable example of the much vaunted type, the fair Spaniard. Writers have differed as to the actual colour of her hair, but it is certain that she was more blonde than brunette, and that her superb eyes were "blue: darkly, deeply, beautifully blue." Bismarck, in speaking of the Empress, described her hair as "dark brown," but this was a mistake. It was brown with vivid reflections of gold, and so peculiar was the tint that the Parisiennes did not hesitate

to say that it was impossible it could be natural. Eyes of true, brilliant blue—such as those of the Empress—are not common in Spain, though I have myself seen them, in connection with hair of purest gold, and in Sevilla. But the green eyes of the poets are not at all uncommon.

A fascinating gipsy, a creation of Cervantes, is described as having golden hair and emerald eyes, and several of the Valera women belong to the same type. Amongst the gipsies of Triana green eyes are frequently to be seen, and they are amazingly effective because of their contrast with the bronze skin and the unfathomable expression.

As a rule, the one great physical fault of the Spanish woman is that she is rather short and, after her first youth has passed, too stout. Of course there are many exceptions to this rule, and these exceptions show us how near to the truth the father of Italian anthropology, Paolo Mantegazza, came when he said: "When an Andalusian woman attains the stately height of an Englishwoman, and when an Englishwoman has small hands and feet, they are both divine, the two highest forms of life, the most splendid creatures in the human world."

In my chapter on Literature I have spoken of what has been called "the Valera type" as the "eternal woman." It is Spanish, but then it is also cosmopolitan: and this because it embraces nearly all the finest feminine qualities it is possible to imagine. There can be no doubt about the physical and mental charms of the aristocratic Spanish woman: the *mondaine* of Madrid, of Biarritz, of Paris, and of London. She is, almost always, an excellent linguist, and, curiously enough, she nearly always speaks English more perfectly than any other foreign language. Of course, all the society women of Spain speak French quite fluently, but, as a rule, an attentive listener can detect a slight accent, while in speaking English this suspicion of accent is frequently absent. I know many Spaniards who speak English absolutely faultlessly: in fact, I have more than once mistaken a Spaniard for an Englishman, and this after some conversation. Many of the

men, especially the officers, look like Englishmen of the best type: they are tall and clean-limbed, and they wear their clothes with a certain ease which at once suggests the club-man of Pall Mall. I have never noticed this peculiarity in connection with Frenchmen, though the latter place immense faith in London tailors, and many of them even go so far as to send their shirts and collars to England to be washed!

In all the better-class families in Spain it is the custom to have French and English nurses and governesses, and it is not an unusual thing to find little children speaking English or French more easily and fluently than their own native language.

Very much has been said of a sarcastic nature and by Spaniards themselves on the subject of Progress of Women in the Peninsula. I hardly dare to do more than touch on this subject because my own personal views are hopelessly old-fashioned, and I see so many *immensely* important things for women to do at home that I do not see how they can go far outside the home, without serious injury to vital interests. It may be that Spanish women have not, legally, as many "rights" as women of other nations, but, on the other hand, they have rights of another kind. No one can realise the position of the mother in Spain without seeing that the women must understand very well how to hold their own. The Spanish mother is an empress in her own home: and she retains her sway over her sons long after they have cut themselves adrift from the parent root and have set up house for themselves. It often and often happens that the mother, in her old age, takes precedence of the wife; her wishes and requirements are considered first. And this, though not always quite pleasant for the wife, is just as it should be. The *mamita* has given up the days of her youth and strength to the care and culture of her children, and if she reaps her reward—as most surely she does in Spain—it is no more than her due.

In the humble walks of life it is quite a common thing for the old father and mother to live with the married son who

is best able to support them, and this arrangement, to any Spaniard, seems only natural and what was to be expected.

Of the Spanish beggar very much has been written, and certainly he is a troublesome person, when encountered, but the Poor Laws are improving year by year, and one can now visit most of the Andalusian cities without fear of annoyance from these insistent followers. In Sevilla begging is forbidden, except on certain days, and a law of the same kind obtains at Granada. But then it must not be forgotten that the Spanish beggar is a thing apart from his fellows. He honestly and genuinely thinks he has a perfect right to beg, and that you do no more than your right when you give. In these circumstances begging becomes an honourable profession, and those who follow it expect to be treated with proper respect. It is an insult to a Spanish beggar to pass him by with a haughty gesture, or even without a word of explanation, if you do not feel disposed to give. You must pause a second and say, "*Perdóneme usted*," or "*Perdone usted por el amor de Dios*," which means that you are asking him, in the most polite form, to excuse you. And in any ordinary case the beggar will smile and pass on.

The Spanish Beggar.

I have already said that Spain is the one truly democratic country in the world, and the more one studies the thoughts, ideas, and ideals of the humbler classes the more this fact becomes evident. It is absolutely true that your butcher and your baker, your domestic servant and your coachman, your railway porter and your hotel waiter, all think and feel themselves to be your equal. They do not insist on the fact, if you, by look or act, do not try to show your superiority, but, honestly, they feel that they are your equal. They are not so rich, but then riches do not place people on pinnacles in Spain. They have to work while you are free to play, but that is just an accident, and they see no more shame in their work than in your play. They do their part. And more often than not they do it very well, if entirely in their

own way. And since they do what is expected of them they look to you to follow suit, and to do it politely and graciously.

Just at first all this is very disconcerting. One finds oneself perpetually making mental notes of interrogation! The driver of your hired carriage will, if it seems to him that you are agreeable, enter thoroughly into your affairs: he will ask you questions and will give excellent advice. And frequently in the shops the same thing happens. In Andalusia it will happen, nine times in ten, that the young man behind the counter will be smoking a cigarette when he comes forward to attend you. And while you are delicately insinuating that you would be pleased to see a ribbon of a special colour or a certain class of silk he will, probably, ask you where you are staying and how you are enjoying yourself, and how long a visit you intend making. And if it be in your nature to be *muy simpatica*, he will perhaps give you some notes on a coming bull-fight, or suggest to you the most agreeable theatre in which to spend an evening. And all this without the faintest suspicion that in England the same thing would be regarded as impossible. He is not impertinent, and he does not take a liberty because his motive is of the best. You are a stranger, therefore you must be made to feel at home; you are a friend, therefore you must be greeted with pleasant words. He is selling, and you are buying. Why should it be less dignified to sell than to buy? And in Spain one realises that there is very much to be said for this point of view, because the Spaniards are naturally polite. And because of the utter absence of "push" or of vulgarity or pretension, the position seems perfectly natural, and—if you yourself know how to take it—agreeable.

The Mañana Question.

It is impossible to discuss Spain without bringing up the evergreen *mañana* question: the everlasting "to-morrow" of which we have heard so much and which has driven so many innocent individuals to the very gate of a lunatic asylum. Some witty writer has stated that an Englishman of business, in

Madrid, once compared his feelings with those of "a cat in hell without claws," and it is not difficult to understand the comparison, for the ways of Spain are not those of England, much less those of America. Personal experiences tell me that the *mañana* question has been done to death, but still, even with the best of luck, and in the best circumstances, it is not easy to get the average Spaniard to do *to-day* what can be put off until to-morrow, or the next day, or next week!

Of course, this peculiarity is at times very inconvenient, but one must never forget that countries, like individuals, have the faults of their qualities. If the Spaniard does not hurry neither does he hustle. If he does not exert himself strenuously to make money, neither does he consider the making of money the most desirable occupation of life. The English and American nations are notable for their business qualities: they know how to make money and how to spend it, but perhaps in the race for wealth and power they miss something, and a thing of value, which belongs to the Spaniard? In this connection I cannot resist the temptation to give once again a quotation from Havelock Ellis. In his "Soul of Spain," at the end of his exquisite chapter on Montserrat, he says—

> The ascetic temperament of the Spaniard renders few things necessary, while his individualism makes it easy for him, in no unkindly spirit, to leave the stranger alone. I cannot remember that any one during the whole of my stay made any attempt to hamper my movements, to offer his services or his wares, or to demand any gratuity. There are guides, indeed, but they do not proffer their services, and there is a little bureau where post cards are sold, but it is nearly always closed. One reflected on all that would be seen here if some evil fate had placed Our Lady of Montserrat's Shrine in one's own country—of the huge and gaudy hotels, with their liveried flunkies, of the tea-gardens which would replace the cross on the Mirador, of the innumerable shops and booths where the stranger would be pestered to buy altogether unnecessary articles, of the gigantic advertisements of whiskies and liver-pills which would defile every exquisite point of rock. As one thinks of these things one realises how far we have yet to travel before we attain to the Spaniard's insight into the art of living, his fine parsimony in life, lest for life's sake he should lose the causes for living, his due subordination of dull material claims to the larger spiritual claims of joy and freedom.

In Spain the House of " Our Father "—the House of God—is in the true sense of the word the home of the people. All over the Peninsula this may be seen. In San Sebastian, the centre of fashion, as in Andalusia and in Cataluña and in Galicia and Madrid. The people, even the very poorest and most wretched, enter the House of God as they would enter their own home. There they rest: there they, very often, and in a dark corner, eat; there the women sit tranquilly, with the baby at the breast. And there they kneel and pray, as naturally as a child prays at the knee of its mother.

The House of our Father.

I can imagine no more beautiful sight than one of the great dark churches of Spain, on a week day, with its silent inhabitants scattered about, here and there. All perfectly reverent, but some so evidently taking an hour of perfect rest. And then on Sunday morning, at a crowded Mass—how exquisite is the courtesy shown from one to the other, without the least regard for position or station. I have, at the Buen Pastor of San Sebastian, frequently seen women belonging to the Court circles kneeling side by side with poor old beggar women in rags, and if seats are scarce, because of the vast numbers, the poorest woman will, quite naturally, offer her *Prie Dieu* to the richest. And it will be accepted as naturally as it is offered.

The spirit of true and most admirable democracy is more noticeable in the churches of Spain than elsewhere, and is not this as it should be? Is it not a beautiful idea that Our Father's House should be the home of *all*—without any distinction of persons, in thought or in action?

The charm of the Spanish *patio*, or open court, is irresistible! In Andalusia these courts are often very large and beautiful, as will be clearly seen in the photograph of one which belongs to a house in Sevilla. The house is built round the *patio*, in a square, and the open court, which is always decorated with palms and splendid foliage plants and flowers, serves as a cool reception

The Charm of the Patio.

room in summer. In the photograph may be seen, at the extreme left, the handsome stone staircase which leads to the house proper, for the ground-floor rooms are not often occupied by members of the family, except in the hot summer months.

Opening on to the street there is always a large gate of massive iron, and some of these gates are exquisitely wrought and of great value. Spain has always been famous for its wrought-iron work, and, at the present day, very beautiful gates and screens are made at Madrid and in other parts of the country.

Latch-keys are—so far as I know—an unheard-of luxury in Andalusia! To enter the house at all it is necessary to ring the great bell at the outer gate, and then to wait until someone inspects you from above. When you have satisfactorily given a reason why you should enter the gate opens in a mysterious way, and you find yourself in the *patio*.

In southern Spain the houses are built—in some ways—on very practical lines. You have the lovely cool *patio* in which to sit in summer, and you have the flat roof, which catches every ray of sunshine, on which to sit in winter! And the flat roofs, as the *patios*, are made gay with flowers and foliage plants.

Photo by *Beauchy*

PATIO OF HOUSE IN SEVILLA

CHAPTER XII

FIESTAS—RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR

THE most interesting Fiestas of Spain are those of Sevilla, in spring. There are processions and *Férias* of a similar kind in other cities, but the Holy Week in Sevilla remains a thing apart. It is unique in the entire world. And to those who contemplate spending some months in the south of Spain I offer the following suggestions. Spend a week or ten days at Sevilla in the Carnival season, for in this way you will have an opportunity of seeing the *seises* dance at the Cathedral, and also of seeing Sevilla, with its many interesting monuments, quietly. Then—if you are in search of sunshine—spend a few weeks at Malaga and return to Sevilla *viâ* Granada and Cordova, getting back in good time for the Holy Week. In some such way as this Andalusia may be seen at its best, and I have given in the first chapter of this book some practical information about the kilometric system of travelling, which will probably be found useful.

Fiestas.

I have already described several of the picturesque costumes worn by Spanish women, on special occasions, but it remains to be recorded that they never look to greater advantage than during the Holy Week. For this solemn season the regulation dress, out of doors, is a robe of black silk, black satin or black gauze; with a black lace *mantilla* carefully arranged over the head and shoulders. The hair is dressed rather high and the *mantilla* is supported by a comb and by clusters of crimson carnations: the latter being placed close to the front, at one side. The sleeves of these black dresses are almost always elbow length, and long white suede or kid gloves are worn. Than this costume nothing could be more effective.

It is, in fact, perfectly bewitching, for Andalusian women almost always look their best in black. It is easy to judge how much better they look in the black *mantilla* than in the white, for on Easter Day, at the great bull-fight, the latter is always worn. Of course the white, or ivory tinted, *mantilla* is infinitely graceful and becoming, but there is a subtle fascination attached to the head-dress of black silk lace which cannot be overlooked.

The first of the Holy Week ceremonies is the blessing of the palms, at the Cathedral, on Palm Sunday. This is a picturesque and interesting sight, for the procession, composed of very many persons carrying large palms, leaves the church by the west door and then re-enters, after knocking at the locked door, by the *Puerta de los Palos*.

And in connection with the ceremonies of Palm Sunday it is worth while to pause a moment, to consider where and how such a vast number of palm leaves are prepared.

The Palm Groves.

One of the most notable Palm Groves in Spain is that of Elche, a little oriental town on the borders of the Mediterranean, close to Alicante. Many of the palm trees at Elche are seventy and eighty feet high, and in looking at the marvellous groves of these huge trees it seems impossible to realise that one is not in the very heart of Africa.

Picture to yourself a grove of giant date palms which average seventy feet in height and which number 115,000 or more. The sight is a wonderful one, and no visitor to Murcia or to Valencia should miss it. The date palm requires very careful cultivation, and on this subject Baedeker gives some valuable and interesting information. He says—

The male palms blossom in May and their pollen is then sprinkled by the husbandmen over the female palms. The latter bear their fruit every other year, and the average crop is worth about 350,000 pesetas, each tree producing 75 lbs. of dates. The dates ripen between November and the following spring, and are much inferior to those of the oases of the Sahara. The leaves of the male palms and of the barren female palms are also of market value, as they are cut at Easter, made up into bundles, blessed by the priests, and sold to the pious throughout

Photo by *"Nuevo Mundo"*

"FIESTA ANDALUZA"

Spain, who attach them to their houses as a safeguard against lightning. To prepare them for this use, the leaves are bleached on the trees by being tightly bound up. A tree can stand this operation once in four years, and the annual number so treated is about 8,000, each tree yielding about ten bundles.

The *hortolano* climbs the branchless trees by means of a rope passed round his waist, while he presses his feet against the trunk.

The Processions.

All during Holy Week interest is centred on the splendid processions of the various brotherhoods—or *cofradias*. All these processions are important, but some very much more so than others, because of the special value of some of the images. A procession—or *paso*—consists of masked members of the brotherhood, in curious costumes which I shall presently describe, of gendarmes—in some cases of mounted soldiers—of musicians and of other persons, who vary according to the particular procession. In the illustration may be seen a *confradia* standing still in a street. In the front are the *Nazarenos*, or masked brothers. All wear long and shapeless garments with high-peaked head-dresses, but the colour and material of these garments differ considerably. Some of the dresses are purple, some black, and some white, and so on.

If you look carefully at this picture you will see, at either side, men standing with sacks over their heads. These are the *gallegos*, or the men who have to bear the immensely heavy *paso* on their bent shoulders. A large number of these men are required for each procession, and their work is exceedingly arduous: they are hidden from sight by curtains which hang at either side of the *paso*. In the picture I am now describing a number of life-sized figures, representing the Last Supper, are seated round a table, and these figures are surrounded by a vast number of lighted candles.

All the *pasos* are different, and some of them are of great artistic value. Some of the figures exhibited during the Holy Week at Sevilla are the work of Martinez Montañes, the famous Sevillan sculptor of the seventeenth century. Montañes was a master of mediæval polychrome sculpture,

and many of his figures are treasured in the churches of Spain.

Very remarkable figures of the Blessed Virgin are to be found amongst the *pasos* of the Holy Week, notably "Our Lady of Victory," which belongs to the Chapel of the cigarette girls. The robes of this image are magnificent, and so are the jewels.

Each *cofradia* makes a pilgrimage from its own church to the Cathedral, and back; and so heavy are the *pasos* that frequently this little pilgrimage occupies from eight to ten hours, or even more. Each procession passes in front of the *Ayuntamiento*—or Town Hall—and pauses before the stand in which the *Alcalde* has taken up his position. They then slowly progress onward towards the Cathedral.

Although the processions of the afternoons are the more gorgeous, those of the early morning—*de madrugada*—are by far the most interesting.

There is something weirdly fascinating about the solemn beat of the drums—which accompany all the *pasos*—in the silent hours of early morning, and as the procession goes by in those mysterious moments which herald the dawn, the imagination is strangely excited, and it becomes easy to understand the feelings of those "penitents" who have volunteered to follow the Holy Images—barefooted and sometimes even with a great cross crushing in the shoulders.

Each procession passes through the Cathedral, and it is a strange sight to see the immense church lit up only by torches and by the twinkling lights of the many candles which surround each group of figures.

On the Wednesday and Thursday evenings of Holy Week the "Miserere" of Don Hilario Eslava is sung in the Cathedral, and the music, if curiously cheerful, is remarkably fine. Eslava was born in 1807 in a small village of Navarre, near Pampeluna, and from early childhood he revealed extraordinary musical talents. He was proficient on the piano, organ and violin, and was at

The "Miserere" of Eslava.

By permission of the *Editor of the "Peninsular Post"*

A "PASO"

HOLY WEEK AT SEVILLA

the same time a notable composer. In 1830 he was *Maestro de Capilla* in Sevilla, and he afterwards filled the same post in Madrid, dying in the year 1878.

One of Eslava's most enthusiastic admirers was Rossini, who frequently said that no one surpassed him in the art of arranging the vocal parts of an important composition.

Besides the "Miserere," which has made him famous in many countries, Eslava composed several dances for the *seises*—of whom I shall speak a little further on. The Eslava music is generally used for the dances at the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Amongst the religious ceremonies of Holy Week, special mention must be made of the "Rending of the Veil," accompanied by music representing thunder, at 10 a.m. on Wednesday. The Consecration of the Oil, in the presence of the Cathedral Chapter, the Town Council, the University, and other important persons, early on Thursday morning. The "Washing of the Feet" on Thursday afternoon—at the Cathedral. The solemn extinguishing of the candles in the Tenebrario, one by one, on Thursday night, during the singing of the "Miserere," and on Good Friday morning—between 8 a.m. and 9 a.m.—the Adoration of the Cross before the High Altar and the removal of the Host from the "Monumento." This "Monumento" is a wooden temple, 105 feet in height, which is brilliantly lighted up on the night of Thursday in Holy Week. The effect of this dazzling structure in the midst of the dark Cathedral is very striking. On Easter Day the High Mass in the Cathedral is magnificent.

The Seises.

Of the many religious ceremonies to be witnessed in the Cathedral of Sevilla none is so supremely interesting as the dances, before the High Altar, of the boys known as the *seises*. These dances take place every year on the three days of Carnival: at the Feast of Corpus Christi, which falls at the end of May or beginning of June, and during the octave of the Immaculate Conception which begins on December 7th. The dances take

place at the foot of the High Altar and are accompanied by a stringed orchestra and by the organ.

The boys—ten in number—wear pages' costumes of the period of Philip III, and these costumes are made as follows: There is a tunic and knickerbockers of either blue or red damask, with stripes of gold *galon*. Red is the colour for the carnival and Feast of Corpus Christi, and blue for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The Costume of the Seises.

A very curious feature of these costumes is *Las Aletas*, or wings, which are made of the same stuff as the rest of the costume, and which hang from the shoulders, at the back. *Las Aletas* were the wings of the original boys, who were dressed as angels. Over the shoulders and across the breast the boys wear scarves of white taffetas, which are fastened on the shoulder with a rosette. They wear collars and cuffs of white lace and *sombreros a la chamberga*, or hats which are turned up directly in front: these hats are made of blue or red damask, and are lined with white. This particular hat was introduced during the time when Don Hilarion Eslava was *Maestro de Capilla*, and it is adorned with a tuft of plumes, blue or red according to season.

It is surprising that so little seems known about the history of these famous dances of choir boys in the Cathedral of Sevilla, for it is quite certain that these dances have taken place, at certain seasons, and in various forms, for about 800 years. They have from time to time aroused the violent opposition of ecclesiastical and civil authorities who had, in many instances, never witnessed the dances, and who were not in a position to judge of the truly devout spirit which animates the whole ceremony. Opposition was only overcome by the insistence of the *sevillanos* themselves, who were determined to maintain an ancient and beautiful custom. A well-known Spanish writer has given the following appreciation of the dance of the *seises* and of its real meaning. "It is," he says, "certain that from time immemorial it has been

Photo by *Beauchy*

"THE SEISES"

natural for the *sevillanos* to dance, to sing, and to play the *castanets*. They perform these actions with all the charm and the grace which God has been pleased to bestow upon them in abundance, and in my opinion it is right that they should make an offering which is purely Andalusian to the Almighty. This offering is the dance of the *seises*, which is essentially typical of the popular customs of Andalusia."

Origin of the Dances.

The origin of the dance may safely be stated to have been coincident with the institution of the Festival of Corpus Christi in 1264. For the first solemnization of this Festival the Chapter undertook to construct a wooden ark, representing the Ark of the Testament, in which the Blessed Sacrament was placed. This Ark was carried in solemn procession and was accompanied by priests and choir boys. Immediately preceding the Ark were eight boys dressed as angels, with garlands of flowers on their heads: these boys went before the Ark singing and dancing as David and the Israelites did before the Ark of the Testament. An account of this historic Feast of Corpus Christi is recorded in the archives of the city of Sevilla, and in the records of each succeeding festival mention is made of the dances of the boys.

In 1600 the dances seem to have been very much what they are to-day; between each pair of figures a verse of a hymn was sung, but no mention was made of the *castanets;* nor has it ever been ascertained when these were first introduced, though there *is* a record in the archives of the purchase of one pair of *castanets* in the year 1667; it is presumed that this single pair was to replace a pair which had been lost.

Some time in the year 1650 the boys entered the College of San Isidoro, to which they have belonged ever since. There are at the present day in this college twenty-two pupils; the ten *seises* and twelve others. To enter the college a boy—of more than eight years—must have a good voice and must know how to read Latin. The *seises* receive their education free, but they have certain duties to perform; they officiate

as choir boys, etc. They are given three lessons each week by the *Maestro de Capilla*, and every Saturday they sing a Mass in the Capilla de la Antigua.

It is difficult to give, in mere words, a clear idea of the dances of these boys, but perhaps it is not incorrect to say that the movements resemble, somewhat, those of a quadrille, *very* solemnly danced. Each figure has a mystic meaning: the lines in which the boys move forming some letter, or letters. The most notable figures are the simple and double chains, the figure 8 and the double "S"—the latter figure standing for the words *Santisimo Sacramento*.

The music for these dances is written in *seguidilla* rhythm: the boys at first sing and dance at the same time, accompanied by the orchestra. Then they cease singing and dance with a *castanet* accompaniment. The *castanets* used by the *seises* are small and very delicately made: they are worn on the middle finger, instead of on the thumb, as in the case of ordinary dancers, and the boys *never* raise their arms: nor is there any movement of the body. The picturesque little figures move gracefully and most solemnly from point to point.

The dance of the *seises* takes place, as I have said, in front of the High Altar, and within a space which measures about ten feet by seven feet: this space is enclosed by two long benches covered with crimson velvet.

Feria at Sevilla.

The annual Fair at Sevilla attracts immense crowds to the city and it is made especially interesting for strangers by the fact that peasants, frequently in national costume, come from all parts of Andalusia to this annual gathering. The Fair is in reality a great cattle show, at which 70,000 or 80,000 animals of various kinds are to be seen. But though the people from the country may, and do, come to the Feria to buy and sell cattle, the Sevillanos—and specially the Sevill*anas*—make the most of an opportunity to entertain friends and to be entertained. One of the special features of the Fair is the street of *casetas*, or pretty temporary houses, which are

occupied during three days by the society people of Sevilla. These *casetas* are very prettily built and contain, as a rule, two rooms: they are not enclosed in front, and it is in these *salons* which are open to public gaze that the various hostesses receive their friends. And in the same *salons*, to an accompaniment of pianos, guitars, and *castanets*, the charming Señoritas dance endless *sevillanas* and other Spanish dances.

At night the sight is a most charming one. All the *casetas* are lighted up, and most of them are decorated with flowers and foliage plants. The fashionable clubs—such as the Labradores, the Sevillano, the Centro Mercantil, etc.—have gorgeous temporary houses in which to receive their guests, and military and other bands add greatly to the gaiety of the scene.

In other parts of the Fair the women of the people are to be seen in their lovely *mantones de Manila*, crimson carnations arranged amongst the coils of dark hair, and pearly teeth gleaming white as gay laughter fills the fragrant air. For in very truth the air of Sevilla, in spring, is deliciously fragrant. There are moments when the perfume of orange and acacia blossoms seems absolutely overpowering!

The Fair at Sevilla is always held on the days of April 18th, 19th and 20th, and so it rarely happens that visitors can enjoy the Holy Week *and* the Feria, without a break. Once in a way Easter falls late and then an ideal fortnight can be spent in the fascinating old city.

Vast numbers of persons visit Zaragoza for the *Fiesta del Pilar* on October 12th: the anniversary of the day on which the Blessed Virgin appeared to St. James, when the Apostle was journeying through Spain. Zaragoza itself is surrounded by a halo of romance, for it was, just 100 years ago, the scene of one of the most pathetic sieges the world has ever known. A handful of brave men and women, with the aid of sixteen cannon and a few old-fashioned muskets, defended the town against Marshall Lannes at the head of an overwhelming French army. And defended it for two terrible, merciless months!

"Fiesta del Pilar."

So frightful were the scenes connected with this heroic defence that Lannes himself wrote of it to the Emperor: "I have never seen stubbornness equal to the defence of this place. Women allow themselves to be killed in front of every breach. Every house needs a separate assault. In a word, Sire, this is a war which horrifies."

The Maid of Zaragoza.

And it was in this defence of home and country that Maria Augustina—the "Maid of Zaragoza"—won for herself deathless fame. This brave daughter of Aragon fought side by side with her lover all through the siege, and when at last he was killed she took the linstock from his dying hand and continued to work the gun herself. Byron has immortalised her glorious deeds in "Childe Harold"—

> Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear:
> Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post:
> Her fellows flee—she checks their base career:
> The foe retires—she heads the sallying host.
> Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
> Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
> What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?
> Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
> Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a battered wall?

And last year—in 1908, the centenary of the Defence of Zaragoza—Queen Victoria of Spain unveiled a beautiful statue of "The Maid" by Benlliure, which has been placed in the historic Plaza del Portillo, in which she served the gun, standing over the dead body of her lover.

Augustina de Aragon died in Ceuta in the year 1857, and during her life she was beloved by all who knew her. She was, in many respects, the prototype of the women of Valera—of whom I have spoken in the chapter on Literature. Brave and strong of mind and body, Augustina de Aragon was yet wholly a woman. Her nature was frank and noble, and her love of truth was proverbial. And in this famous "Maid" we find embraced some of the leading features of the people of Aragon: a people curiously tenacious of their personal independence and of great force and originality of character.

The Cathedral del Pilar at Zaragoza is a large and very fine building, which has grown into magnificence on the site of the simple little church which originally held the precious Jasper pillar upon which the Blessed Virgin stood when she appeared to St. James. This column is placed on the right of the High Altar, which is made of alabaster, and year after year thousands and thousands of pilgrims from all over Europe visit it on the day of October 12th.

The Pilgrimage del Pilar is as notable as it is picturesque. Peasants in national costumes come to Zaragoza, from all corners of Spain, and it is a solemn sight when the Cathedral del Pilar is completely filled with these devout pilgrims—all reverently kneeling before the beautiful sanctuary which contains the sacred column.

"Fiesta del Corpus Christi" in Granada.

The Fiesta of Corpus Christi at Granada is possessed of unique interest because the woods and gardens of the Alhambra are brilliantly illuminated. The numerous trees growing in that delightful spot are adorned with a profusion of coloured electric lights, fastened to the branches and imitating flowers and fruits. Many arc lights are placed in the woods, and powerful reflectors throw delicate tints on the waters of cascades and fountains.

The Palacio del Emperador and the Gate of Justice are outlined with electric lights, and the whole effect is that of an enchanted palace.

There are at this season fine concerts in the Palace of Carlos V, given by the Symphonic Orchestra of Madrid.

"Fiesta del Corpus Christi at Béjar.

The Fiesta of Corpus Christi at Béjar—not far from Salamanca—is a very strange one, and to appreciate it one must understand its origin. In the year 850 the native inhabitants of Béjar were turned out of their town by the Moors, and for fifteen years they were forced to take refuge in the mountains. But in the year 866 they regained their city by a most ingenious strategy. They dressed themselves in

skins of animals, and in coverings of moss : in this guise they entered Béjar and so terrified were the Moors at their frightful appearance that they fled and left the coast free !

In commemoration of this remarkable achievement it has been customary, at the Feast of Corpus Christi, for two men covered from head to foot with moss to carry the flag of the city at the head of the procession.

CHAPTER XIII

CATALUÑA AND THE CATALANS

For many years Spain has been confronted, within her own territories, by a problem far more intricate than any question of colonial or foreign policy: the problem presented by Cataluña and the Catalans. In all the turbulent history of Spain no such heated discussions have raged round any previous political question; nor has any attitude been so frequently misunderstood as that of the Catalans themselves.

History of Cataluña—a Sketch.

To appreciate correctly the relations of the Catalans with the rest of Spain it is necessary to understand a little of their history, their national characteristics, their language, and—most important of all—the real aims and ideas of the leaders of the Catalan movement.

It would be idle to deny that all through history there has been a marked want of sympathy, if not a feeling of actual ill-will, between the inhabitants of Cataluña and the rest of Spain, the latter summed up by the term *castellanos*. From the earliest times the Catalans have been a warlike and extremely independent race, determined at all costs to preserve their national liberty.

Cataluña has been successively under the dominion of the Romans, the Visigoths, the Moors and the Franks. The latter were dispossessed in the ninth century, and an independent *Condado de Barcelona* was established.

In 1149 Cataluña was united to Aragon by the marriage of Ramon Berenguer IV with Petronila, and in 1469 both countries were incorporated with Castile by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella: Cataluña received, however, a liberal constitution, and numerous *fueros* or privileges.

The first outbreak with Castile occurred in 1640, when

Philip IV imposed a heavy taxation upon the Catalans to aid him in his wars against France. The people rebelled against this, and instead of helping the Spanish sovereign they rose unanimously in favour of France and offered a long and obstinate resistance to the *castellanos*.

The rebellion was eventually quelled and many penalties were imposed by Philip V, the bitterest of which was the suppression of the *fueros* which had so long been cherished by the people as an ancient and sacred emblem of the liberty of their province. These *fueros* were publicly burned by the hangman: municipal liberty was abolished, and the royal revenge even went to the length of issuing an edict commanding that the knives used by the labourers at their meals should be chained to the tables as a stigma of servitude!

The "Fueros."

Even now in many old houses in Cataluña these tables with the chained knives are carefully preserved, nor is popular resentment by any means extinct: indeed, it may be said that from that date the feeling between *castellanos* and Catalans has been one of scarcely concealed antagonism.

Until quite recently the policy of the Spanish Government towards Cataluña has been singularly unfortunate: everything that might tend to foment discontent has been done. For instance, the most systematic attempts have been made to suppress the Catalan language.

Catalan writers have frequently been compelled to publish their works in the two languages, the natural result of which is that the people of Cataluña cling more tenaciously than ever to their mother tongue, and, as a rule, absolutely refuse to speak Spanish. A little later on I shall explain fully the difference between the two languages, but I may here remark that it is quite erroneous to assume that Catalan is a dialect.

In spite of innumerable misunderstandings on the part of the State, no province has been more ready to help Spain in time of need than Cataluña. In the War of Independence against the Napoleonic invasion, and later in the Cuban war,

Cataluña made heroic sacrifices in the common cause, and showed clearly that, although the Catalans had an intense love for their own land, their traditions and their liberties, they nevertheless considered themselves bound to Spain by the strongest ties of kinship.

In speaking of this militant people—who are neither wholly Spanish nor wholly French, though displaying the characteristics of both nations—Mr. Ellis says—

> To-day it is the political and administrative control of Madrid against which the Catalans protest. The Catalan question is especially an economic question. The Catalans rebel against paying the bureaucratic Castilian heavily for services which are very badly performed: services which they are well aware they could perform very much better for themselves.
>
> They have suffered seriously from the necessities of a State centralised in remote Madrid, and they consider moreover that they are entitled to fiscal autonomy. Their commercial and industrial supremacy leads them to assign to Cataluña a more than provincial rank, and they believe that the restoration of Spain can best be accomplished with the Catalan hegemony, and increased home-rule in all the regions of Spain. It is quite likely that such a reform of the national constitution would lead to a state of things more suitable to the genius of the Spanish character than the present highly centralised system.

Since Mr. Ellis wrote these words a large degree of autonomy has been granted to Cataluña by Señor Maura's Bill of Local Administration.

Catalan Language.

The first point to be settled with regard to Catalan is that it is a language and *not* a dialect, or corruption of Spanish, as it is frequently assumed to be, both abroad and in Spain. Of course, when I state that it is a language I mean that it has as much claim to that title as has Castilian. I spoke in the chapter on Literature about the etymological significance of the word language, and pointed out that scarcely any European tongue can really claim the title, since all, with the exception of Basque, are derivations from some older language.

It is not generally known that *Catalan* has no connection with Castilian beyond their common Latin origin. The two languages took form concurrently, and each was enriched from

various sources: Castilian from the Arabic and *Catalan* from the Provençal, with which it has a marked affinity, the language spoken in many parts of the south of France being exactly similar to that spoken in Cataluña. Although many words are the same as in Spanish the pronunciation is quite different.

Ch at the end of a word sounds like *k*; *g* and *j* are pronounced as in French; *Ig*—which frequently occurs—has the sound of the Scottish guttural *ch*, as *puig*—pronounced *puch*; *x* is like *sh*.

As regards the beauty of the Catalan tongue, opinions run from one extreme to another; many Spaniards affirm that it is one of the harshest and most unlovely speeches imaginable. Cervantes, on the contrary, asserts that Catalan is a "most charming language, with which for its sweetness and agreeableness only the Portuguese can compete."

The Catalans themselves cling to it with the utmost affection, and regard it as the very soul of their land; the institution of Catalan as the official language of the Province was one of the first rights claimed at the famous Assembly of Manresa. All students of Catalan literature are amazed at its importance, and still more surprised that it should be, comparatively, so little known in Spain.

The poets are innumerable and the excellence of their work would do honour to any language; history, science and art are well represented, and it is a curious fact that, although not more than twelve Catalan writers are really well known in Spain, the works of a large number of Catalans have been translated into foreign languages: English, German, Swedish, Hungarian, Italian, Russian, Portuguese, Provençal, and even Latin! These translations have been collected and placed in the Biblioteca de Villanueva y Geltru by its founder, Don Victor Balaguer—himself one of the most notable Catalan men of letters. Of the great Catalan writers three stand out pre-eminently: Ramon Muntaner, Ramon Lull, and Ausias March.

The greatest Catalan poet of the present day is Verdaguer, whose *Atlantida* is one of the most beautiful poems ever written. There are at present over forty weekly papers and four daily papers published in the Catalan language, and a sign of good omen for the future is the fact that, during the recent Royal visit to Barcelona, an important address was read in Catalan, and was received by the King with evident approval.

National Characteristics.

In studying the characteristics of the Catalan race, as distinct from the rest of the inhabitants of Spain, one must give due importance to the widely varied climatic conditions of the Spanish Provinces. The physical and mental dissimilarity of the northern and southern Spaniards is most extraordinary. In no other European country are there to be found so many apparently distinct races united in one kingdom.

The effect of climate upon the inhabitants of different regions is too much a matter of scientific speculation to be entered into here, nevertheless it is obvious that the vast disparity between the hot, balmy climate of Andalusia and Castile and the cooler atmosphere of the mountainous northern provinces must necessarily influence the character of the inhabitants.

The Catalans have been, from the earliest times, a brave and independent race, notably bold and skilful mariners and excellent men of business. They could not be more accurately summed up than in the words of Victor Balaguer, one of the greatest men of his era. " In Cataluña," he says, " everything is in perfect harmony. The language, history, literature, customs, temperament, and character—which differ in every respect from the other provinces of Spain, above all in Andalusia and Castile. A certain unyielding determination of character which has been noticed in them does not arise from any racial pride, but rather from a natural dignity and a consciousness of their rights. The Catalan admits equals but not superiors; he will accept Monarchs and Sovereigns but not lords and masters. Advice is distasteful to him and correction intolerable. He is scrupulous in the execution of

his duties, but, a jealous guardian of his rights, he will fiercely resent any attempt to undermine his independence or his liberty.

"Possessing these characteristics, the Catalan is daring in enterprises when he sees that he can achieve ultimate success. Everything in his nature reveals practical good sense. His poetry may have its birth in the clouds, but it will descend to brush with its wings the realities of everyday life. The historian may have a lofty outlook, but he will relate the most trivial facts with a keen regard to minute detail. It may be said at once that in his wildest aspirations the Catalan will never indulge in an ideal that has not something practical about it. These have been the characteristics of the Catalans from time immemorial, and they have been in no way altered in our days."

This conception of the Catalan character may be taken as being accurate in every detail, and when, having studied it, one considers for a moment the most salient characteristics of the Castellano and the Andaluz it will be seen at once that the gulf between north and south is vast and that mutual understanding could not easily be arrived at.

The Catalan and the Andaluz.

The Andaluz is a more easily understood and popular character than the Catalan. He is credited, not always justly, with improvidence and laziness; he is usually represented as basking in the sun of his delicious province, and of not occupying himself overmuch with the welfare of his country.

The Catalan would be the first to take this rather condescending view, and to assert that his own more advanced civilization is in every way preferable to the easy-going life of the south. As a matter of fact the Andaluz is by no means as improvident as he is represented; he is satisfied with far less than the Catalan, but his mode of life is eminently suited to the climate of his province, in which a strenuous existence would be not only undesirable but impossible.

In all the southern provinces there is a marked degree of,

what might be called, a subtle philosophy of life : the southern Spaniard accepts happiness and misfortune, just as they come, with an acquiescence which is very primitive and which is no doubt one of the many heritages received from Moorish ancestors. He does not struggle with life, he accepts it : thankful when pleasure comes his way ; resigned when he meets with sorrow.

The Gallego also possesses this characteristic to a certain degree, but *his* philosophy is tinged with pessimism. Neither will ever attain the mental balance of the Catalan, whose unfailing application of common sense to all the problems of existence is proverbial.

Political Situation in Cataluña.

It is no easy matter to resume, in a limited space, the ideals of the various political parties of Cataluña ; and the task is rendered more difficult by the fact that the aims and ideals of the majority of Catalans—known as *Catalanistas*—are, as a rule, misrepresented, or at best misunderstood, by the rest of Spain. One hears continually such words as " Catalanism," or " Regionalism," which amounts to the same thing, " *Anexionismo* " and " *Separatismo*," these words being used casually and with very little real comprehension of their meaning.

It may be stated clearly that the hopes of the great majority of Catalans are centred in the political party known as the *Catalanistas*, their theories being called Catalanism. The aims of the two other parties named I shall deal with later.

The origin of Catalanism was coincident with the renaissance of the Catalan language, and the re-institution—in 1842—of the famous *Jochs Florals*, or Floral Games of the Middle Ages. The first and most important point is that Catalanism does not deny the authority of the State, nor does it desire to separate Cataluña from the rest of Spain.

It considers that Spain is composed of a number of distinct nationalities, each possessing marked individual characteristics, and therefore not to be bound by an official and legal

uniformity. It considers that each province should govern itself; in other words, that each province should be granted autonomy.

The views of the *Catalanistas* were embodied at the historic Assembly at Manresa, in 1892, and are now known as the *Bases de Manresa*. They are summed up in the most complete form in an article contributed to *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires by the great republican, Pi y Margall, a few days before his death, in 1901. This famous Catalan, had he lived, would probably have obtained complete autonomy for Cataluña. He was a man whose political career revealed the most curious union of exalted theories and practical common sense. He was a humanitarian in the best sense of the word: a disciple of Hegel and by nature a poet and an idealist.

The "Bases de Manresa."

The following extracts from his last political utterance will give a clear idea of Catalanism—

"Catalanism," he says, "aspires to the autonomy of Cataluña; it reduces the action of the State to national and international interests. It leaves to the State control of the following affairs:—Diplomatic relations; the making of War or the preservation of Peace; the Army and Navy; the Commerce of Spain; the Postal, Telegraphic and Shipping regulations, etc.

"It limits the arbitration of the State in the internal affairs of Cataluña. It wishes Cataluña to have the control of its own Civil, Penal, Mercantile, Administrative and Legal Legislation. It requires that Catalan should be the official language. It demands that all persons holding official posts should be Catalans by birth or by naturalization, and that their Ecclesiastics should be favoured with dignities and prebends. It does not admit compulsory military service, but desires to contribute a stated sum for the maintenance of the Army and Navy.

"The Interior Legislation is to be vested in a Cortes elected by all the heads of families, which Cortes must assemble

yearly. The executive committee is to consist of five or six functionaries elected by the Cortes and placed at the head of the different administrative departments. The Legal Administration is to be vested in a Supreme Tribunal, which will pronounce judgment in all judicial matters within the Province. This, briefly, is the *résumé* of the ambitions of the Catalans, who desire autonomy not only for themselves but for the other provinces, and who protest energetically against any idea of separation from the rest of Spain."

I have given here only the outline of this remarkable article, of Pi y Margall, whose ideals with regard to Spain may be briefly said to be Unity but not Uniformity!

Separatismo and Anexionismo.

These two political parties are not of very great importance: they voice the theories of persons of extreme opinions and their ideas are indignantly repudiated by the majority of intelligent Catalans. *Separatismo* means a complete separation from Spain, and *Anexionismo* means annexation to France. The Separatist party has done incalculable harm to the Catalan cause, owing to the fact that their extreme views are confounded with those of the Catalanists, who have no desire at all to separate from Spain.

The Separatists cannot now be regarded as a dangerous element, but they might easily have become dangerous had not the present Government wisely conciliated the Catalanists by granting them a measure of autonomy: if this had been refused the Catalanists would have been exasperated and might, possibly, have joined hands with the Separatists, with whose ideas they have now no sympathy.

The Annexionists do not really represent the opinions of any important group of Catalans. Their ideas are those of isolated individuals, notably of Catalans living in France. Without doubt the French Constitution has found many admirers in Cataluña, which has always inclined towards republicanism, but the idea of annexation to France is repugnant to all patriotic Catalans.

Señor Vinardell, in his Discourses at the Sorbonne, says that the Annexionists who desire to abandon Spain and join France—always supposing such an absurdity to be possible—remind him of a person who, in his desire to get rid of an annoying corn, has recourse to the expedient of cutting off his leg! By such an annexation Cataluña would lose everything and gain nothing.

It is, beyond question, the most important province of Spain: by its population, its great industries, its culture, and the beauty of its cities. Annexed to France it would be eclipsed by neighbouring provinces quite as important: Barcelona would have to yield precedence to Marseilles, which, on account of its situation, will always remain one of the greatest maritime cities in the world.

This annexation would also sound the death-knell of the Catalan language, which has been so carefully nurtured; in fact, all the illusions of the annexionists would be shattered, sooner or later, and there would only remain the bitter regret that Cataluña had left the common hearth of the great Spanish Family to become part of a foreign land.

A great number of Spaniards speak, in a general sort of way, about the value and necessity of *Unity* as opposed to the Catalan demands, not at all realising that absolute unity has never existed in Spain; nor could it ever exist. The very history of Spain is composed of a conglomeration of histories of separate kingdoms and peoples.

Nor is unity of language possible where so many different races exist. Besides the Castilian and Catalan tongues there are Basque, the origin of which is unknown, Asturian and Gallego. All these separate entities cannot be regarded as a uniform kingdom, to be indiscriminately governed by identical laws; probably nothing more practical has ever been suggested in Spain than the Catalan conception of the word "Unity"—which precludes the petrifying uniformity of past systems of government.

I cannot leave the subject of Catalan politics without

speaking of the work of Victor Balaguer, whose death deprived Cataluña of one of her most ardent champions. It has been a remarkable fact in the history of Spain that scarcely any of her great patriots have received the recognition due to them, during their lifetime. General Prim—himself a Catalan—spent his whole life in untiring and disinterested labour for the good of Spain; for months previous to his assassination he was denounced, insulted and threatened by the very people whom he was seeking to benefit. When he died, in December, 1870, there expired, in the words of Hume, "the only really great Spaniard that the century had produced."

Victor Balaguer.

Victor Balaguer was destined to afford another example of the curious want of appreciation, to say the least, shown by the Spaniards to their famous men. Balaguer was a man whose genius could find scope in every direction; he was notable as a historian, novelist, dramatic author, poet and statesman. Perhaps his qualities were more of the poet than of the politician. He was far too romantic and chivalrous to ultimately succeed in the political arena, which frequently demands the very reverse of these qualities.

During his political career he filled in turn the office of Deputy, Senator, Minister of Agriculture, Colonial Minister, Vice-President of the Congress, President of the Council of State, and innumerable other offices. He was an eloquent and impassioned orator and defended conscientiously his ideal of a great democratic Spain.

It was in his position as the champion of the democratic party that so much calumny and injustice was heaped upon him by persons incapable of understanding his greatness of heart. In Cataluña, his own country, for which he had worked so untiringly, a bitter press campaign was organised against him; this was, ultimately, the cause of his withdrawal from political life.

Before his final retirement he made a magnificent oration, in which he referred to his enemies as traitors, who, having

clasped his hand in friendship, broken his bread and worked at his side, now raised their hands against him. This discourse made an immense impression throughout Spain, but Balaguer was determined to retire into private life ; he was completely wearied and disillusioned.

In literature he is considered the equal of Menéndez y Pelayo, and in poetry he had nobly divided the honours with Mistral during the two years which he spent in Provence.

The renaissance of the Catalan language was mainly due to Balaguer's efforts ; his poems in his native tongue are of extreme beauty, though he wrote equally well in Castilian.

Barcelona—the capital of the old *Principado de Cataluña*—is one of the most beautiful cities in Spain. And it is the most prosperous. From a commercial point of view Bilbao begins to run it very close, but the lovely city on the borders of the Mediterranean must long remain queen of the Iberian Peninsula. Of Barcelona Cervantes has said : " It is the home of courtesy, asylum of strangers, shelter of the poor, land of the brave, refuge of offenders, and the common centre of all that is sincere in friendship. It is the flower of beautiful cities of the world."

Barcelona.

Barcelona is about the same size as Manchester, and as regards population these two great commercial centres run almost parallel, but the Spanish city has the immense advantage of being spread out along the borders of that wonderful cobalt sea which attracts and holds our imagination with such sustained vigour.

And then it has been most carefully and skilfully planned. The great park and the *Jardines de la Ciudadela* cover an area of more than seventy-five acres, and they are exquisitely laid out. In all the length and breadth of Spain there is not one other such park.

A very curious and interesting feature connected with Barcelona is the perfect way in which things beautiful and things useful are balanced. The Catalans seem to set as high

a value on beautiful and healthy surroundings as on commercial successes, and this is why a visit to the chief city of Cataluña calls up surprise as well as delight.

During his last visit to Barcelona King Alfonso inaugurated works for the interior reform of the city. Beautiful as it is, there are many of the older parts whose disappearance would add greatly to its attractions, even though some picturesque streets and squares would be lost. It was at first proposed to destroy entirely the old quarters of the town and to build wider streets. The suggested improvements cannot all be achieved at once, but a wide avenue is to be constructed in order to unite the Ramblas and the Port with the new part of the town. This has been rendered essential by the immense increase of trade, and the consequent augmentation of traffic within the past ten years. To construct this avenue it will be necessary to pull down over 400 houses and two entire squares. The ultimate ambition of the authorities is to build, wherever it may be possible, long straight boulevards like those in Paris, which city Barcelona very much resembles, only on a smaller scale.

Summer in Barcelona.

Strangers visiting the Catalan capital are immediately impressed with the extraordinary activity of its inhabitants and the amount of business they transact during the day. One might well apply to Barcelona the observation made by a Frenchman regarding London: "Everyone seems to be going somewhere in a great hurry!"

This press of business never relaxes, even during the summer months, and the Barcelonés rarely finds himself able to take a holiday.

It is becoming more and more usual for the women of the family to migrate for the hot season to one of the charming seaside or inland *pueblos*, which surround Barcelona, while the men spend the day in town, only returning in the evening. More than 200 trains run daily between the city and these outlying villages. Those who are less fortunate, such as the

clerks and employees of commercial houses, think themselves lucky to be able to spend Sunday with their families.

The summer population is thus largely composed of men, though an ever increasing number of visitors from the interior of Spain and the south of France make Barcelona their holiday centre. The restaurants cater well for these visitors and for the business man who is retained at his post by press of work.

Nowhere else in Spain can one lunch and dine so cheaply or so well as in the capital city of Cataluña.

A speciality of the city is the *taberna*, which has no connection with other establishments of the same name in the Peninsula! The *taberna* of Barcelona is an airy restaurant, elegantly and artistically furnished, where immaculately dressed waiters serve an excellent meal at an incredible price. Rice and fish, the famous Catalan stew, fresh fruit, bread and wine may be enjoyed for the sum of *one peseta*—or about ninepence-halfpenny—and the choice of dishes is long and varied.

After lunch business is resumed until five o'clock, when sparkling lights begin to twinkle under a sapphire sky and the stations are crowded with thousands of men hurrying back to some cool seaside town or some sweet scented mountain village.

The Royal Visit to Cataluña.

The recent visit of the King and Queen to Cataluña aroused much discussion in Spain. Many journals declared that it was most dangerous for the Royal Family to visit Barcelona, which was, in their opinion, still a hot-bed of anarchy. The result of the Royal visit, however, proved that these forebodings were entirely without foundation. As a matter of fact, the King and Queen, by their foresight and tact, did more to ensure the adherence of Cataluña than could possibly have been imagined.

Everywhere they were received with unconcealed enthusiasm; they entered into direct contact with all social classes, from the aristocracy of Barcelona to the miners of the most remote districts, and the legend which persistently represented

Photo by *Lacoste*

CLOISTERS, BARCELONA CATHEDRAL

Cataluña as a storm-centre of revolution has fallen into disrepute.

The Catalans have not, however, renounced any of their political aspirations, nor do they intend to forego any of their ancient rights.

The growing sympathy of Cataluña for the Monarchy is largely due to the charming personalities of the reigning monarchs, and is, of course, also owing to the fact that the Spanish Government has completely changed its policy regarding the Catalans; the tendency to accede, as far as may be possible, to their demands, which have never been unreasonable, has made a most favourable impression.

The people have confidence in Maura's Government, and sooner or later the Regionalists will, in all probability, join forces with the Monarchical party.

The Spanish Government has it in its power to ensure the permanent adherence of Cataluña, and it will certainly make use of the opportunity offered for reconciliation.

The Monarchy now represents the peaceful and orderly Government so necessary to the Catalans who, in their turn, contribute enormously to the industry and culture which is essential to Spain.

Art Conferences in Barcelona.

The Catalans have always fully realised the necessity of supplementing education with a serious and practical study of art and music. They have understood that their national aspirations towards autonomy cannot be successfully developed without a fundamental basis of culture which would place Cataluña on a level with the great intellectual centres of Europe.

Until quite recently a serious drawback to the development of art in Spain has been the fact that almost all serious students with advanced ideas have left Spain to pursue their studies, and, finding far greater facilities offered to them abroad, have not returned to their native land at all.

The Catalans are determined that their students at least

shall have such exceptional opportunities offered to them for study at home that there will be no need for them to leave Spain in search for a wider scope for their talents.

The *Junta de Museos y Bellas Artes* has already contributed enormously to the progress of culture in Cataluña, and it has recently formulated a new plan of compaign by which the most eminent professors in Europe will come to Barcelona to give instruction in the various branches of art and science.

In this the Catalans have followed the example of the Japanese, who have found it of far greater advantage to their country to import foreign professors than to grant pensions in order to enable students to finish their education abroad.

The Conferences already given by the Association above mentioned and those announced for this year are of the greatest interest. Aubry has lectures on the history of music ; Professor Pottier, of the *Musée du Louvre*, has treated of the Greek ceramics of Ampurias.

Perhaps the most interesting of all was the dissertation on Iberian ceramics of Professor Pierre Paris, who has drawn the attention of the scientific world to the importance of Spanish influence on the ceramic industry. His notes on the ancient industries of Spain were a revelation to the Spaniards themselves.

It was Professor Paris who purchased for the Louvre the famous " Lady of Elche," which, had the law forbidding the exportation of art treasures been in force, would never have been permitted to leave Spain. Of this wonderful bust, which dates back to about 440 B.C., Professor Pierre Paris, in his " Essai sur l'Art et l'Industrie de l'Espagne Primitive," says—

The " Lady of Elche."

In her enigmatic face, ideal and yet real, in her living eyes, on her voluptuous lips, on her placid and severe forehead, are summed up all the nobility and austerity, the promises and the reticences, the charm, and the mystery of woman. She is oriental by her luxurious jewels and by vague technical traditions which the sculptor has preserved in the modelling : she is Greek, even Attic, by an

inexpressible flower of genius which gives to her the same perfume as to her sisters on the Acropolis : she is above all Spanish, not only by the mitre and the great wheels that frame her delicate head, but by the disturbing strangeness of her beauty. She is indeed more than Spanish : she is Spain itself, Iberia arising still radiant from the tomb in which she had been buried for more than twenty centuries.

This year the Conferences are to treat mainly of modern art, each lecture being illustrated by slides or by objects lent by the Museo. The success of these Art Conferences is most remarkable. The Catalans have eagerly seconded the efforts of the authorities to complete the national education, a charge which has never been adequately fulfilled by the State.

During the past year the amount of good achieved by individual effort is almost unbelievable ; more than 1,300 Conferences have been given by the various societies on such subjects as Art, Industry, Science, Sport, Literature, Political Economy, Art applied to Industry, etc., etc. And such Associations as the *Ateneo Obrero* and the *Centro Autonomista* are, in fact, universities in themselves, since four or five lectures are given daily by the best professors.

Last year, 1908, was the fiftieth anniversary of the re-institution of the Floral Games, and it was made the occasion of great rejoicing in Cataluña. These historic contests were founded in 1393 by Juan I of Aragon, for the encouragement of Catalan literature, which, owing to his effort attained a high degree of perfection in the Middle Ages. The chief prize at these poetic contests has always been an artificial flower and the title *Mestre en Gay Saber*, which title was keenly sought after by the most famous troubadours of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The Jochs Florals of Cataluña.

When Cataluña fell upon evil days the Floral Games were discontinued, and it was not until 1859, when the efforts of a few notable Catalans to revive the national spirit had met with a measure of success, that they were re-instituted.

Cataluña of to-day is a remarkable example of what can be achieved by single individuals. A little group of patriots,

among whom were Victor Balaguer and Mila y Fontanals, initiated the renaissance of the Catalan language and literature and re-established the Floral Games which have contributed greatly not only to the maintenance of the language, but to the national spirit of patriotism which has lead to the triumphant reinstatement of the ancient rights of Cataluña.

In 1859 it was decided that Catalan was the only language to be spoken at the Floral Games, and that representatives were to be sent from all the provinces or districts where Catalan was spoken. Last year ten districts were represented, among which were, Valencia, Mallorca, Provence, Rosellon, and Bearne.

The Fiesta was held in the *Palacio de Bellas Artes*, which was decorated for the occasion with exquisite flowers. The poems were read aloud and a notable discourse was pronounced by Señor Menéndez y Pelayo, after which the prize was presented according to tradition, by the Queen of the Fiesta.

The closing ceremony of the fiftieth anniversary was most beautiful and significant. The monument to Verdaguer was unveiled, in the village of Folgaroles, where, in a humble labourer's cottage had been born one of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century—the immortal author of *Atlantida* and the *Cants Mistichs*.

Nothing could be imagined more typical of Cataluña than the long procession of representatives of the *Jochs Florals*, which wound its way slowly through the valley, shadowed by snow-covered mountain peaks.

The procession was headed by the *Consistorio* of the *Jochs Florals*, followed by the Queen of the Fiesta, the *Ayuntamiento* of Barcelona, many literary and political societies, the Bishop of Vich and innumerable ecclesiastics, besides country farmers and working men ; a mixed crowd which fitly represented the admirers of Verdaguer, whose poetry is quite as well known among the labouring men of Cataluña as it is in the most intellectual circles of Spain.

In considering the growth of Industry and Art in Cataluña

one finds oneself continually marvelling at the rapidity of this growth and with the daily development of this enterprising province. Nowhere else in Spain can one hear such good music as in Cataluña: indeed, most of the other provinces are remarkable for their lack of musical enterprise.

Music in Cataluña.

The Opera in Barcelona is admittedly superior to that of Madrid and concerts are innumerable and excellent. Nevertheless the musical renaissance of Cataluña dates back only some twenty years. This renaissance was organised by a few enthusiastic Catalans, whose main object was the development of their own characteristic national music. This group of enthusiasts was composed of Domenech and Montaner; Menéndez y Pelayo, Guimera and Verdaguer, with a few others; a little circle of painters, poets, scientists, who formed the nucleus of the great Catalan movement, of which we are only now beginning to realise the importance.

A few young musicians formed an embryo Choral Society for the interpretation of Catalan music and for the study of the great foreign masters. At the same time Mila y Fontanals, and a few other poets, undertook to collect and revise the *Cantos Populares* of Cataluña, in this manner unearthing an inexhaustible treasure of verse from which numerous composers have sought inspiration. This movement, which commenced in the most unpretentious way possible, quickly spread over a vast field, and the humble little house in which the band of enthusiasts were wont to meet became quite inadequate for their requirements.

Little by little their influence grew and gained strength, and in these latter days they have found themselves in a position to realise their fondest wish, which was to establish an ideal Palace of Music in Barcelona.

It is impossible to describe the home of the *Orfeo Catala* otherwise than as a "Palace of Music," for it is indeed that. This is a very large and important building of beautiful design. It possesses many splendid adornments of wrought iron, and

one of its remarkable features is the beautiful majolica staircase which leads to the concert room on the first floor.

This concert hall may be said to be unique in Spain. It is very handsomely decorated and capable of seating a vast number of persons: the galleries are outlined with garlands of majolica flowers, and the platform is surrounded by fine statuary. A notable feature of this hall is that it is possible in it for three choral groups to sing at the same time, as is demanded by some modern *maestros*.

A Novel Enterprise.

In a recent issue of *Blanco y Negro* an interesting article appeared, relative to a novel enterprise which has been inaugurated in Barcelona. This enterprise is of such general interest—and outside Spain—that I quote at some length from the article—

> The house of *Industria y Arte Mecanico* of Barcelona has been recently founded for the development of an industry new in Spain, and one which is likely to produce a real revolution in the art of building. *Industria y Arte Mecanico* will be a powerful auxiliary for architects, master-builders, constructors and decorators. It will be indispensable to proprietors of estates and to shipbuilders, since it undertakes all classes of construction; such as marble staircases, pavements, and house decorations—the latter in the widest sense, since they undertake the decoration of walls, ceilings, doors, and windows: carvings in relief, tapestries, etc. This establishment counts among its members many artists and first-class draughtsmen who are thoroughly competent to execute work of all kinds in a finished manner. They can furnish plans when required, or can work from those supplied to them: everything they do is marked by a perfection of finish and by economy—of time and money.
>
> Though the *Casa de Industria y Arte Mecanico* has only been established a comparatively short time it has already had many notable successes. It has, within a short space of time, executed a large number of important works for the most famous architects and builders of Spain. Among these works must be mentioned the ornamental sculpture of the *façade* of the new Casino of Madrid: this beautiful sculpture was carried out from the plans of the distinguished architect, Don José Sallaberry, and under his direction. Mention must also be made of over twenty splendid staircases in white and coloured marbles which have been constructed by the "Casa" from the plans of various architects: works in marble for the *Palacio de Justicia* in Barcelona under the direction of the architects, Senores Domenech and Laguier, and some really fine altars.

A Final Word.

I have not attempted to exhaust the subject of Cataluña—much less of the Catalans—in a single short chapter, but I hope I have been able to indicate something of the aspirations and achievements of this province and its dauntless people. A slight study of this chapter alone will help to prove that I have reason on my side when I repeat that Spain is the Land of the Unexpected, and that in Spain—there are many Spains! And it is because of all these differences of race and climate and temperament that the Spanish problem has for so long been a very difficult one to solve.

Would-be critics, who know little of the heart and soul of the country, and who so often emulate our friends at the bull-fight who find it delightfully easy to "*torear* from the *tendidos*," ought to take time for quiet reflection. Time in which to realise the overwhelming difficulties of those who are in the midst of the fight, down in the arena.

It is not easy to understand either Spain or the Spaniards, but that does not take from the fact that there is—in country as in people—very much to understand and very much to admire.

For my own part, I can find it in my heart to wish, and fervently, that Spain may find a way of again becoming a great power in the land without losing her precious individuality, for, with Mr. Ellis, I feel that "we have yet to travel far before we attain to the Spaniard's insight into the art of living, his fine parsimony in life, lest for life's sake he should lose the causes for living."

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